[illegible] 1 8 199[illegible]

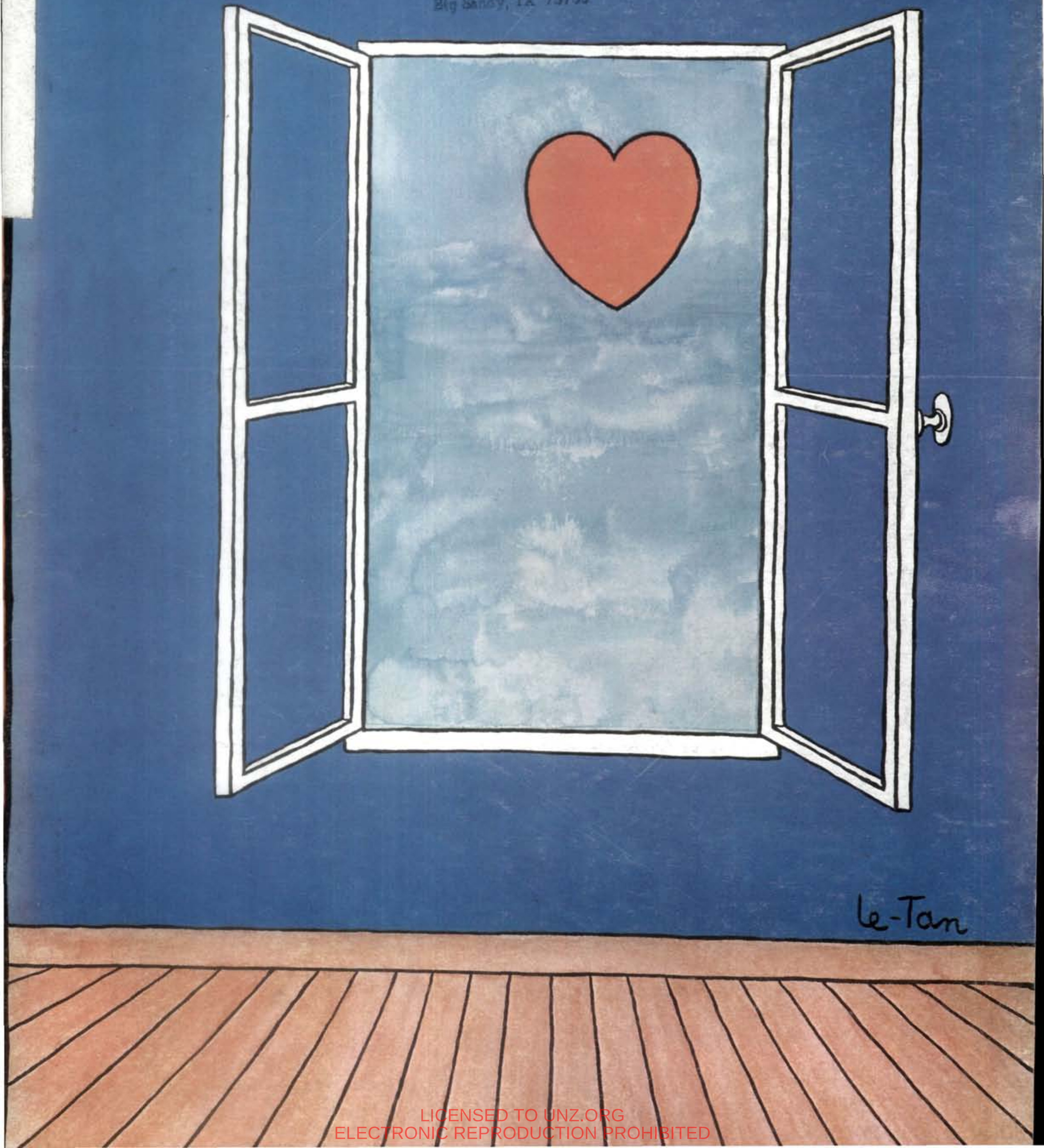
Feb. 14, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



le-Tan

The 1970 Lincoln Continental. Now significantly more spacious, still every inch a Continental.

This is the first altogether new Lincoln Continental in nearly a decade.

Its impressive new size is immediately apparent. The interior is roomier. The ride is smoother because the wheelbase is longer and the stance is the widest on the road today.

Flow-Thru—a totally new ventilation system that circulates fresh air through the car even when the windows are closed—is standard equipment on the car. So are power front disc brakes.

You may wish to consider Sure-Track, the remarkable new computer-controlled anti-skid braking system. And, as an additional convenience on the 2-door coupé below, an automatic release unlocks the front seat-backs when you open either door.

Yet for all its advances, Lincoln Continental retains the unique individuality that has distinguished this car from all other luxury cars.

For 1970, the altogether new Lincoln Continental is, as always, every inch a Continental.

LINCOLN·MERCURY
Ford

Lord & Taylor

Young new direction
for the navy-and-white
spring—acetate-and-rayon
crepe dress with a long pull
of crochet slithered over it,
in linen-and-acrylic.
By Kasper for Joan Leslie, 165.00
in Contempora collections,
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—A thriller by Robert Marasco, with Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. Joseph Hardy directed. Previews through Monday, Feb. 16. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 17. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Comédie-Française—Final performances in a three-week repertory of five Molière plays. **LA TROUPE DU ROI—HOMAGE TO MOLIÈRE** and **AMPHITRYON:** Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, at 8:30. . . . **LES FEMMES SAVANTES:** Friday, Feb. 13, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 and 7:30. . . . **LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE:** Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 18-20, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 7:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

The Criminals—A play by José Triana, adapted by Adrian Mitchell. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Gloria and Esperanza—A comedy with music, and, indeed, with practically everything else, including an eight-foot-high chicken named Solange. Written, directed, and starred in by Julie Bovasso, who is full of talent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 14.)

The Harangues—A pair of one-acters, with prologue and interlude, by Joseph A. Walker. The plays, about racial anguish, are fierce and tragic, but there *is* humor in them, and the production, by the Negro Ensemble Company, is, as usual, continuously fascinating. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

The Jumping Fool—A play by Shirl Hendryx. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether engrossing play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Norman, Is That You?—Lou Jacobi and Maureen Stapleton in a comedy by Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick. George Abbott is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 19. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Paris Is Out!—A smothering momma-and-poppa Jewish comedy, with Molly Picon and Sam Levene, who evidently hate idleness. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Private Lives—A very successful revival of Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy about four people, three marriages, and a divorce that refuses to take. With Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephen Porter. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A brilliant revival of **CAMINO REAL**, the 1953 play by Tennessee Williams. The exceptionally fine cast includes Jessica Tandy, Al Pacino, Jean Pierre Aumont, Philip Bosco, and Victor Buono. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 21.) . . . ¶ At the Forum in the same building: **THE DISINTEGRATION OF JAMES CHERRY.** This black farce by a twenty-one-year-old playwright named Jeff Wanshel is almost smothered at times by shenanigans and cuteness, but it also has many bright lines and original ideas. With Stephen Strimpell and Cathy Burns. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 21.)

Sheep on the Runway—David Burns, Martin Gabel, and half a dozen other gifted comic actors have a grand time hamming it up in Art Buchwald's farce about international politics in some Eastern Erewhon. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"THE IMMORTALS" . . . . *Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy Casares* 34
"DESPAIR" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Eberhart* 35
"AMERICAN BEGINNINGS" . . . . *William Steig* 36
"THE WEDDING MARCH" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 39
PROFILES (COLONEL HARLAND SANDERS) . . . . *William Whitworth* 40
"PLEASE REMIND ME BEFORE I FORGET" (POEM) . . . . *Ogden Nash* 44
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 57
A REPORTER AT LARGE (INDIAN JOURNAL) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 62
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 114
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 119
U. S. JOURNAL: SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 124
BOOKS . . . . *Maeve Brennan* 130
BRIEFLY NOTED 131

COVER: *Pierre Le-Tan*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Robert Weber, Stan Hunt, Edward Frascino, Mischa Richter, F. B. Modell, J. B. Handelsman, Barney Tobey, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Donald Reilly, Henry Martin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 52, February 14, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

© 1970 Estée Lauder Inc.

Estée Lauder gives your skin the richest vacation it ever had—with her new at-home Re-Nutriv treatments.

Now there are four rich new ways to give your skin the beauty benefits of Re-Nutriv, Estée Lauder's treatment classic.

Re-Nutriv Extremely Gentle Skin Cleanser—The richest of cleansing creams.

Re-Nutriv Extremely Gentle Skin Tonique—A creamy skin freshener.

Re-Nutriv Extract—The liquid essence of golden Re-Nutriv cream.

Re-Nutriv Capsule Concentrates—Six convenient vials filled with Re-Nutriv extract.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

TRANSFERS—A trio of shoddy one-acters by Conrad Bromberg. With Ron Leibman. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN:** A play, by Lonne Elder III, about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.). . . **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for June Allyson, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Bob Denver and decorated with girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—Sad songs sung by a sad-eyed man, whose only prop is a quite unnecessary chair. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Final performances Sunday, Feb. 22.)

COCO—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE EXCHANGE—Sondra Lee's staging of this "musical entertainment" is professional and inventive, but the six young singers, most of them alumni of the University of Miami, and their songs, while agreeable enough, are otherwise undistinguished. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GANTRY—Robert Shaw and Rita Moreno in a musical adapted from Sinclair Lewis's novel "Elmer Gantry." The music is by Stanley Lebowsky, the lyrics are by Fred Tobias, and the book is by Peter Bellwood. The director is Onna White. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 12. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I DREAMT I DWELT IN BLOOMINGDALE'S—A rock musical with a book by Jack Ramer, music by Ernest McCarty, and lyrics by them both. Michael Del Medico and Lucy Saroyan head the cast. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7:15. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:45 and 9:45; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET *DAYS OF ISAAC*—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival, needless to say, with Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and star turn. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

UNFAIR TO GOLIATH—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** He swept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea. His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering teeth. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk. —Look at yourself, he said, you dreadful bard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crooked crack, hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Keith Michell plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Michell at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (*46th Street Theatre*, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 5; Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30; Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 19-20, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 7 and 10.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **DON QUIXOTE** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:15; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

MISCELLANY

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting selections from Gilbert and Sullivan. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2:30. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, must be obtained at the information desk after 1 on the day of the concert.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

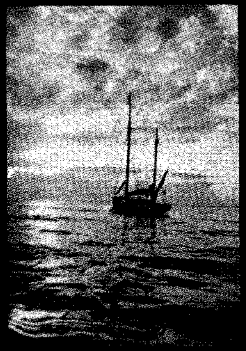
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Folk-rock singer Paul Siebel and a rock group called Ambergris are here

This is the Caribbean Riviera: Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Martin

Langouste is a staple of our *cuisine Creole*, the best cooking of any resort in the world.

In Guadeloupe there are chic Parisian boutiques with the latest in French resort clothes.



Drop anchor at Basse-Terre, the western half of Guadeloupe, where the coves are deep and empty.

The Empress Josephine was one of Martinique's most famous exports.

On the beautiful beaches of Martinique and Guadeloupe are two sumptuous Club Méditerranée hotel-villages.

The Caribbean Riviera is about as much like any other island resort as Antibes is like Jones Beach.

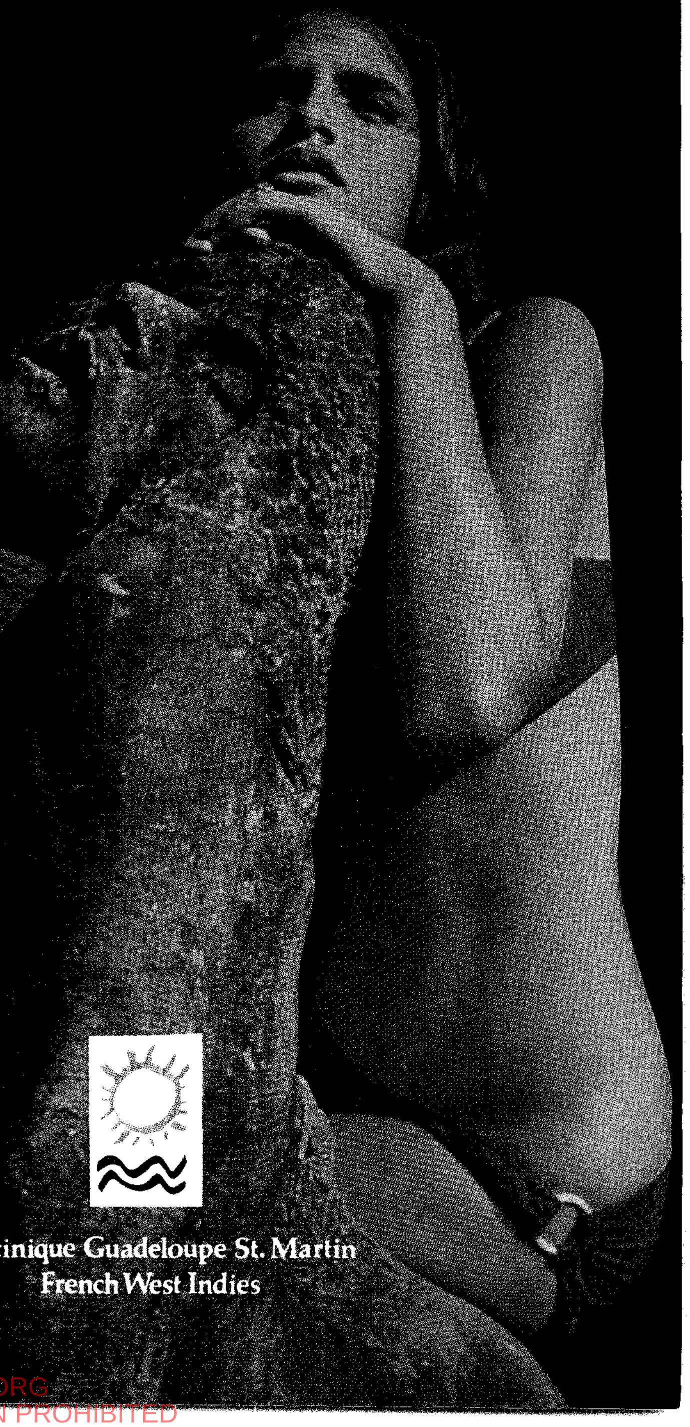
The Caribbean Riviera is Vauclin, a charming fishing village, which will remind you of St.-Tropez 20 years ago.

The Caribbean Riviera is Gosier, where the icy rosé and the view of the sea will bring Eden Roc to mind.

The Caribbean Riviera is Martinique, Guadeloupe and French St. Martin, two and a half islands that put the South of France $128 away from New York.

See the Caribbean Riviera. Write your travel agent or the French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or call PLaza 7-1125.

And leave Jones Beach to the Joneses.



We have two drinks you will love: "le planter" and "le punch."

Martinique Guadeloupe St. Martin
French West Indies

From the Getaway Collection
of Alexander Shields.

Galey&Lord

Polyester/cotton fabrics woven by Galey & Lord—
a division of Burlington Industries Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Monday, Feb. 16. On Wednesday, Feb. 18, Hamilton Face, which is made up of Juilliard-trained musicians, will take over. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Some come to drink and some to dine, and some hang around to hear the music. It is a quietly vital kind of jazz, on electric piano and bass guitar, and it runs from eleven to three. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Subdued jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Vamping, more or less, until Tuesday, Feb. 17, when the reliable Zoot Sims quartet comes in. The music begins at about nine-thirty. Closed Mondays. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Eddie Locke, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another paean to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. The Pharoah Sanders quintet plays elaborately, and Leon Thomas sings soulfully. On Tuesday, Feb. 17, the Freddie Hubbard quintet will come in. Music most nights from nine to four. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—As it was in the beginning, farther east on the same street—catch-as-catch-can surroundings and basic early jazz. The makers are Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Freddie Moore, and Graham Stewart. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Willie the Lion Smith and his Cubs, a quintet, will play a session Sunday, Feb. 15, from eight to eleven, in this red-and-white jolly-time spot that during the rest of the week is a banjo parlor.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the David Amram-George Barrows quartet. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, Nina Simone will sing it like it is. Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 17-21, the Hugh Masekela quintet will trade sets with the Monk Montgomery quartet. (Shows Tuesday through Thursday from ten-forty-five, Fridays from ten, and Saturdays from nine-thirty.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface and—in the history of jazz—significant establishment. The Bill Evans trio is onstage through Sunday, Feb. 15, on which date it will play a five-to-eight session in addition to its regular evening one. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, Thelonious Monk's quartet will perform. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 17-18.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the diners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. Upstairs, underneath the arches, couples shake, shuffle, or glide—depending partly on the whims of the *discaire*—from nine to three-thirty every night. The atmosphere is quasi-Moorish.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a little dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of rock records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic kind of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. The music is both live and canned. Buffalongo rocks through Sunday, Feb. 15, and Ambergris starts Wednesday, Feb. 18. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Calmness and an absence of obtrusive gadgetry make for smooth-running evenings. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—A discothèque with a view, on the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower. Dancing to music both live and nonlive, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Suavity prevails, in an ambience of reverberating luxe. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. The view of the Park is fine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For evenings when you feel like dancing in a glyptotheca, this one will do as well as any. Sphinxes gleam. The records are as loud as squibs. Three times a night, a singer named Prentice Minner entertains. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of Walpurgis Night alternate with high-powered records. On Monday, Feb. 16, Sarojopi will move in. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on

PAR 2,940

No matter what your game, come play it in Greater Miami. With 30 courses to choose from (your hotel may have playing privileges at the private clubs), there's a lot of great golf to be played here.

And when the sun beams down from the clear, blue, tropic sky and the wind rustles through the palms nobody will mind a bogey or two. Not even you.

GREATER
miami
Where the golf action is!

Send for Free Colorful Brochure!
MIAMI/METRO NY70
Dept. of Publicity & Tourism
499 Biscayne Boulevard
Miami, Florida 33132

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________ Zip__________

CITY OF MIAMI/METROPOLITAN DADE COUNTY

N°5
CHANEL

weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The medina never looked better. You see a lot of Americans around now, and fewer of the old native customs, but at that it's superior to Acapulco any day—or night. Billy Reed is the new head man; Lester Lanin's is the new band. The music runs from nine until three. No action on Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A quick glance, and not a discouraging one, at Las Vegas. Music and song and stuff, but the point of it all is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. His earthy eruptions take place every night, beginning at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers is garrulously and convincingly at work on her term-paper thesis that marriage is a fête worse than death. She is preceded by a tenor who manages to sound as Hamlet's ghost would sound singing contemporary ballads. No activity before nine-thirty, and none at all on Sundays and Mondays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Visiting hours on the Eastern seaboard—but of the Mediterranean, where Israeli lion and Grecian lamb lie down together, and other nations follow suit. The lion (and humorist) is Avram Grobard. The music, which is practically perpetual, is also wily—and winning—Oriental. Home cooking, often Israeli. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent mixed-triples revue (three boys, three girls), is quite aware of what has gang agley in the world, and half the time it is able to express its feelings in the matter wisely and even wittily. The cast is without any sort of guile. At nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, like the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the architecture is beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—A for Effort in the Royal Box, and A for Effortlessness, too, since Leslie Uggams, singer of the evening, is dulcet, not declamatory, and Jackie Kahane, speaker of the evening, is roughhewn but casual. No complaint is possible about the Lee Evans orchestra, either. Dinner and supper are the showtimes. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Rafael de Cordova and his excelling Ballet Español, who are willing to lay down their lives, and their multiplicity of feet, for God, for country, and for flamenco at least twice every night of the week, will sign off on Wednesday, Feb. 11; on Thursday, Feb. 12, Nati Mistral (an aspect of Spanish wildlife on view for the first time over here) will join up with four compatriot flamencans for an Andalusian hoedown. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Pepe Preiego) and voice (Antonio Maya). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—What is so rare as a night in February when Tony Bennett, a sort of sun god among the singers of our time, swings through an up song or idles through a sad, sad ballad? The band behind him, run by John Bunch at the piano, is plainly and simply the best of its kind. The preceding humorist is, though, at the other end of the pendulum. On Monday, Feb. 16, a change of pace: Bobby Vinton, a caroller en rapport with several segments of the youth movement, and Sandy Baron, a wit whose return to New York night life has long been awaited. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Gordon MacRae spends the dinner and supper hours in robust balladry and rather less robust commentary. In between, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte purvey glee that is not in the least subdued. The MacRae will depart on Tuesday, Feb. 17; one night later, Lainie Kazan arrives, bringing with her a bag of songs that may press hard on the ears of some of us. She will blast off at ten-fifteen that night, during dinner and supper thereafter. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, Oscar Peterson's trio airs its conservative view of the current musical scene. This activity is solely for eyes and ears; dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Scene I: The whole wide world at your feet. Act I: The New Direction, which is a group activity involving plinking, plunking, and singing. Act II: Norm Crosby, a humorist dealing in quantity rather than quality. On Monday, Feb. 16, Astrud Gilberto, one of the small wonders of Brazil, will replace—with her cool, absolutely-on-pitch soprano—the N. D. and N. C. both. The dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band is defending its championship title with such persuasive arguments as Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, and Gus Johnson, Jr. Hot—in every sense of the word—on their heels is the foursome run by Dick Hyman and Toots Thielemans, which includes Jack Lesberg and Sol Gubin. The mood is the Good Old Days, of which we could all use a few. Dancing as well. The hours are seven to one (two on Saturdays). Closed Sundays and Mondays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Robert Kole and Ernest Param end their dinner and supper sets of extremely low-key ballads on Wednesday, Feb. 11, and next evening the Maisonette will be taken over by the reliable French trouper and troupial known as Patachou, who gives real command performances. Quintero's Latin scholars and Hal Turner's new, and first-rate, band will continue doing all the other honors. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The blossoming out of Liza Minnelli, who shows up in the Empire Room during dinner and supper as singer, prancer, amuser, and decoration, is now a *fait accompli*, even though she works against an orchestra that has absolutely no second fiddles. Charles Turecamo's dance band operates, though, with a certain benevolence; the other dance

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Far and away our most sunworthy pantsuiting, of hand-washable Dacron® polyester knit and anchored by an all-the-way-down zipper. Tunic over pull-on pants, in white piped with navy for 6 to 16 sizes, $56. Sport Separates Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

Higbee's

NOW:
THE ONLY WAY TO HEAD
FOR THE SUNSHINE. IN
BILL ATKINSON'S NEW PRINT
BODY SHIRT AND SASH. AND
FABULOUS NEW HOUNDS-
TOOTH CHECKED PANTS. ALL
IN LILAC WITH WHITE FOR
GLEN OF MICHIGAN.
SIZES 8 TO 14.
SHIRT, 18.00. PANTS, 28.00

Mail or phone orders to Cleveland: add 75¢ beyond delivery area. Ohio residents add 4½% sales tax.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

group labors under the delusion that it is Ted Lewis. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Mabel Mercer, who always gets her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), retires from office on Saturday, Feb. 14, to be followed, on Monday, Feb. 16, by Bobby Short, who imparts a rather more *boulevardier* air to arias of the same sort. Miss Mercer's background is the piano of the eminent Jimmy Lyon; Mr. Short's background will be Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for officer of the watch, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette,* which serves also as her *pied-à-piano,* from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Someone is almost always at the piano, and the best of this ground swell is Scott Reed, whose voice and mild piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of a cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Feudal life as it always was—knights and their ladies dining at their leisure in the refectory; a bit of jousting in the outer court, or bar. George Cardini and his faithful violin, Herman Arminski and his faithful piano all begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. Everything is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's newest concept of Imperial Rome is architecturally Mod on the surface, but the architects in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by Mimmo's Roman voice and guitar, from seven until one every night. . . . **THURSDAY'S,** 334 E. 73rd St. (628-8670): One of those new neighborhood (or *fashionable*-neighborhood) pubs, all dark woodwork and glittery lights and comfort. The inner nourishment is widely varied; the aural nourishment (this in the bar) is the piano of Buddy Barnes—complex but rejoicing—from nine until reveille every night but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The well-known pump room and pomp room. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a musician to whom the Ring means not Bayreuth but Vienna, will be playing indigenous piano from eight-thirty until half past one up through Saturday, Feb. 14. On Monday, Feb. 16, Tony Gorody will start sitting in for him while he is on holiday. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, whose piano makes Christmas cheer everlasting, is on duty (after a lifetime at the late Goldie's New York) from five to eleven every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as a church mouse when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HERB AACH—Paintings with fluorescent lighting; through Feb. 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

OLLE BAERTLING—Metal free-form sculptures; through Feb. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collages by a well-known New Yorker; through March 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Figures in interiors and still-lifes; through March 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS HART BENTON—Ink drawings and washes, many of them representing the artist's celebrated rural themes; through Feb. 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Paintings and painted columns by one of America's pioneer Constructivists; through Feb. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BROWN—Sculptures of white-painted plywood built up into blocks; through Feb. 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

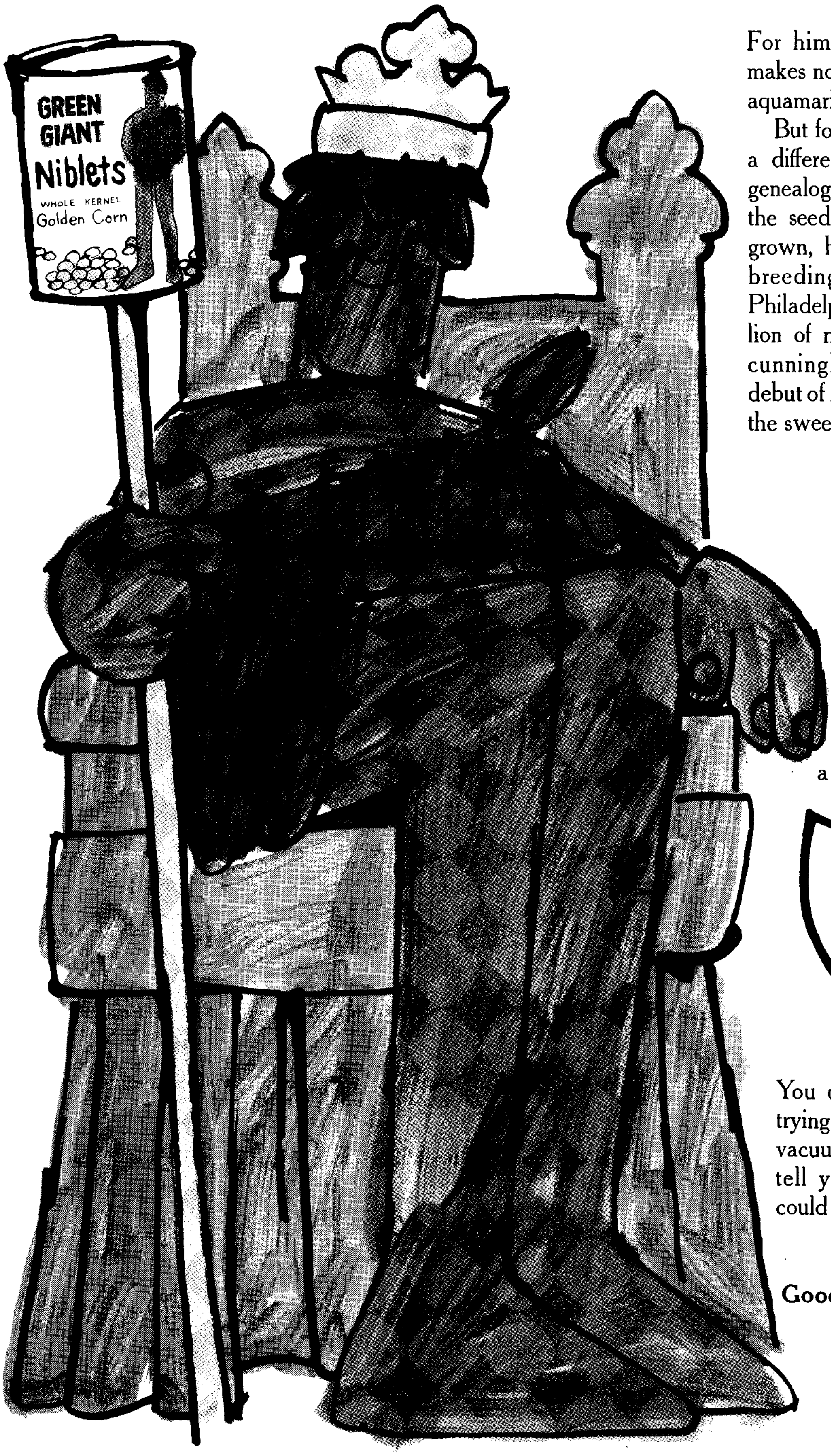
JOHN DOBBS—Paintings and drawings of social commentary; through Feb. 28. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist who emphasizes texture; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

LYNNE DREXLER—Landscapes in high-keyed colors; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

FANGOR—Color paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through March 14. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN FLAVIN—Two shows of works by the fluorescent-light artist that are running concurrently with his show at the Jewish Museum. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Through Feb.



The Prince of Niblets Corn. His nibs.

For himself, the Jolly Green Giant makes no claim to blue blood. Not even aquamarine.

But for his Niblets Corn, well, that's a different story. You say you want genealogy? Then listen! His D-138, the seed from which Niblets Corn is grown, has the most background and breeding ever seen this side of the Philadelphia mainline. A veritable cotillion of near-perfect predecessors were cunningly pollinated to produce the debut of Niblets Corn, the ultimate corn, the sweetest, tenderest corn of them all.

Of course the Giant did the work himself, with a willing back and bright green smile. In our book that makes him a prince among men—and corn.

You can verify all this yourself by trying a can of the Green Giant's vacuum-packed Niblets Corn. It will tell you what *Burke's Peerage* could never express!

Green Giant
Good things from the garden

GREEN GIANT, JOLLY GREEN GIANT, NIBLETS, and the Giant Figure are trademarks of the Green Giant Company. © GGCo.

misty harbor®
DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

Left: Newport, about $45. Right: Liberty, about $50. Center: Lizzy, about $65. All in our exclusive Yachtsman Cloth of 65% **DACRON*** polyester-35% cotton. At MACY'S, New York, Kansas City, and San Francisco; BAMBERGER'S, New Jersey; DAYTON'S, Minneapolis; THE HECHT CO., Washington, D. C.; STEWART'S, Baltimore; DAVISON'S, Atlanta; or write MISTY HARBOR, 512 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 10018.

Scotchgard®
FABRIC PROTECTOR

*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

28. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Through March 4. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Paintings by an Italian who specialized in slashed canvases; through Feb. 25. (Del Re, 1100 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Frank—Twenty sculptures by a leading younger practitioner; through March 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Freilich—Landscapes, some of them imaginary; through Friday, Feb. 20. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Glasco—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Feb. 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Douglas Gorsline—Paintings with refracted images of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Thursday, Feb. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Drawings by a contemporary Paris sculptor; through Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Asger Jorn—Paintings and collages with some figuration, by a member of the Cobra group; through March 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Kangas—Constructions in a variety of materials; through Feb. 25. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Kaufman—Geometric abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; through Feb. 28. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938)—Twenty drawings and watercolors by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Fifty-four prints and drawings by the leftist painter celebrated for her humanitarian themes; through Feb. 28. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

Joe Lasker—Figures in interiors; through Feb. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Clyde Lynds—Plexiglas constructions, some with steel and aluminum, illuminated from within; through Feb. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collages in mixed mediums; through Feb. 28. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brice Marden and Robert Duran—Drawings and paintings; through Feb. 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings by the Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through March 4. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip McCracken—Symbolic sculptures, most of them metal; through March 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Murch (1907-67)—Paintings and drawings by an American known for his atmospheric paintings of mechanical objects; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner—Fifty watercolors, gouaches, and drawings done in the past forty years by an eminent painter of social themes; through March 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth—Fifteen paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Ruscha—Paintings, some of objects and some spelling out words; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Robert Ryman—Three all-white nine-foot-square paintings; starting Saturday, Feb. 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Alfaro Siqueiros—The first major New York exhibition in twenty years, covering three decades of work, by this leading Mexican leftist; through April 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theodoros Stamos—*Paintings by a veteran New York Abstractionist; through Wednesday, Feb. 18. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass, cast-bronze, and terra-cotta sculptures; through March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Zona—Space-motion paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 19. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Zox—Large color abstractions; through March 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

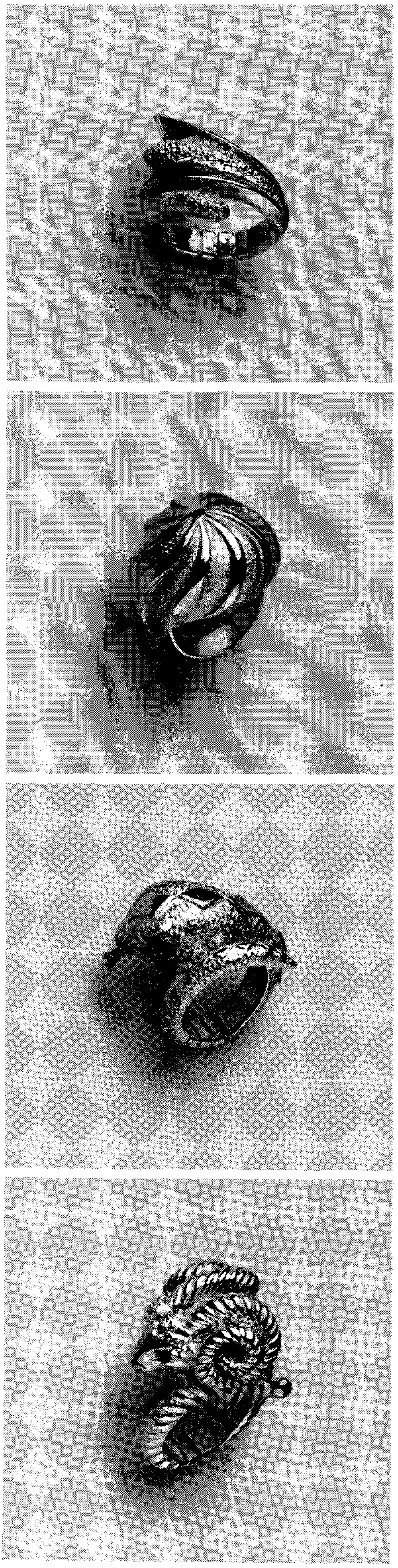
Group Shows—At the **compass**, 1390 Lexington Ave., at 91st St.: Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, constructions, and graphics by sixteen contemporary artists—Alechinsky, Jorn, Liberman, Ossorio, and von Wiegand (to mention a few); starting Saturday, Feb. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.) . . . **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Oils, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by leading Israeli artists of different generations; starting Tuesday, Feb. 17. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **graham**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures on the theme of birds and beasts by thirty artists, among them Robert Beauchamp, Kathleen Cooke, and Stanley Kearl; through March 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty French Impressionist paintings and forty nineteenth- and twentieth-century American still-lifes; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by thirty-two contemporary Japanese artists; through Feb. 28. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Oils, bronzes, marbles, and reliefs by twentieth-century Europeans from Arp to Vlaminck; through March 7. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of some sixty works suggesting the variety of art produced during the past hundred years by figures ranging from Eakins, Harnett, and van Gogh to Picasso, de Kooning, and Matisse; through Feb. 25. . . . **loeb student center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by forty members of the American Abstract Artists, a group dating back to the thirties, including George L. K. Morris, Ilya Bolotowsky, Ibram Lassaw, Nassos Daphnis, and Alice Adams; through March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.). . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, sculptures, and watercolors by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century German and French oils, watercolors, and drawings, by Braque, Daumier, Delacroix, Klee, Renoir, Seurat, and others; through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.). . . **shickman**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Fashionable French painters of the nineteenth century—among them Couture, Diaz, Forain, Gérôme, Doré, Daubigny, Fantin-Latour—less popular during the past fifty years; through Saturday, Feb. 21.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Starts Thursday, Feb. 12. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Thirty sculptures and constructions in wire and wood, some free-moving or electrified, plus drawings, prints, illustrated books, and jewelry, by Alexander Calder; through Sunday, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Environmental situations constructed by five artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through March 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1850-1927); through March 22. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

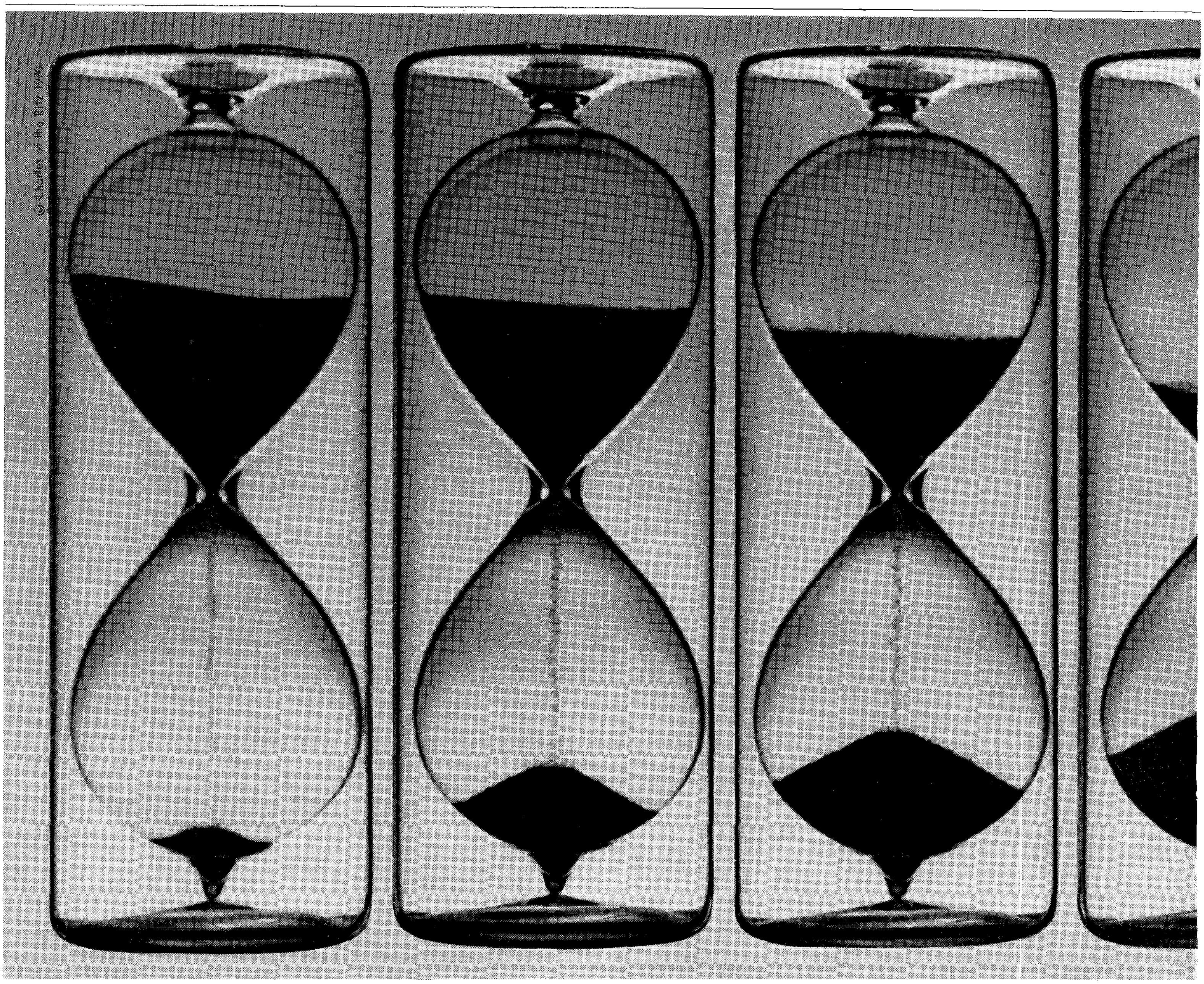
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and



From the
Monet Ring Collection,
$5. to $15. At the finest stores.

Monet®
Master Jeweler

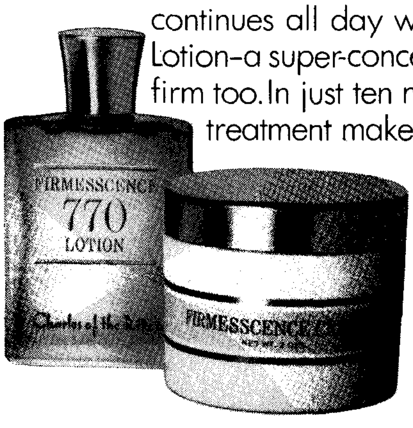
©COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK


© Charles of the Ritz 1974

Before you're ten minutes older,

you can look ten years younger!

New Firmesscence® treatment makes years appear to disappear. Applied to the face and throat, Firmesscence Cream instantly helps firm, refine, refresh skin texture. Creates a smooth, taut, young look that continues all day with the aid of Firmesscence 770 Lotion–a super-concentrated moisturizer which helps firm too. In just ten minutes, this year's most forward treatment makes time march backward!


FIRMESSCENCE
770
LOTION
Charles of the Ritz
FIRMESSCENCE

Charles of the Ritz

THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...
JOY
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

twenty-three drawings by Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Seventy-six paintings by twenty-two artists who present different phases of representational painting today, among them Jack Beal, Howard Kanovitz, Gabriel Laderman, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and Sidney Tillim; through March 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred paintings and twenty-seven graphics constituting the first major retrospective of the work of Milton Avery (1893-1965), a vital influence in mid-century American painting; starting Tuesday, Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventy small bronzes and carvings of "Animal Style" art—the art of the nomads from the steppes of Asia that penetrated Europe between the sixth and eighth centuries and appeared eventually in the art of America's Northwest Coast Indians; through March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A survey of more than three hundred and fifty towers in the form of skyscrapers, water tanks, drilling rigs, NASA rocket scaffolds, signs, tombs, and crows'-nests, presented *through architectural models, photographs,* plans, and slides; starting Thursday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Eighty-five master drawings done in Sicily and Naples from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century; through March 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works and installations, from 1957 to the present, by Dan Flavin, an artist known for his fluorescent-light arrangements; through March 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Good complements to this exhibition are the Flavin shows at the Leo Castelli Gallery, 4 E. 77th St., and at the Dwan Gallery, 29 W. 57th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty-one works from the Duke of Devonshire's collection; through March 14. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sixteen "contemplation environments" designed by artists, psychologists, a sound specialist, and mixed-media practitioners; through March 8. Likely to be overcrowded at noon and on weekends. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Rhetoric and Old Lace," a display of old-fashioned valentines dating from 1790 to 1895; through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through April 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 11: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Giangiacomo Guelfi, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 12: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Thomas Stewart, Robert Nagy, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Frank Guarrera, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, and George Shirley. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 16: "La Traviata," with Phyllis Curtin, Nicolai Gedda, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 17: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Thomas Stewart, Sándor Kónya, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 18: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 19: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, Nicolai Gedda, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 21: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 19—Thursday, Feb. 19, at 7:45: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Carol Bayard, and John Stewart. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Robert Moulson, and John Darrenkamp. A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-7652. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 16, at 7:30 (both with Gold and Fizdale, duo piano). . . . ¶ Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 20, at 2; and Monday, Feb. 23, at 7:30 (all with Martha Argerich, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30 (with Frances Sternhagen and E. G. Marshall, narrators).

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, with Bruno-Leonardo Gelber, piano; Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30, with Lynn Harrell, cello; and Monday, Feb. 16, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program, with Zino Francescatti, violin.)

Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Ronald Gagnon directing a performance of Donizetti's "La Fille du Régiment" in concert form, with Beverly Sills, soprano; Muriel Greenspon, mezzo-soprano; Georges Liccioni, tenor; and Fernando Corena, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Mannes Orchestra—Jay Saks and Jeffrey Leipsic conducting, with Peter Bellino, piano, and Joseph Gore, oboe. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 17-18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with John Pintavalle, violin. (Brook-

Home from the Pacific–
but the people will be with you for a long, long time.

What a ball you had! And after the ball is over that's when the memories begin. You'll remember the extravagance of the Chinese opera in Taiwan and the fun of Korean festivals and the grace of the Japanese customs and the sensational bargains of Hong Kong and Singapore. But mostly you'll remember the people: the exotic Thai, the rugged Aussies, the Maoris of New Zealand; you'll remember the Indian princess in her sari, the Malaysian maiden in her sarong *kebaya*, the Tahitian in his grass skirt, and the surfer from Hawaii wearing little more than a smile. People, that's what the Pacific is. And after you've dined in the unusual restaurants and lodged in the comfortable Pacific hotels and seen the astonishing and breathtaking sights—what you'll remember most is the people. They'll go home in your thoughts to live in your memories and delight you and regale you for a long, long time to come. The marvelous land of the Pacific. You'll do more than remember it. You'll return to it.

DISCOVER THE *Friendly* PACIFIC

Let your friendly travel agent help you Discover the Pacific.

Alaska
Australia
Cambodia
Canada
Ceylon
China, Rep. of
Fiji
Guam
Hawaii
Hong Kong
India
Indonesia
Japan
Korea
Macau
Malaysia
Mexico
Micronesia
Nepal
New Caledonia
New Zealand
Papua-New Guinea
Philippines
Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa)
Samoa (American)
Samoa (Western)
Singapore
Tahiti
Thailand
United States

Pacific Area Travel Association P A T A

228 Grant Avenue, Department NY/2/70
San Francisco, California 94108

Please send me a FREE copy of your beautiful 28-page booklet, DISCOVER THE FRIENDLY PACIFIC.

Name____________________

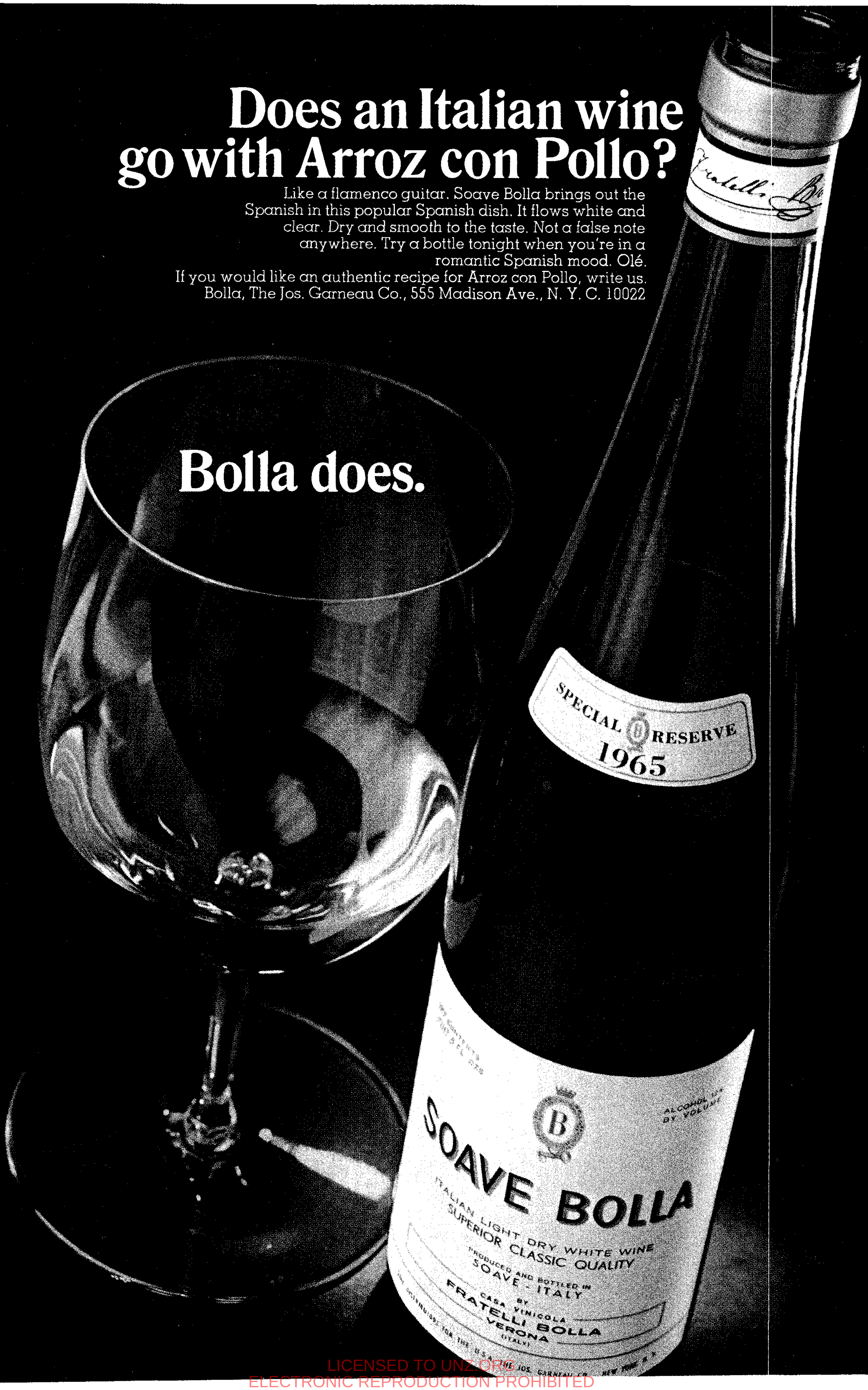
Address____________________

City__________ State & Zip__________

Does an Italian wine go with Arroz con Pollo?

Like a flamenco guitar. Soave Bolla brings out the Spanish in this popular Spanish dish. It flows white and clear. Dry and smooth to the taste. Not a false note anywhere. Try a bottle tonight when you're in a romantic Spanish mood. Olé.

If you would like an authentic recipe for Arroz con Pollo, write us.
Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., 555 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 10022



Bolla does.
Fratelli Bolla
SPECIAL RESERVE
1965
SOAVE BOLLA
ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
ITALIAN LIGHT DRY WHITE WINE
SUPERIOR CLASSIC QUALITY
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN
SOAVE - ITALY
BY
CASA VINICOLA
FRATELLI BOLLA
VERONA
(ITALY)

© 1969 THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

lyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Netherlands Chamber Choir—Felix de Nobel directing. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8:40.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing an all-Brahms program, with Lorna Haywood, soprano, and Robert Trehy, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30: Gérard Souzay, baritone; Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Raymond Crisara, trumpet; Richard Fitz, percussion; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30: The same musicians as Wednesday, plus Yoko Matsuda, violin, playing a different program.

Eileen Farrell—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Doris Pines—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of the Mediterranean World in the late Middle Ages. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in the second of two concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Bella Rudenko—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Zara Nelsova—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Yale University School of Music Concerts—The first in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Ward Davenny, piano; Broadus Erle, violin; Aldo Parisot, cello; and Keith Wilson, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Note—Joseph Fuchs will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 16, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Charles Ives Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Jean Hakes, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Jacob Glick, viola; and other soloists, plus a brass ensemble and a choir. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 3-3258.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Grateful Dead, Love, and Allman Brothers—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, Feb. 11, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

Sly and the Family Stone, the Grand Funk Railroad, Fleetwood Mac, and Richard Pryor—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. be-

Let Austria share 365 days of music with you. 1970 is Austria's Year of Music.

It's a Musikfest in Austria all year long! So many occasions to celebrate, so much music to enjoy!

All over Austria festive music will mark the 200th birthday of Ludwig van Beethoven and the 100th of Franz Lehar. Salzburg is ready for a splendid 50th year of its Festival. The last living Viennese operetta composer, Robert Stolz, will celebrate his 90th birthday. The Bregenz Festival will hail its 25th year. The sound of music will be heard all over during Austria's Year of Music.

From New Year's Day to New Year's Eve, in opera houses and concert halls, in palaces and churches, in gardens and on the lakesides, the country will ring with music.

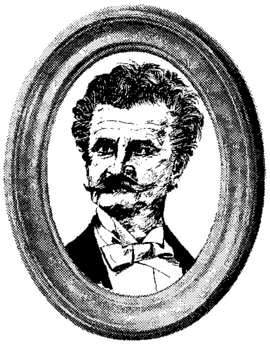
The greatest names in the world of music appear on Austria's programs: conductors, soloists, orchestras. We lost count when we tried to add up the operas, symphonies, concerts and musical works that will be performed during our Year of Music.

Now . . . surprise! Any person who attends a musical performance in Austria this year may participate in our Year of Music Sweepstakes. There are 10 Grand Prizes. Wouldn't you be delighted to win an Austrian Festival Vacation for two—including the round-trip flight on AUA Austrian Airlines? There are also over 1000 other valuable prizes. The drawing will be held in January, 1971.

LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

FRANZ SCHUBERT


JOHANN STRAUSS

FRANZ LEHAR

HERBERT von KARAJAN

Let Austria share 365 days of music with you. Use the coupon below to get your Sweepstakes Form with a calendar of musical events and the booklet "Austria—The Most European Country." Or pick them up yourself when you visit the Austrian National Tourist Office nearest to you. Get in touch with us today: we don't want you to miss a single note of Austria's Year of Music.

Austrian National Tourist Offices

New York: 545 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10017
Chicago: 332 S. Michigan Ave., Suite 1401, Ill. 60604
Los Angeles: 3440 Wilshire Boulevard, California 90005
Portland: 2433 N.W. Lovejoy St., Oregon 97210
St. Louis: 1121 Timberlane, Warson Woods, Missouri 63122

Name:____________________
Address:____________________
City:____________________
State:__________ Zip:__________

NY-2

THE LOOK.
GGG CREATES IT.
Flown to Barbados by BWIA International
GGG
CLOTHES

Write for "The Look", colorful new style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 E. 14th St. Dept.A,New York 10003.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tween 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.

The Fifth Dimension—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8 and 11.

Clark Terry's Band—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.

This Means That—The American première of a work by Luciano Berio, performed by the *Swingle Singers, Charles De Carlo,* and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Savoy Brown, Kinks, and Renaissance—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: Knicks vs. Atlanta.

Boxing—Joe Frazier vs. Jimmy Ellis, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight *Championship.* (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Feb. 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 21.

Track Meets—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 245-1540.) . . . ¶ United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 20, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **New York Philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 12:10 and 2:30.) . . . **Amato Opera Company:** "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **Bil Baird's Marionettes:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **Salvatore Guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **Rose Lynch Productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **Pixie Judy Troupe:** "The Thief of Bagdad." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 2.) . . . **Traveling Playhouse:** "Pied Piper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Lincoln's Birthday at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

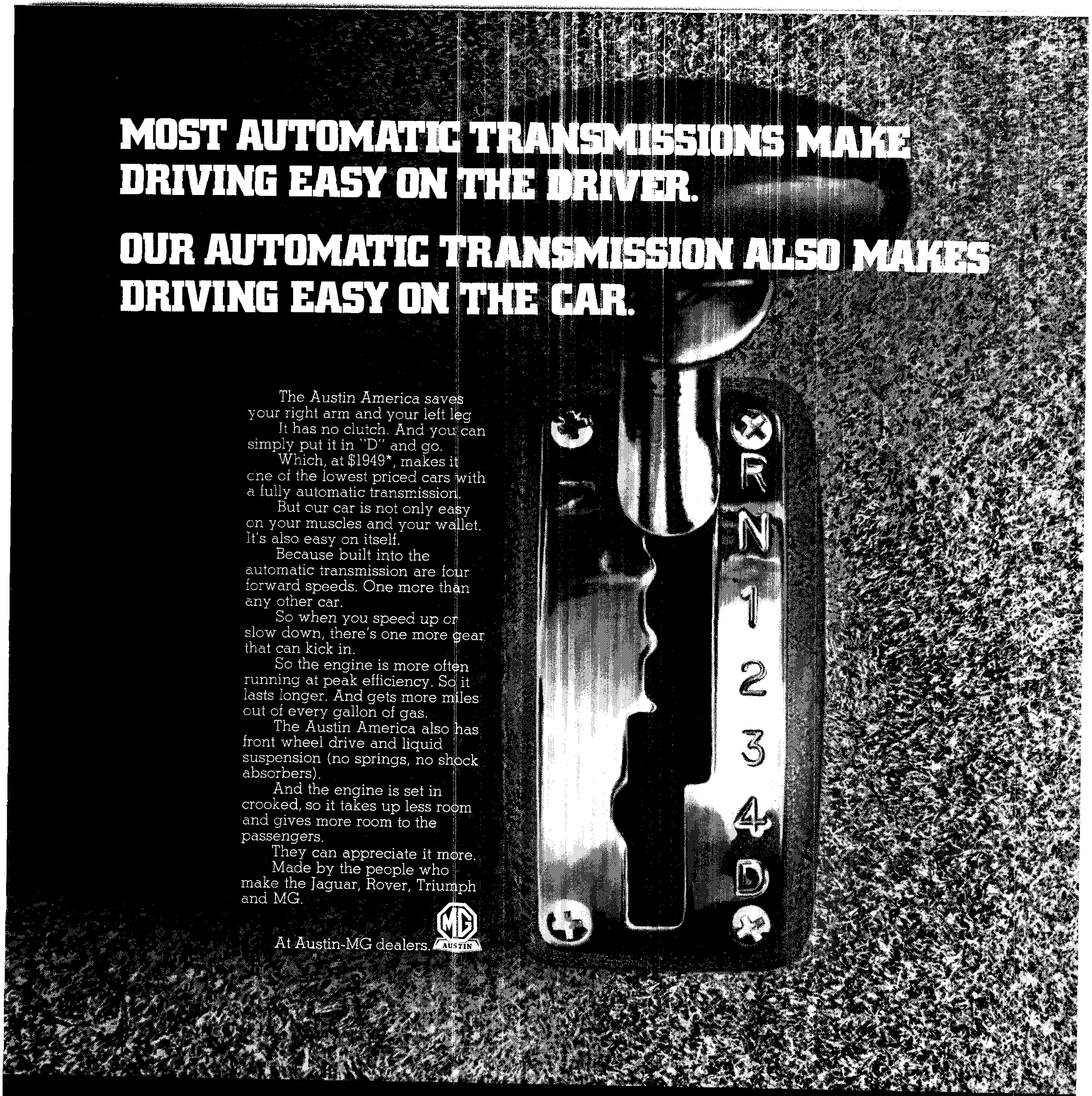
Marionette Exhibition—A troupe of over forty Bil Baird puppets dating from the nineteen-thirties to the present; through April 6. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays and Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st

MOST AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS MAKE DRIVING EASY ON THE DRIVER.

OUR AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION ALSO MAKES DRIVING EASY ON THE CAR.



The Austin America saves your right arm and your left leg. It has no clutch. And you can simply put it in "D" and go.

Which, at $1949*, makes it one of the lowest priced cars with a fully automatic transmission.

But our car is not only easy on your muscles and your wallet. It's also easy on itself.

Because built into the automatic transmission are four forward speeds. One more than any other car.

So when you speed up or slow down, there's one more gear that can kick in.

So the engine is more often running at peak efficiency. So it lasts longer. And gets more miles out of every gallon of gas.

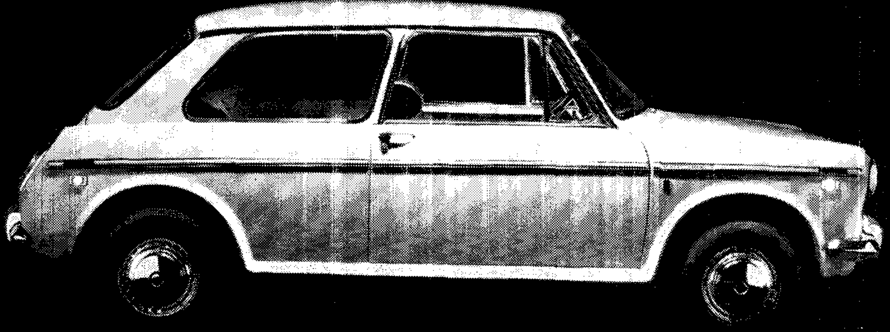
The Austin America also has front wheel drive and liquid suspension (no springs, no shock absorbers).

And the engine is set in crooked, so it takes up less room and gives more room to the passengers.

They can appreciate it more.

Made by the people who make the Jaguar, Rover, Triumph and MG.

At Austin-MG dealers.



AUSTIN AMERICA. THE PERFECT SECOND CAR.

BRITISH LEYLAND

*P.O.E. N.Y. (MANUAL TRANSMISSION, $1815 P.O.E. N.Y.). TAXES AND HANDLING EXTRA. FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY INFORMATION, WRITE BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N. J. 07605.

The vacation place with the split personality. The Inn at Rancho Bernardo.

It's serene.

It's civilized sociability.
It's luxurious accommodations.
It's lavish Spanish decor.
It's fresh air and sunshine.
It's hills, valleys, rugged Western beauty.
It's the best of Southern California.
It's pools, tennis, golf, riding, relaxing.
It's the mountains and the sea.
It's excellent cuisine and unexpected wines.
It's the boutiques of La Jolla, the lights of San Diego, the color of Old Mexico.
It's public, but as private as you like.
It's the best thing to ever happen to a vacation.

It's wild.

At night . . . it's something else.
It's alter ego, a different plane of existence.
It's music.
It's entertainment.
It's two different scenes . . . one way out, the other a bit more inhibited.
It's a hideaway lounge with special attractions for moon people.
It's fun into the wee hours.
It's unwinding . . . the windmills of your mind.

If you are an aficionado of the elegant and the unusual. Susceptible to the vibrations of a wonderfully mixed up place. Come to the Inn at Rancho Bernardo.

Write: Mrs. Martha B. Walker, The Inn at Rancho Bernardo, 17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, San Diego, California 92128
Telephone: (714) 487-1611

The Inn
at RANCHO BERNARDO

St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Eclipse Chase: Yucatán to Nantucket." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

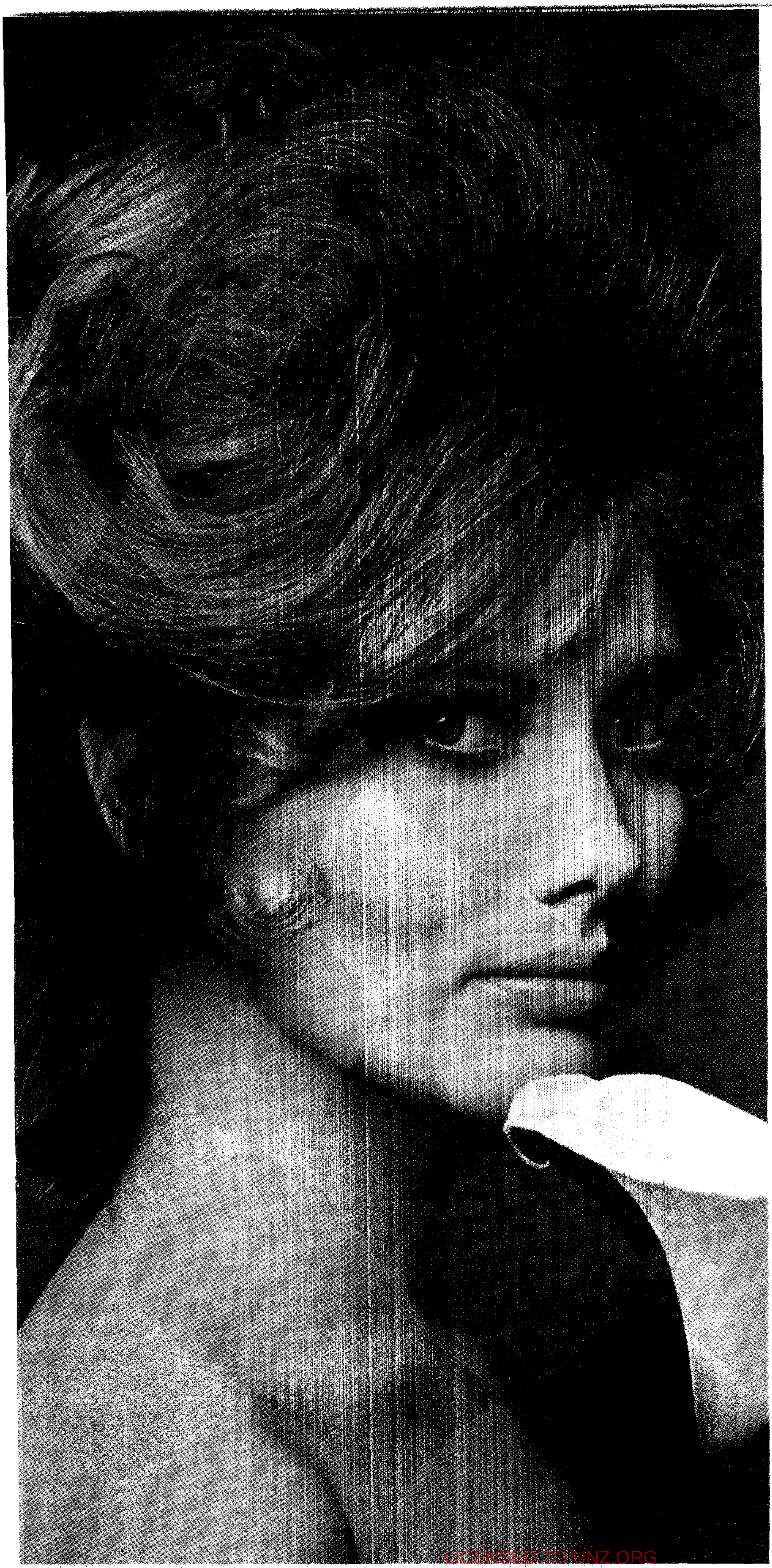
United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lectures—"Government in the Future," by Noam Chomsky. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ James Johnson Sweeney presenting the sixth in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 3. Admission is free.)

Flower Show—The Winter Garden Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Feb. 18, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 2: English, Continental, and American silver; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: Eighteenth-century English furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 10:15: American historical autographs, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Feb. 19, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, and Chagall; from many collections. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 13.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-6100)—Seven programs in a series of short films by Hal Roach: Feb. 12 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 13 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 14 at 3 and 5:30; Feb. 15 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 16 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8; Feb. 17 at 2; and Feb. 19 at 2 and 5:30. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), in German. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "Forest of the Hanged" (1965), a Rumanian film. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 11:30: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 5:30: "Max-Out" (1969), a Robert Kaylor film. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Magic Box" (1951), with Robert Donat. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "A Woman for a Season" (1969), a Rumanian film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the eight-o'clock showings will not be accepted before five-thirty.) . . . **new york cultural center**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Feb. 11: "Ministry of Fear" (1945), with Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Feb. 12: "The World in His Arms" (1952), with Gregory Peck and Ann Blyth. . . . ¶ Feb. 13: "The Killers" (1946), with Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ Feb. 14: "The Man from the Alamo" (1953), with Glenn Ford and Julie Adams. . . . ¶ Feb. 15: "Spartacus" (1960), with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 18: A program of eleven kinetic-art films. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)



Presenting the face that looks freshly made up hour after hour after hour.

All those creams and shadows and blushers you put on can make you absolutely beautiful. For a while.

Then they can blotch and cake and streak and fade away.

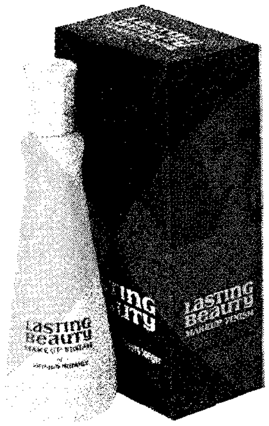
But now, Temporary Beauty, you can have Lasting Beauty. Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish. A revolutionary new mist that keeps your makeup looking fresh as new. For hours.

Lasting Beauty is a nice new experience all around. After your makeup's on, you close your eyes and release the gentle mist over your entire face. It feels cool as a morning mist. When you open your eyes, you won't see the Lasting Beauty or feel it. (It's non-sticky and hypo-allergenic and it won't clog your pores or anything like that.)

But it works like magic. For any type of skin. Over any kind of makeup. Especially eye makeup. You'll look fresh as new. Whatever you're doing. Indoors or out. Day or night.

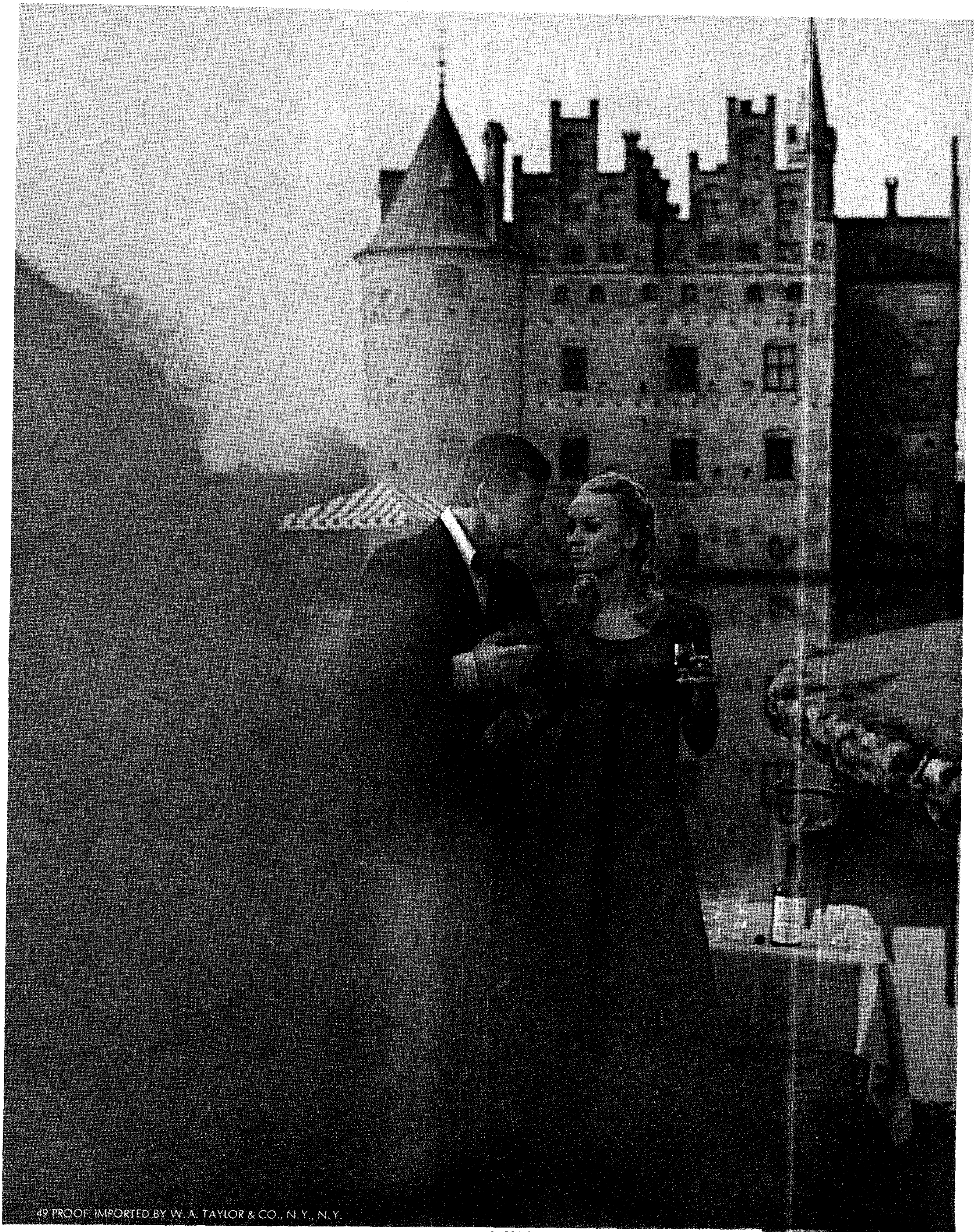
There isn't a makeup that can keep you looking fresh and beautiful long enough, without the help of Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish. It turns ordinary makeup into long-lasting makeup.

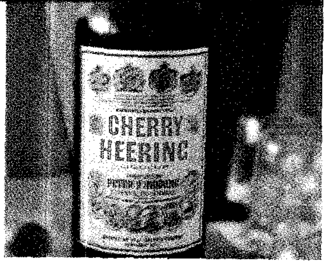
Use it. Every time out



Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish.

© RICHARD HUDNUT, 1970


49 PROOF. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y., N.Y.
PHOTOGRAPHED AT EGESKOV CASTLE, FYN, DENMARK
Denmark is a fairy tale surrounded by Europe. Taste a bit of its magic.
Cherry Heering.


CHERRY
HEERING
PETER F. HEERING

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Adalen 31—Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," re-creates the events leading to the labor riots that established Sweden's Social Democratic Party in 1931. He is a young director of great sensitivity and talent, yet, for all its beauty, his film is not a full achievement. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 18.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 17.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Body and Soul (1947)—Robert Rossen's celebrated prizefighting melodrama, from a script by Abraham Polonsky. It has energy, but it's also rather corny, and when it came out it felt like a thirties movie. John Garfield is the fighter, and Lilli Palmer the girl who recites Blake to him. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Feb. 11.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—That great title makes it sound better than it is. This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill from William Goldman's screenplay. With Katharine Ross. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 17.)

Downhill Racer—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why* or to what the championship in this particular event means. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Force of Evil (1948)—Abraham Polonsky directed this small but highly esteemed movie about numbers racketeers. With John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Feb. 11.)

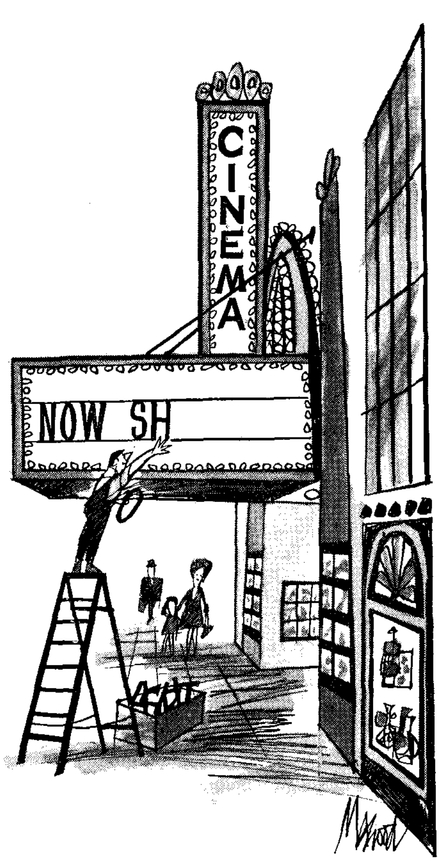
Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, 265-8431.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; starting Feb. 18.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—More pleasant than might have been expected, though inflated and unduly prolonged. Peter O'Toole gives a romantic performance of great distinction, and Petula Clark, as his wife, has a fine glow. The director, Herbert Ross, tries his best to conquer the Leslie Bricusse score. Really, it's immoral to write such bad music. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

John and Mary—Clever and dexterous, but a perfect little nothing of a romance. When Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are in bed together, you just naturally assume they're playing with Teddy bears. Directed by Peter Yates. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19		

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she made love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, had been Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Feb. 12.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Feb. 12.)

M*A*S*H—The newest of classic American comedies, and, so far, the only fresh film of 1970. Directed by Robert Altman, a bear-like man who looks like Buffalo Bill. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 11.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman give fine performances as the cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

The Milky Way—A genial guided tour of heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Molly Maguires—A handsome production, with an unconvincing script about violence in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the eighteen-seventies. Fine performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar. Directed by Martin Ritt. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service—What a good cliff-hanger is supposed to be—exciting. Peter Hunt, who directed, may be the best man going on action sequences. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 18.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Reivers—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750; Feb. 11.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—It's noisy, it's crude, it's Kramer. Anthony Quinn as Bombolini, the town drunkard and buffoon; Anna Magnani, rolling pin in hand, as Rosa, his shrewish wife; and a cast of thousands of hairy, warty, wine-loving peasants. The ethnic movie of the year. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 17.)

Take the Money and Run—Done like a solemn TV spectacular tracing the career of a great man, Woody Allen's film is about himself as a failed criminal. Very funny, proceeding by fits and starts, like a silent-comedy car. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Ideology on horseback. Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework, features Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Jane Fonda is first-rate as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's heavy-handed but effective version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through Feb. 17.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 12-18.)

The Wild Bunch—A fine Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, with a violent gutter poetry and social bite that would have pleased Brecht. Good performances by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and especially by Robert Ryan. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 11.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this odd, slapstick comedy, from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 12-18.)

New slant for a cruise dress: dashing regatta stripes of no-care-at-all polyester knit, the greatest traveller. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19		

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DOWNHILL RACER.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 17: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT**; and "La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.
From Feb. 18: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"A Married Couple," an Allan King film.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 15: "Prologue," John Robb.
From Feb. 16: "An Event," a Yugoslav film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Start the Revolution Without Me," Gene Wilder, Donald Sutherland.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Zabriskie Point," a Michelangelo Antonioni film.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Feb. 11: **THE REIVERS.**
From Feb. 12: "Mumsy, Nanny, Sonny, & Girly," Ursula Howells.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE MILKY WAY (in French).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Flying Matchmaker," Mike Burstein.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Looking Glass War," Christopher Jones, Ralph Richardson.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Virgin Soldiers," Lynn Redgrave.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 17: **THE CIRCUS** (silent); and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From Feb. 18: "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"Cat and Mouse" (in German).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 17: **THE CIRCUS** (silent).
From Feb. 18: **ADALEN 31** (in Swedish).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Fando and Lis" (in Spanish).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 11: **FORCE OF EVIL**; and **BODY AND SOUL.**
From Feb. 12: "Haxan" (1922), a film on witchcraft through the ages; and "Wild Horses of Fire" (1964, in Ukrainian; formerly called "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors").

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
FUNNY GIRL.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
THE WILD BUNCH.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Feb. 11: "Viva Max!," Peter Ustinov, Pamela Tiffin.
From Feb. 12: ". . . tick . . . tick . . . tick . . . ," Jim Brown, George Kennedy.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 17: "Marooned," Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30, and Sunday at 2. Reserved seats only.)
From Feb. 18: **GONE WITH THE WIND.**

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Other Voices," a documentary film.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Virgin Soldiers," Lynn Redgrave.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"My Sweet Charlie," Patty Duke, Al Freeman, Jr.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 11: **THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS**; and **WONDER BAR.**
Feb. 12-18: **ZAZIE** and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (both in French).
From Feb. 19: "Au Hasard Balthazar" (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 17: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT**; and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).
From Feb. 18: **ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE**; and "The Italian Job," Michael Caine, Noël Coward.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 12: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** and **THE LOVERS** (both in French).
Feb. 13-19: "Teorema" (1969; in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano; and "Accatone!" (1961; in Italian).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
DOWNHILL RACER.

HOW TO MAKE A NICE IMPRESSION

A butter impression with carved molds that will show nicely on a shelf, too. And make a fun surprise for the way to someone's heart. But our new Gourmet Galley is full of surprises. Marvelous things you used to find only in very special shops across the sea. But come, take a cook's tour at Field's in Chicago. Our Gourmet Galley on Nine. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

GOURMET GALLEY

THE YOUNG COLLECTION

Our spirited new Shop of witty and wonderfully contemporary looks for the young collector. Clothes with all the imagination, snap and sizzle you love. Come see and be a young collector!

Crunchy white cotton lace, 6 to 14. 76.00. The Young Collection, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and at all our branches.

B Altman & Co

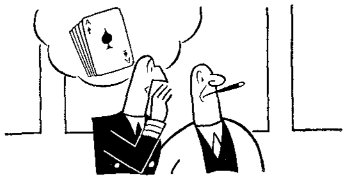
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS winter's snow-encased weekends have been excellent for the restoration of that original country silence in which normally unnoticed sounds begin to be heard. There is a sharp, single report, like that of a firearm, which comes out of the contraction of a great tree braced against zero weather. There is a reverberation, like underground thunder, from the expansion of a pond freezing out against its banks. A brook that is frozen over still gives an audible reading of the stones in its bed. The wind makes its least sound riffling through thin stands of dried weeds. There is a crunch of the snow underfoot that varies according to the temperature—shorter, sharper, and squeakier as the thermometer gets lower. Linger alongside a bird-feeding station whose display of sunflower seeds has just been replenished, and the soft, rapid-fluttering whir of chickadee and titmouse wings will come in closer and closer, like a drawing of curtains on all sides.

IS there a traveller alive who can still be coaxed by airline advertising into forgetting that he will board his plane in a kind of bus station and be served toy food in cramped quarters by harried waitresses? Hardly. But a couple of weeks ago, just as the airlines' hucksters had about exhausted the glamour potential of their product, a rich new seam was uncovered with the arrest by the F.B.I. of five men accused of cheating passengers in card games on flights to Las Vegas. Shades of transatlantic crossings of the twenties and the shipboard gambler who preyed on innocent passengers! When we read of the incident, a thrill coursed through us such as we used to feel when we heard the announcement urging ashore all who were going ashore. Who could forget the accounts of proposals for a friendly little game, with some small stake just to whet the interest, and of the whispered caution from the purser that the gentleman with whom someone had been seen gaming was known to play cards for a living, and of the posting of photographs with accompanying warnings, and of the line's *private detectives*? Every last, palpitant ounce of this excitement is transferable to the flying tin cigar, and if those who manage the carriers don't play it for all it's worth, then their judgment has been done in by too many radiantly cooked meals. There is no time to lose, either. The supersonic transport, soon to be upon us, will allow for no gambling more leisurely than cutting the deck. That will be the coup de grâce for the age of urbane travel.



Zoo Stories

WE spent the better part of a day up at the Bronx Zoo last week—our first trip there in over a year. It was a good day, and it was filled with some particularly good talk. In the morning, we talked with a new friend of ours at the zoo—Hugh B. House, the curator of mammals, who is known as Brad. Mr. House is thirty-seven, and he became curator two years ago. He has light-blue eyes and a ginger beard. He owns a stunning Siberian husky named Dersu, after a Siberian trapper of that name who served as a guide to the famous Russian explorer V. K. Arseniev on one of his expeditions to the country north of Vladivostok.

Mr. House took us on a tour of the zoo's newest building, the World of Darkness, which is the house of nocturnal animals. Mr. House is responsible for the World of Darkness, so, naturally, we got him to talking about it. Mr. House talks easily and interestingly, and he answers questions with great patience. We noticed that in his answers he always tells his questioners only what they are really asking about. We found this out in the course of a conversation about bats. Bats are prominently displayed in the World of Darkness, and Mr. House stood us in front of a long cage designed to be used as a demonstration flyway for fisherman bats. Bats were darting about inside the cage, and a good number of schoolchildren were darting about outside the cage. Some of them listened in when Mr. House began his discourse, and eventually a couple of them added their questions to ours.

One small boy, who looked as though he took only a polite interest in bats, asked, "Will they attack you?"

"No," said Mr. House. "Never."

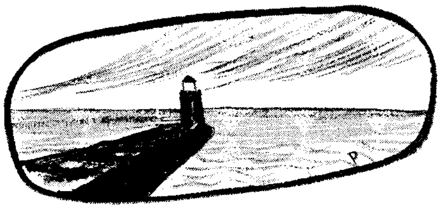
Another boy, older and more intent, then asked a question about the intelligence of bats. Could they be trained to respond to commands, for instance?

"Yes, they can," Mr. House said. "One of our keepers is training some of the fisherman bats in this cage to fly to hand. The fisherman bats are carnivorous, and they are extremely quick to pick up anything you want them to do. That isn't the case with most insect-eating bats, however. It's my own opinion that there's as much difference between a carnivorous bat and one of our local insect-eating bats as there is between an ape and a dog. They are profoundly different animals."

Later in the morning, Mr. House began a discussion of nocturnal animals in general, and what, if anything, distinguishes them from diurnal animals—animals that are active during the daytime. The discussion took place in a backstage area, reserved for curators and keepers, that constitutes the heart of the World of Darkness and contains things like bags of Purina

Monkey Chow and Zu/Preem Feline Diet and covered gray plastic garbage containers labelled on the sides, in red, "CAUTION: LIVE SNAKE." "Very few birds are nocturnal," Mr. House began. "And more reptiles than not are diurnal. Most mammals, however, are primarily nocturnal. Having said that, I must tell you that there are *no* hard-and-fast lines between nocturnal and diurnal animals. It's a convenient distinction, when you don't look too closely. You can't expect continuous activity at any time of the day from any animal. No animal, nocturnal or diurnal, is active for any more than an hour or two at a time. Most animals, nocturnal *and* diurnal, are active in the cool of the day—in the morning, before and just after sunrise, and in the evening, when the sun is setting and as it gets dark. Bison are a good example. They're essentially diurnal animals, you understand, but at midday they are almost completely inactive. From their behavior, it might be midnight. But in the evening, as it gets cooler, they begin to play—even in a relatively small pen. The calves get frisky first, and they activate the yearlings, and finally everyone is active except the old bull, who stands in the middle of all the commotion. Keep your eye on him and you'll notice that even he is turning around to follow what's going on. He's even making occasional halfhearted playful movements. The earth would shake if he ever started acting like the calves. Some animals, of course, are particularly well adapted to darkness. The flying squirrel is one of these—almost never seen in daylight. The only wild flying squirrels I've ever seen are a pair I spotted quite by accident in Wyoming. I had a telescope on a tripod with me, and I happened to stop for a rest beside a hollow tree. I leaned the tripod against the tree, and it slipped and rattled and managed to create quite a disturbance. Suddenly, two flying squirrels emerged from the tree and gave me a terrific scolding. Now, most animals have wide tolerances, but some of them respond to amazingly subtle differentiations of light. Talking about the squirrels made me think of this. In 1956—I believe it was—a zoologist named Robert L. Packard, who was then a graduate student at the University of Kansas, did a study of the gray squirrel and the fox squirrel. In general, he found, on a clear day the gray squirrel would be active in a certain area in the early morning and the late afternoon, and the fox squirrel would be active in the same area during the brighter hours of daylight. This was interesting because it showed that two different species could use the same space—often even the same tree—without conflicting, thus saving space and minimizing competition at the same time. This worked because they were usually active at different intensities of light during the day. But he also discovered that on a cloudy day the two kinds of squirrels might appear at unexpected hours. They were that sensitive to light."

At lunchtime, Mr. House took us off to the staff cafeteria, and there we encountered an old zoo friend of ours, William Conway, the general director of the New York Zoological Society, who immediately proceeded to narrate for us a story about Konrad Lorenz and an orangutan, giving Mr. House a chance to take a breather and eat some lunch. "This story," Mr. Conway began, "was told us by Konrad Lorenz, the celebrated naturalist and ethologist. One day, he said, he was visiting one of the great German zoos—I forget for the moment just which one—and the zoo's director, who was touring him around, said he was particularly anxious to show him a large and cunning orangutan that the zoo was quite proud of. They approached the animal's cage, which must have been a big one, and the orangutan was nowhere to be seen. So the director suggested they go around back and open the door to the cage and peer in. Well, it turned out that that was just what the orangutan had been waiting for. It had been hiding, and as soon as they opened the door the orangutan—and they have terrific strength, you know—jumped for it and started forcing it open wider. Both Lorenz and the director immediately began trying to pull the door closed again, but although they both exerted all their strength, it was obvious that they were no match for the orangutan, and slowly the aperture got wider and wider. Lorenz was alarmed, he told us, and he couldn't think of a single way the two of them could prevent the orangutan from escaping. Suddenly, however, the director had a brilliant idea. He leaped back from the door, assumed an expression of extreme terror, and pointed at something over the orangutan's shoulder. The orangutan whipped around to see what was behind him, and in that instant the director slammed the door."



Musical Chairs

A FRIEND of ours phoned an editor of one of the local book-publishing houses and was told he had just stepped out to lunch. Three hours later, not having heard from the editor, he called again. "Oh, he no longer works here," the operator said cheerily. "But I'll tell you where he can be reached." And she gave him the number of a rival outfit.

U.N. Veteran

WE had a talk a good many years ago with Dr. Nuri Eren, when he was running the Turkish Information Office here, and we recently reencountered him at the United Nations, where he is Deputy Permanent Representative of the Turkish Delegation. "I've been involved with the United Nations, off and on, for more than twenty years, and I have some opinions about it," he said. "Would you care to hear them?"

We said, diplomatically, "Yes."

"Well, I was the Turkish representative on the U.N.'s Conciliation Commission for Palestine in 1948, when it was organized," he continued. "It's still going on—doing what it was doing in 1948. One does get frustrated dealing with the same problem that long, but I feel that the U.N. is more than a verbal tactic, as it's sometimes called. It brings into focus what all the nations are doing within their borders and outside, so the world *knows* about it. This puts countries on their best behavior, and is an invaluable contribution. Secondly, the U.N. does something in terms of justice. Many resolutions are passed and not effected, but there, again, no matter what the nature of the debate, you obtain a sense of what is just. You get a sense of the rights and wrongs of the issues. This does not right a wrong, but it helps to prevent wrongs. Another important factor is this: Many outsiders think that because the U.N.'s membership has increased, its voting does not reflect the economic and political and moral realities of the world. But this is counterbalanced by the fact that the voices of the small nations, with their emphasis on human rights, tend to humanize international politics. I left my present post in 1960, and when I resumed it, in 1967, I found that the influx of small nations had brought a new element into the international atmosphere.

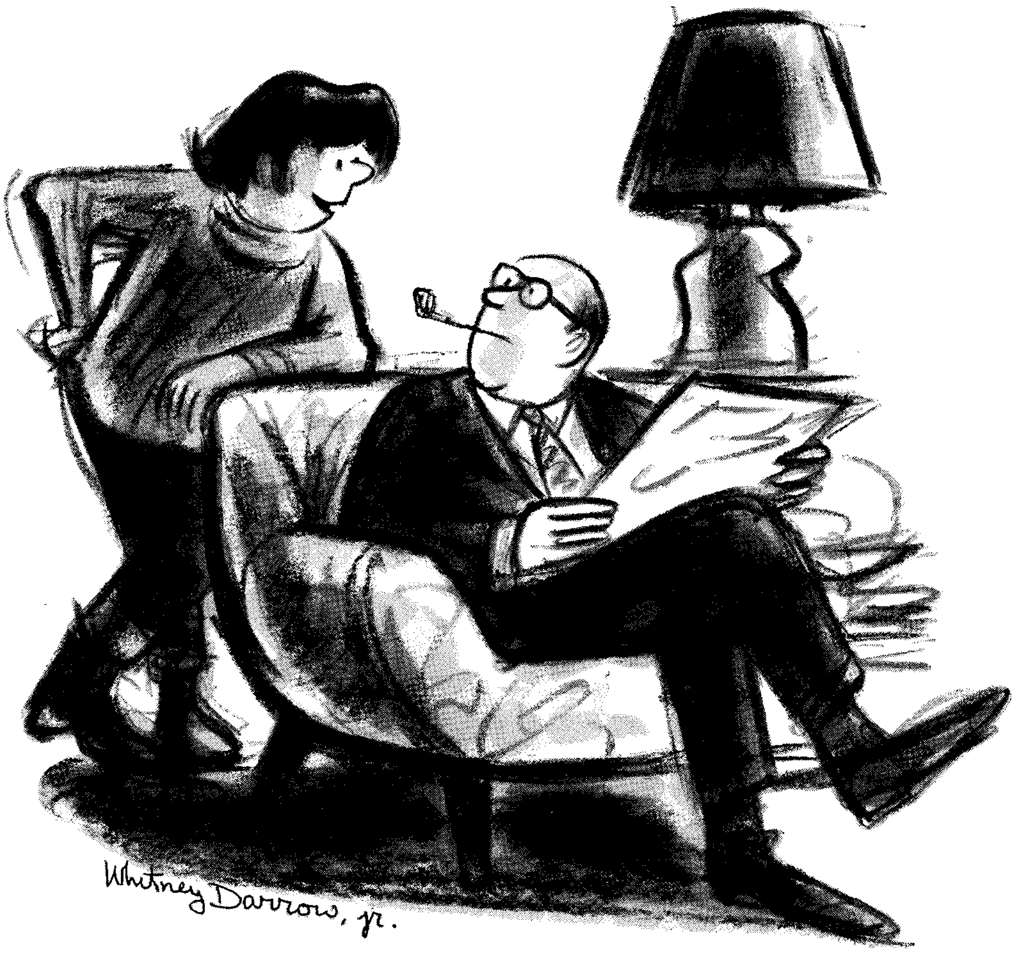
It had made relations between nations more humane."

We asked the Ottoman optimist what he had done between 1960 and 1967.

"I went to Princeton as a Fellow of the University," he said.

We asked what that involved.

"It involved thinking," he said. "I was given a house and a substantial salary in order to think. I wrote a book about Turkey as an experiment in Westernization, and a number of essays on the American scene. In 1963, I went back to Turkey to organize the counterpart of the United States Committee for Economic Development. I founded the Economic Research Foundation, with headquarters in Istanbul, which still exists. In 1967, I asked to be reassigned to my old post at the U.N. My wife and I had many friends here, in every walk of life, and we are happy here. I lecture on international relations, mostly in the West and the Middle West, and I am writing a book about America. Its tentative title is 'America Is Not Altogether Ugly.' When we came back, my wife and I"—Mrs. Eren, a splendid cook and hostess, has just published a Turkish cookbook called "The Art of Turkish Cooking"—"remembered New York, from four years before, as having been much cleaner, more orderly, and more courteous. This change continues to surprise us, but we have found, as well, that the city is much more sophisticated, in terms of food, dress, and taste in art, than it used to be. This we consider an improvement. We also find, to our surprise and at times to our annoyance, that the types of people who frequent the better restaurants and stores have changed—not for the better. This may be a snobbish assessment. A social scientist might feel that the fact that hitherto disadvantaged people are coming up in the world is a plus. What really disturbs us is the prevailing challenge to every accepted norm of behavior. Freedom involves a freedom of choice. I feel that once the individual has made his choice, he has to go along with the restrictions. I find that these restrictions are more often accepted around the country than in New York."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Gee, Dad, just because I have contempt for your politics, social standards, religious beliefs, and moral code doesn't mean I don't like you. I really like you a lot."

• •

Dr. Eren lectures from time to time in Washington, at the Foreign Service Institute of the State Department, on the nature of America's position in the world. He believes this country is misunderstood abroad for a variety of reasons. "The traditions of many European societies are challenged by the presence of America in the everyday life of their citizens—the presence of American products, leading to change and innovation in terms of mannerisms and mores," he said. "The weight of America in economics, politics, and military might is overpowering. Even if you don't exercise your power, it is there, and people feel its weight and tend to misjudge it. And American media dominate the world, causing misunderstanding. The U.P.I., the A.P., *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, and so on are extensively used by local media abroad, which, naturally, turn to the self-critical items. People abroad get a fragmented image, in which the things that go wrong cover up everything that goes right. America speaks to the world with many voices, but the opinion-makers in other countries pick up the voices that suit their own purposes, and the true intent is often lost."

We asked Dr. Eren what could be done.

"In the long run, people abroad will come to accept America as she really is," he said. "Incidentally, I've just come from a vacation in Charleston, which is very much like my home town, Izmir. Okra is my favorite food, and I first had it in this country in Charleston."

•

OVERHEARD outside the New School for Social Research, one middle-aged man to another: "You're taking the wrong course. In mine, we go forward as far back as we can."

Three Gatherings

LAST week, on the nastiest night of the year, we attended three gatherings in Manhattan that involved both the mustering of people and the mustering of money. We started out by visiting the East End Avenue flat of Mrs. Winthrop Rockefeller, the First Lady of Arkansas, who was wearing harlequin glasses and a white pants suit (translucent at some points), and who had gathered a lot of representatives of the press to announce plans for an elaborate fund-raising trip to Europe for the benefit of the National Association for Mental Health. There was something almost like suspense in the air before the actual announcement, and people stood about in small clumps diverting themselves with caviar on toast and other things of that order, waiting. We talked with Miss Nancy Tuckerman, who worked in the White House for Mrs. Aristotle Onassis in the days when Mrs. Onassis was the First Lady of the whole country. We asked Miss Tuckerman how she herself was involved with the National Association for Mental Health, and she said that she was now working for Olympic Airways, which was the airline that was going to fly the benefit group to Europe. We asked her how she liked her job, and she said that it was challenging. We asked her what she thought of Mrs. Mary Barelli Gallagher's book on Mrs. Onassis, and she said that she thought it was a misleading book. She said that Mrs. Gallagher hadn't been officially connected with the White House in any way.

"Who was that?" a middle-aged man with a hunk of copy paper and a thick No. 1 pencil asked us as Miss Tuckerman moved away.

We explained about Miss Tuckerman and the First Lady.

"Who else is here?" he asked.

We said we didn't know.

"What is Mrs. Rockefeller wearing?" he asked.

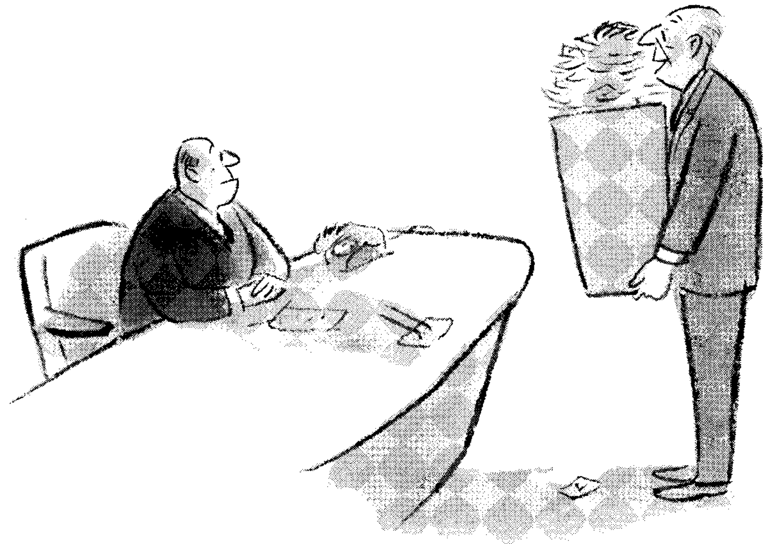
We said that we thought it was a white pants suit. Before we could tell him about Mrs. Rockefeller's harlequin glasses, he moved away, too.

"It's me! Tarzan! I'm back from Hollywood!"

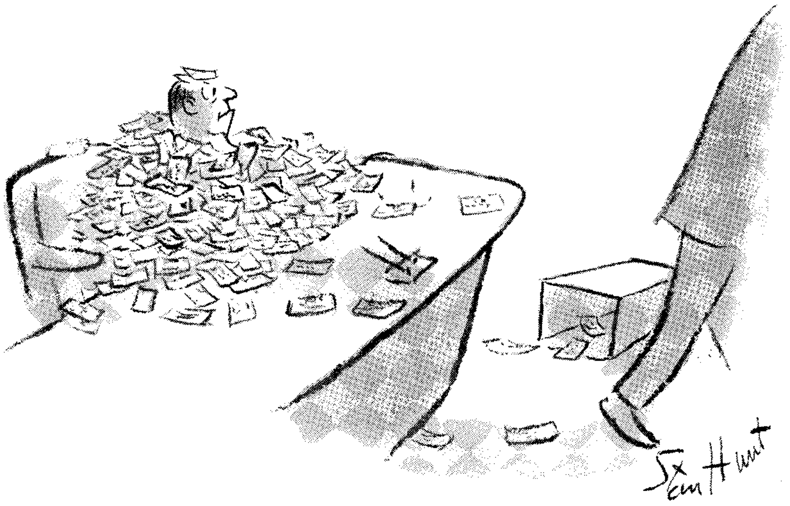
A nicely dressed lady with a broken arm unveiled the official plans for the benefit tour. She talked about Olympic Airways ("Mr. Onassis's airline"), and how the benefit-tour group would be entertained by the "civic and social leaders of Athens." She mentioned a boat trip on the Aegean, and said nothing unpleasant or controversial about Greece's untidy political situation. She then talked about the group's itinerary in Rome, which is to include something with the Agnellis, something at the Embassy, something with the film colony, and an audience with the Pope.

AT the Electric Circus that night, the Earth People were meeting to discuss the Earth People's Park. The Earth People, who are young, are interested in ecology and mean to establish themselves in the Earth People's Park, but they have not yet decided where the park is to be; some Earth People have energetically suggested buying a hundred thousand acres of land in New Mexico. The meeting began with ceremonial gentleness, and once, when discussion verged on argument, a slim girl suggested a minute of silence, which was observed by everyone except two young children. The discussion and the near-argument had to do with determining the purpose of the meeting. Those who wanted to buy land (specifically, a lot of land in New Mexico) said that the purpose of the meeting was to discuss promotion and the raising of money. "The Press Freaks should do their thing and the Radio Freaks should do their thing to turn people on," one man said. Other people said that the purpose of the meeting was to "get the group together." An articulate man with a beard said that he wondered if it would help the ecology of New Mexico to move people there. Fear was expressed that a move to New Mexico might become a "whole new Wild West thing," which might hurt the land and the Indians. Not only do the Earth People want to do something that is personally satisfying; they also want to do what is ecologically sound. Several people asked that ecologists come to subsequent meetings, to inform them about what *is* ecologically sound. A hat was passed.

THE third party we went to that night was for the Black Panthers. Specifically, it was for the Panther Twenty-one, the group of New York Panthers arrested last April on a twelve-count indictment. The day of the party was also the second day of the pre-trial hearings for thirteen of the Twenty-one. The party was held in a town house in the East Nineties, the home of a couple who had bought it for its garden when they moved here from Chicago, seven years ago. The husband, who was the host, is very busy in one of the East Side Reform Democratic clubs, but his wife has been disillusioned with politics ever since the end of Senator McCarthy's Presidential campaign. The host had on a three-piece suit with a double-breasted waistcoat; his wife had on a simple dress with horizontal yellow and green stripes. Parties for the Panthers have become fashionable in New York in the last three weeks—ever since the Leonard Bernsteins gave one and were denounced for doing so in an editorial in the *Times*. The editorial invoked the memory of Martin Luther King, talked about the Panthers' "Mao-Marxist ideology and Fascist paramilitarism," and characterized the Bernsteins' party as "the sort of elegant slumming that degrades patrons and patronized alike."



"*Mr. Bradshaw, today is my retirement day, and I want you to know that I've saved every single memo you've ever sent me.*"



The party in the East Nineties was well attended. A reporter from WCBS-TV stood outside the front door. One of the guests was a young man named William Samuels, who lives across the street. He brought with him his father, Howard Samuels, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. None of the other guests were particularly well known. They all stood around talking noisily about everything under the sun until the hostess picked up a small microphone and introduced Murray Kempton, the newspaperman, who had just arrived. Mr. Kempton has been covering the trial, and he has recently written, together with David Shimkin, a pamphlet called "Panther 21: Strangers to Justice." Mr. Kempton addressed the party. He spoke a little nervously at first, and then very calmly. He said, "One or two small malignant things have happened in the first two days of the trial that I think describe the whole business. The defendants in this case were arrested in April of last year. Two of them were teen-agers. Now, in the court system of this state a teen-ager has the option of being treated as a 'youthful offender,' which can lead to a maximum sentence of no more than four years. Last June, the defense counsel of Eddie Joseph, one of these two teen-agers, asked that he be granted youthful-offender status. The request was denied, and Eddie Joseph spent ten months in prison because he could not pay the bail. Yesterday, when he came into court, he was granted youthful-offender status, with the consent of the District Attorney. In other words, he'd done ten months because of the color of his hair. When you read the New York *Post*, you see the headline 'UPROAR IN THE PANTHER TRIAL.' That's because in New York courts the only capital offense is bad manners. One of the defendants, Lee Berry, was taken out of a hospital in April, where he was recovering from an epileptic seizure, and thrown into jail. In June, his lawyers said he was ill and ought to be moved at once to a hospital. Finally, in November, Justice Murtagh sent him to Bellevue. He has been there ever since, and his doctors say he's too ill to stand trial. But when I read the *News*, the *Post*, and—Lord love it—the *Times*, I find that the manners of the defendants are the only issue. This city is terribly sensitive to manners and totally indifferent to cruelty. I've been trying to think up a proper headline for a story about this case, and the only one I could come up with was 'LINDSAY TORTURES EPILEPTIC.' "

A lady, deeply shocked, interrupted to ask, "Why blame Lindsay?"

"Because," Mr. Kempton answered her, "Lindsay is the Mayor, and the Commissioner of the Department of Correction, who was in charge of the Panthers while they were in jail, is his appointee. And a mayor is supposed to be responsible for the conduct of his appointees."

Mr. Kempton finished up by saying, "The Panthers are strangers to justice, dependent on the good will of other strangers, and if *you* don't think about them, I'm afraid nobody will."

Mrs. Afeni Shakur spoke next. She is one of two women defendants in the trial, and she spoke about her months in the Women's House of Detention and about the work of the Panthers. After she sat down, the hat was passed. While she was speaking, Mr. Kempton left the party. On his way out, one of the guests, a middle-aged woman, approached him to say angrily, "You're out of your mind, Kempton!"

THE IMMORTALS

And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.—*Rupert Brooke.*

WHOEVER could have foreseen, way back in that innocent summer of 1923, that the novelette "The Chosen One," by Camilo N. Huergo, presented to me by the author with his personal inscription on the flyleaf (which I had the decorum to tear out before offering the volume for sale to successive men of the book trade), hid under the thin varnish of fiction a prophetic truth. Huergo's photograph, in an oval frame, adorns the cover. Each time I look at it, I have the impression that the snapshot is about to cough, a victim of that lung disease which nipped in the bud a promising career. Tuberculosis, in short, denied him the happiness of acknowledging the letter I wrote him in one of my characteristic outbursts of generosity.

The epigraph prefixed to this thoughtful essay has been taken from the aforementioned novelette; I requested Dr. Montenegro, of the Academy, to render it into Spanish, but the results were negative. To give the unprepared reader the gist of the matter, I shall now sketch, in condensed form, an outline of Huergo's narrative, as follows:

The storyteller pays a visit, far to the South in Chubut, to the English rancher don Guillermo Blake, who devotes his energies not only to the breeding of sheep but also to the ramblings of the world-famous Plato and to the latest and more freakish experiments in the field of surgical medicine. On the basis of his reading, don Guillermo concludes that the five senses obstruct or deform the apprehension of reality and that, could we free ourselves of them, we would see the world as it is—endless and timeless. He comes to think that the eternal models of things lie in the depths of the soul and that the organs of perception with which the Creator has endowed us are, *grosso modo*, hindrances. They are no better than dark spectacles that blind us to what exists outside, diverting our attention at the same time from the splendor we carry within us.

Blake begets a son by one of the farm girls so that the boy may one day become acquainted with reality. To anesthetize him for life, to make him blind and deaf and dumb, to emancipate him from the senses of smell and taste, were the father's first concerns. He took, in the same way, all possible measures to make the chosen one unaware of his own body. As to the rest, this was arranged with contrivances designed to take over respiration, circulation, nourishment, digestion, and elimination. It was a pity that the boy, fully liberated, was cut off from all human contact. Owing to the press of practical matters, the narrator goes away. After ten years, he returns. Don Guillermo has died; his son goes on living after his fashion, with natural breathing, heart regular, in a dusty shack cluttered with mechanical devices. The narrator, about to leave for good, drops a cigarette butt that sets fire to the shack and he never quite knows whether this act was done on purpose or by pure chance. So ends Huergo's story, strange enough for its time but now, of course, more than outstripped by the rockets and astronauts of our men of science.

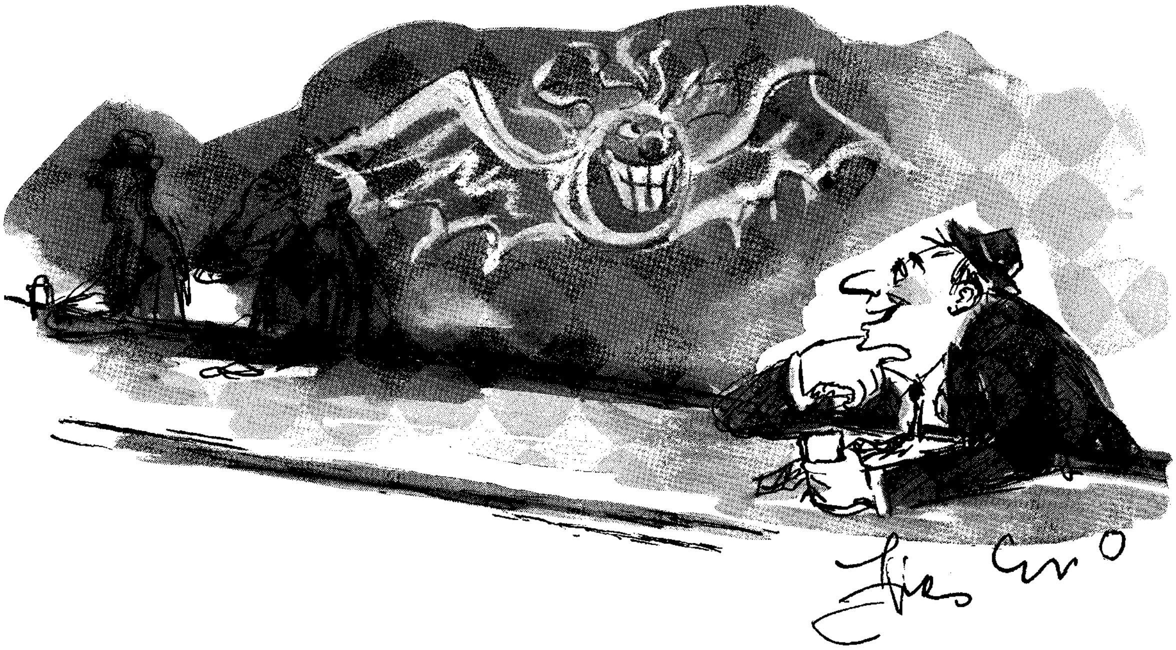
HAVING dashed off this disinterested compendium of the tale of a now dead and forgotten author—from whom I have nothing to gain—I steer back to the heart of the matter. Memory restores to me a Saturday morning in 1964 when I had an appointment with the eminent gerontologist Dr. Raúl Narbondo. The sad truth is that we young bloods of yesteryear are getting on; the thick mop begins to thin, one or another ear stops up, the wrinkles collect grime, molars grow hollow, a cough takes root, the backbone hunches up, the foot trips on a pebble, and, to put it plainly, the paterfamilias falters and withers. There was no doubt about it, the moment had come to see Dr. Narbondo for a general checkup, particularly considering the fact that he specialized in the replacement of malfunctioning organs.

Sick at heart because that afternoon the Palermo Juniors and the Spanish Sports were playing a return match and maybe I could not occupy my place in the front row to bolster my team, I betook myself to the clinic on Corrientes Avenue near Pasteur. The clinic occupies the fifteenth floor of the Adamant Building. I went up by elevator (manufactured by the Electra Company). Eye to eye with Narbondo's brass shingle, I pressed the bell, and at long last, taking my courage in both hands, I slipped through the partly open door and entered into the waiting room proper. There, alone with the latest issues of the *Ladies' Companion* and *Jumbo*, I whiled away the passing hours until a cuckoo clock struck twelve and sent me leaping from my armchair. At once I asked myself, What happened? Planning my every move now like a sleuth, I took a step or two toward the next room, peeped in, ready, admittedly, to fly the coop at the slightest sound. From the streets far below came the noise of horns and traffic, the cry of a newspaper hawker, the squeal of brakes sparing some pedestrian, but, all around me, a reign of silence. I crossed a kind of laboratory, or pharmaceutical back room, furnished with instruments and flasks of all sorts. Stimulated by the aim of reaching the men's room, I pushed open a door at the far end of the lab.

Inside, I saw something that my eyes did not understand. The small enclosure was circular, painted white, with a low ceiling and neon lighting, and without a single window to relieve the sense of claustrophobia. The room was inhabited by four personages, or pieces of furniture. Their color was the same as the walls, their material wood, their form cubic. On each cube was another small cube with a latticed opening and below it a slot as in a mailbox. Carefully scrutinizing the grilled opening, you noted with alarm that from the interior you were being watched by something like eyes. The slots emitted, from time to time, a chorus of sighs or whisperings that the good Lord himself could not have made head or tail of. The placement of these cubes was such that they faced each other in the form of a square, composing a kind of conclave. I don't know how many minutes elapsed. At this point, the Doctor came in and said to me, "My pardon, Bustos, for having kept you waiting. I was just out getting myself an advance ticket for today's match between the Palermo Juniors and the Spanish Sports." He went on, indicating the cubes, "Let me introduce you to Santiago Silberman, to retired clerk-of-court Ludueña, to Aquiles Molinari, and to Miss Bugard."

Out of the furniture came faint rumbling sounds. I quickly reached out a hand and, without the pleasure of shaking theirs, withdrew in good order, a frozen smile on my lips. Reaching the vestibule as best I could, I managed to stammer, "A drink. A stiff drink."

Narbondo came out of the lab with a graduated beaker filled with water and dissolved some effervescent drops into it. Blessed concoction—the wretch-



"Are you sure you were never in Hoboken?"

• •

ed taste brought me to my senses. Then, the door to the small room closed and locked tight, came the explanation:

"I'm glad to see, my dear Bustos, that my immortals have made quite an impact on you. Who ever would have thought that *Homo sapiens*, Darwin's barely human ape, could achieve such perfection? This, my house, I assure you, is the only one in all Indo-America where Dr. Eric Stapledon's methodology has been fully applied. You recall, no doubt, the consternation that the death of the late lamented Doctor, which took place in New Zealand, occasioned in scientific circles. I flatter myself, furthermore, for having implemented his precursory labors with a few Argentinean touches. In itself, the thesis—Newton's apple all over again—is fairly simple. The death of the body is a result, always, of the failure of some organ or other, call it the kidneys, lungs, heart, or what you like. With the replacement of the organism's various components, in themselves perishable, with other corresponding stainless or polyethylene parts, there is no earthly reason whatever why the soul, why you yourself—Bustos Domecq—should not be immortal. None of your philosophical niceties here; the body can be vulcanized and from time to time recaulked, and so the mind keeps going. Surgery brings immortality to mankind. Life's essential aim has been attained—the mind lives on without fear of cessation. Each of our immortals is comforted by the certainty, backed by our firm's guarantee, of being a witness *in aeternum*. The brain, refreshed night and day by a system of electrical charges, is the last organic bulwark in which ball bearings and cells collaborate. The rest is Formica, steel, plastics. Respiration, alimentation, generation, mobility—elimination itself!—belong to the past. Our immortal is real estate. One or two minor touches are still missing, it's true. Oral articulation, dialogue, may still be improved. As for the costs, you need not worry yourself. By means of a procedure that circumvents legal red tape, the candidate transfers his property to us, and the Narbondo Company, Inc.—I, my son, his descendants—guarantees your upkeep, *in statu quo*, to the end of time. And, I might add, a money-back guarantee."

It was then that he laid a friendly hand on my shoulder. I felt his will taking power over me. "Ha-ha! I see I've whetted your appetite, I've tempted you, dear Bustos. You'll need a couple of months or so to get your affairs in order and to have your stock portfolio signed over to us. As far as the operation goes, naturally, as a friend, I want to save you a little something. Instead of our usual fee of ten thousand dollars, for you, ninety-five hundred—in cash, of course. The rest is yours. It goes to pay your lodging, care, and service. The medical procedure in itself is painless. No more than a question of amputation and replacement. Nothing to worry about. On the eve, just keep yourself calm, untroubled. Avoid heavy meals, tobacco, and alcohol, apart from your accustomed and imported, I hope, Scotch or two. Above all, refrain from impatience."

"Why two months?" I asked him. "One's enough, and then some. I come out of the anesthesia and I'm one more of your cubes. You have my address and phone number. We'll keep in touch. I'll be back next Friday at the latest."

At the escape hatch, he handed me the card of Nemirovski, Nemirovski, & Nemirovski, Counsellors at Law, who would put themselves at my disposal for all the details of drawing up the will. With perfect composure I walked to the subway entrance, then took the stairs at a run. I lost no time. That same night, without leaving the slightest trace behind, I moved to the New Impartial, in whose register I figure under the assumed name of Aquiles Silberman. Here, in my bedroom at the far rear of this modest hotel, wearing a false beard and dark spectacles, I am setting down this account of the facts.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES
and ADOLFO BIOY CASARES

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the authors.)

•

DESPAIR

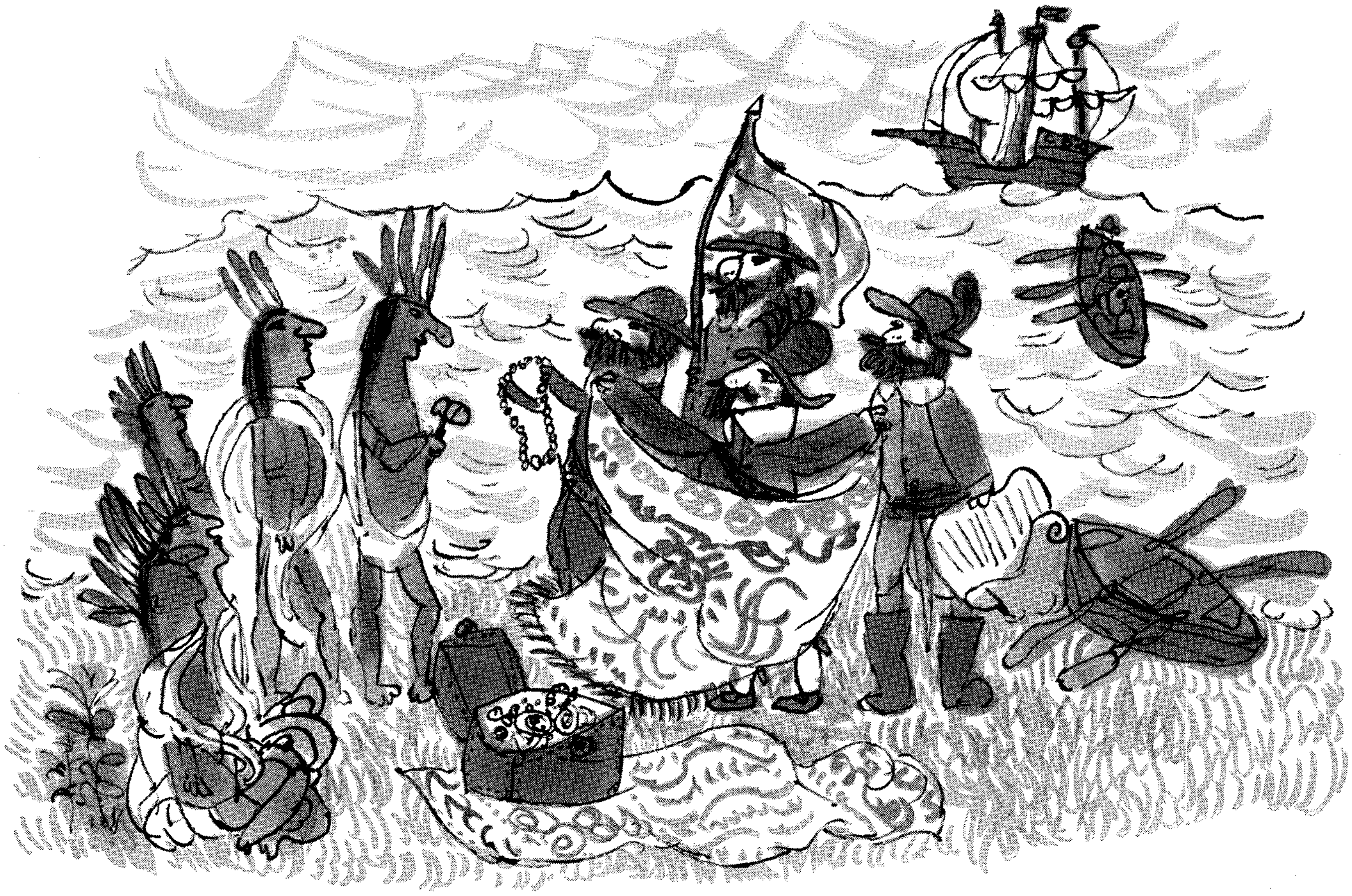
O the snows last so long
And O man is such a brute
And O the girl is snatched by death
So fast you would not believe it,

And O I wanted to be tall,
And O the unendurable cold,
O that my mother was put away,
The long, the long trials,

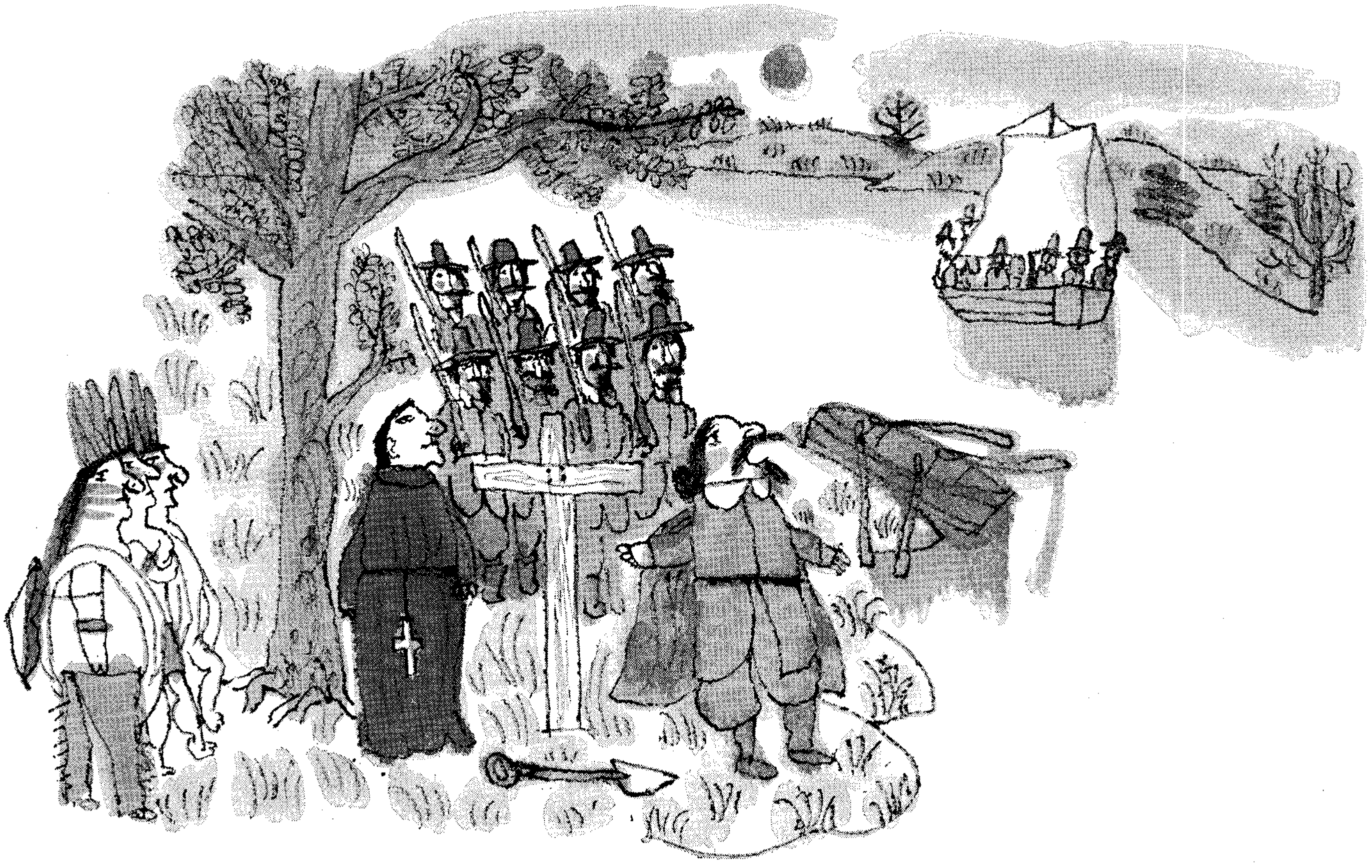
And the love I had for one,
It all went to pieces,
That girl who was murdered
And O that other my friend

Who set herself afire for nothing.
And O I hoped to be well
I wanted to be serene
O the snows last so long.

—RICHARD EBERHART

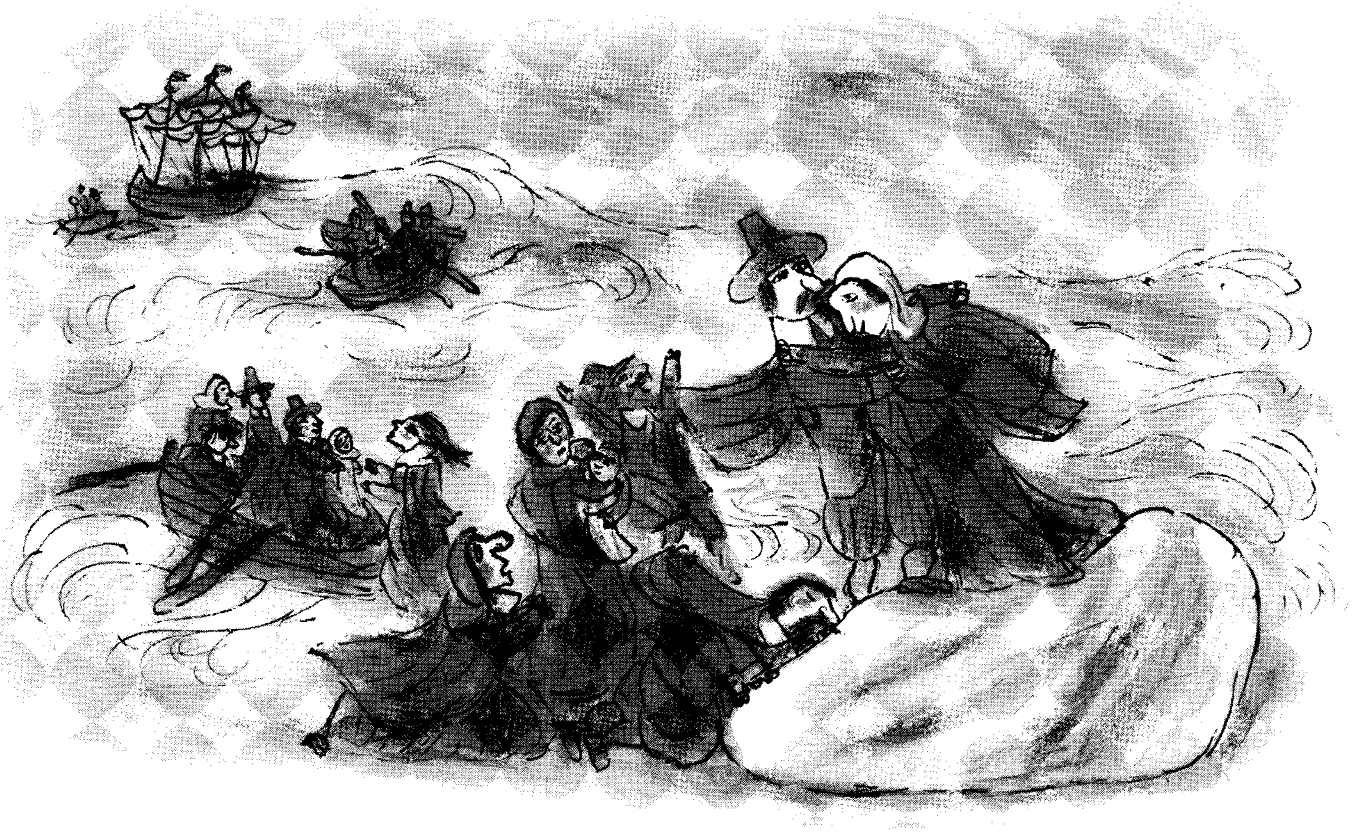


The Purchase of Manhattan Island

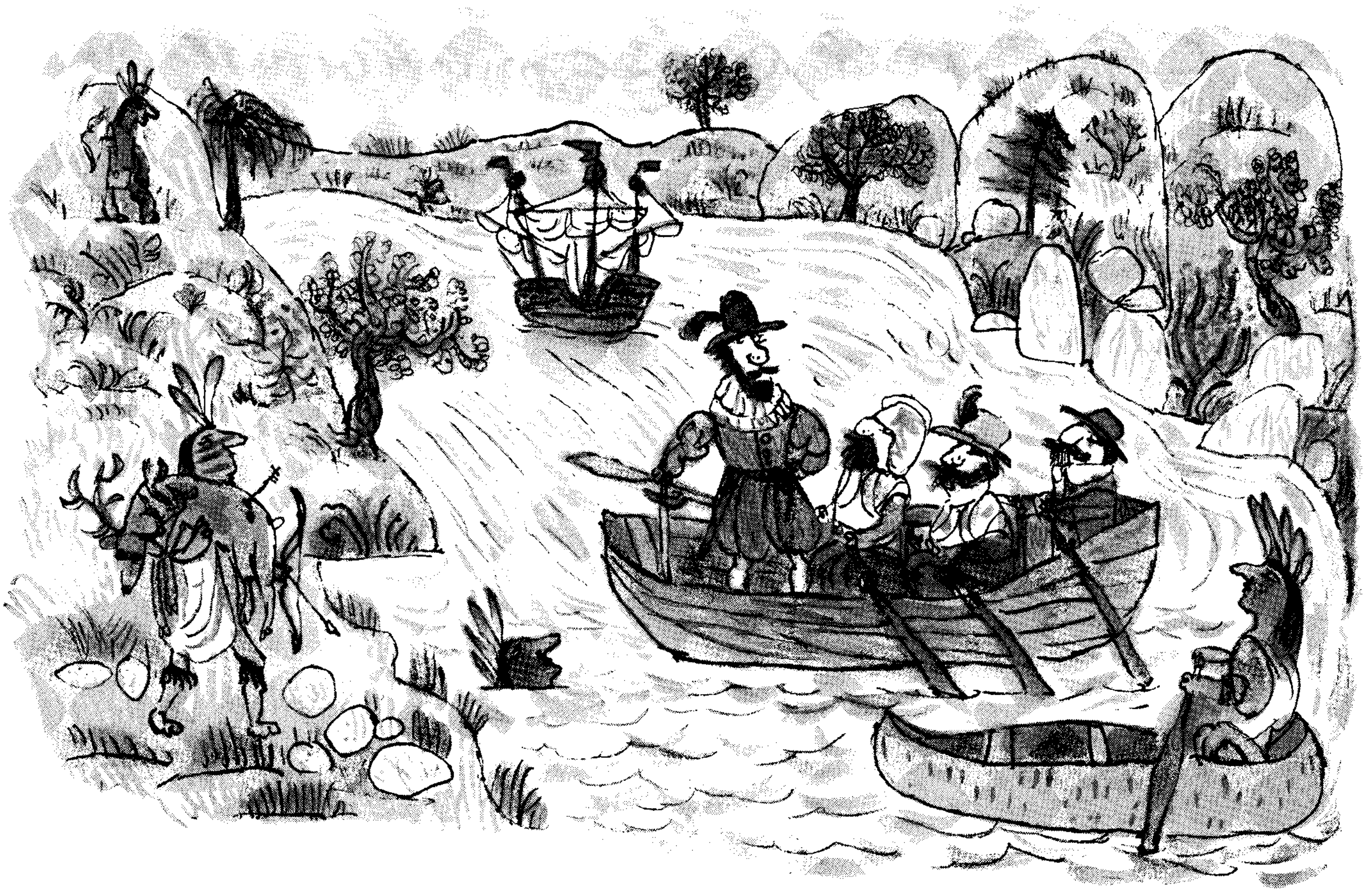


La Salle Claims the Mississippi for France

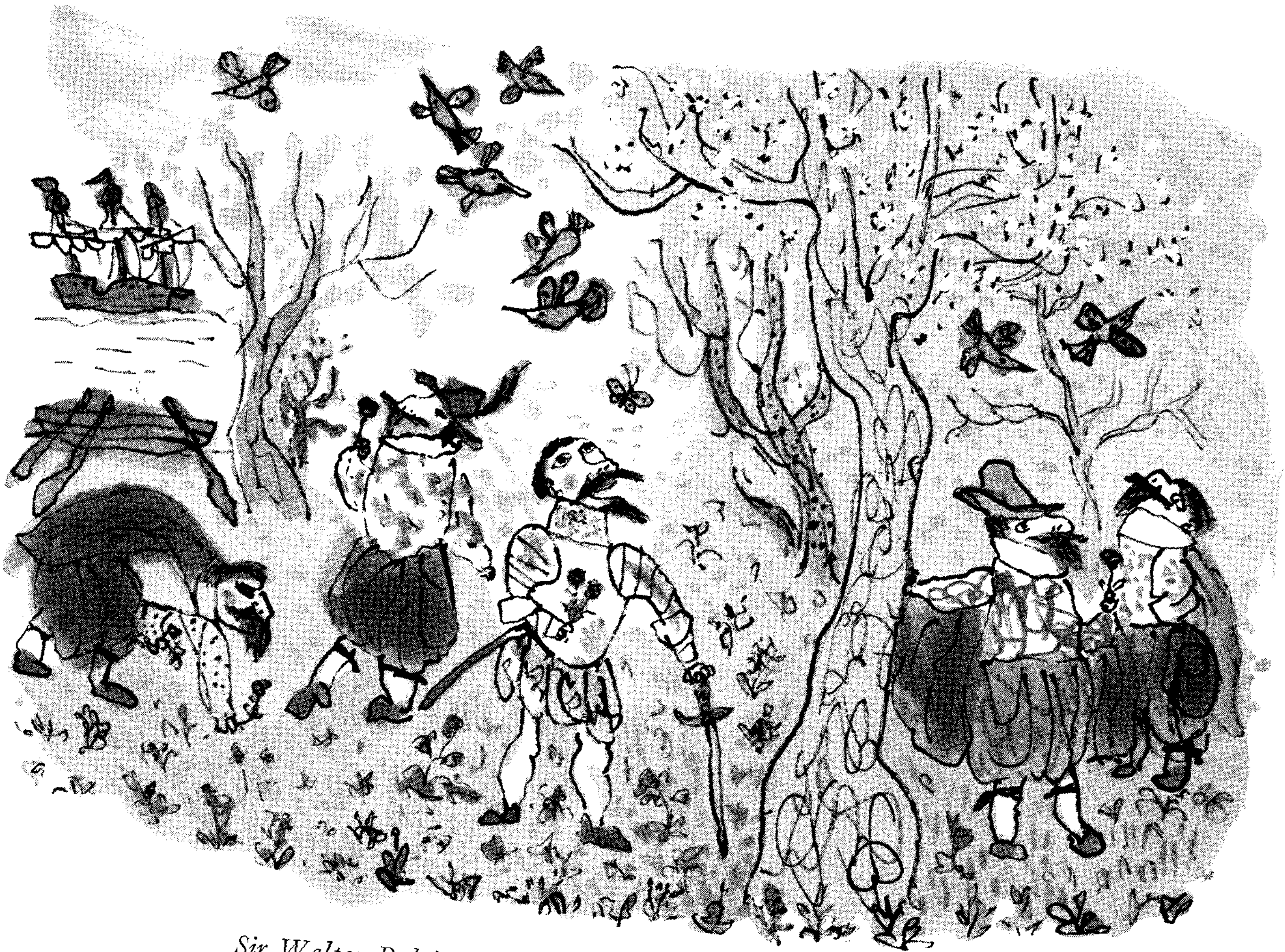
AMERICAN BEGINNINGS



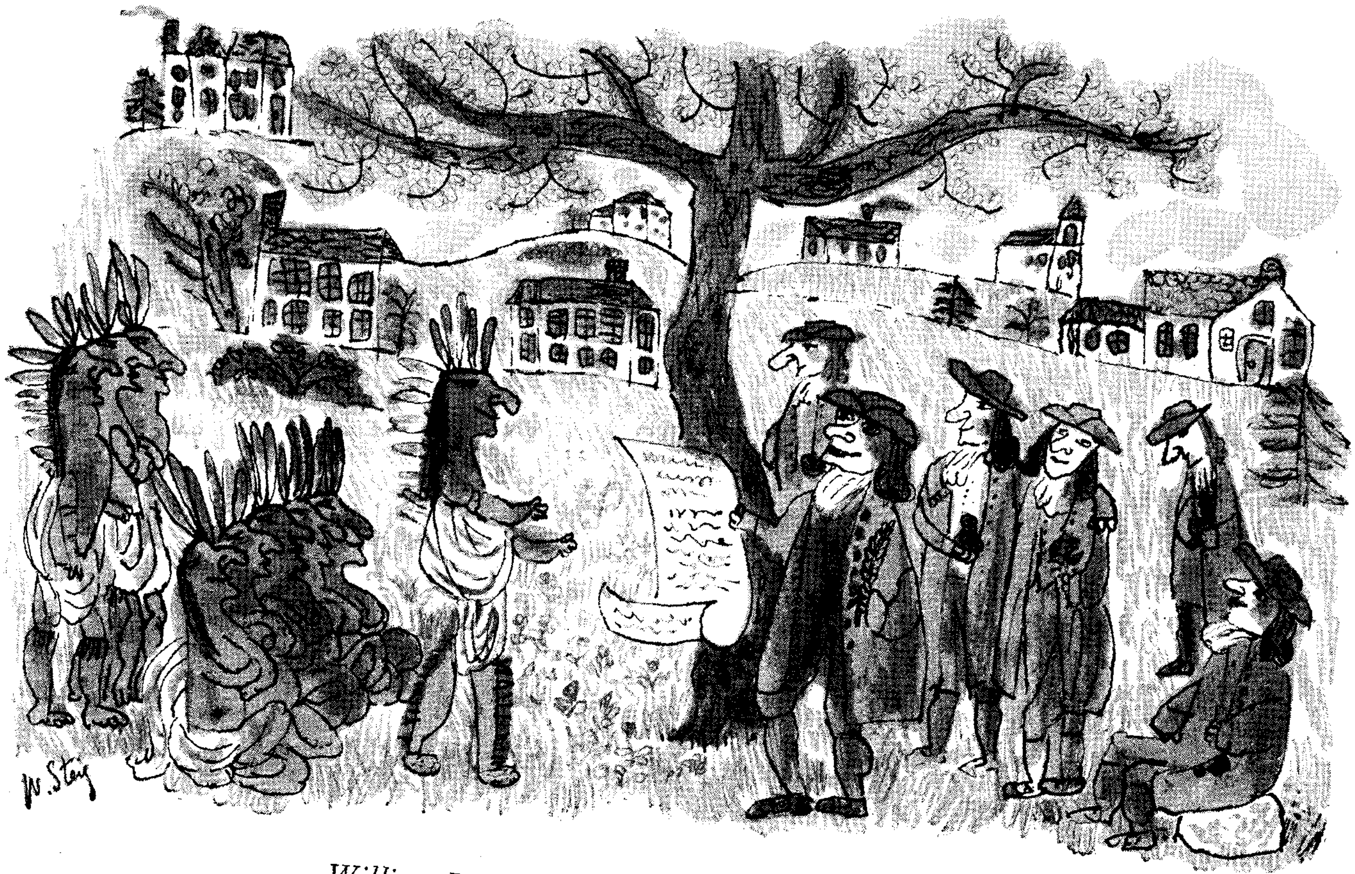
The Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock



Henry Hudson on the River That Will Bear His Name



Sir Walter Raleigh's Expedition Finds Virginia in the Spring



William Penn Makes a Treaty with the Indians

THE WEDDING MARCH

TO be honest, it was a bit late when we started out to look for the United Fish and Fowl Shipping Company Restaurant, and not the kind of evening that would have been best for such an expedition. The sun had gone down without calling attention to itself. The twilight had had a greenish cast to it that stayed on in the streets. The air was heavy and dank. On the sidewalk somebody said that it would be too much trouble to rain.

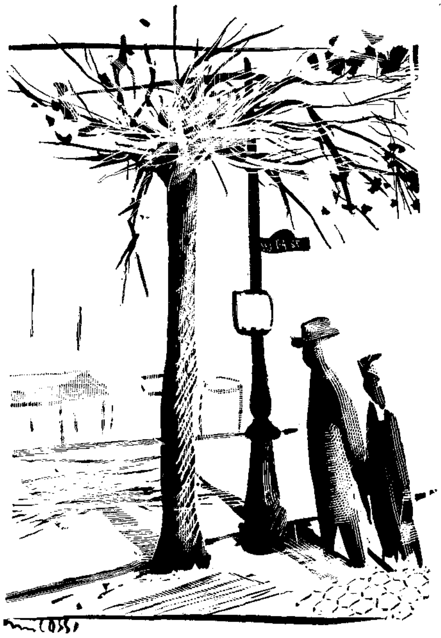
I felt it was knowledgeable to have heard of the United Fish and Fowl Shipping Company Restaurant, to mention it casually as a possibility. It's a Japanese raw-fish and chicken restaurant, very cheap. The party had been pretty dreadful, but we were happy. It was early to be leaving a party and it was really too late to be starting out looking for the restaurant. I explained that although I had been there as a child I couldn't be said to know that part of town at all well. I should say I didn't know it at all. Some nice people were going to come with us, but in the end they didn't.

It takes quite a long time to get out there. That's one of the disadvantages. Then at last we were in the neighborhood. Empty streets. They hadn't even taken up the old streetcar tracks. Big warehouses on both sides, and a few wholesalers tucked among them, dusty and closed. All the doors looked like garage doors. I had a little map a friend had drawn for me—how to get there from the subway. The restaurant was on a side street. Nothing seemed to live there but cats. I saw a sign that looked as if it might say United Fish and Fowl Shipping Company Restaurant down along the bend of the street, but wasn't sure and couldn't tell whether the light came from there or from somewhere outside—that same greenish light. Before we got close enough to read it, we noticed a cop, in a car. He had drawn up to make a note. He had stopped in back of us, but I went back to ask him if he knew where the United Fish and Fowl Shipping Company Restaurant was.

Actually he had rather a pleasant face. He wasn't very old. He was polite. I know you never can tell. He was writing in a little notebook. He didn't answer or look up right away. He said yes, that was the place. Then he looked at me as though I were a high-school student and he were a high-school teacher who knew something about me He said we didn't really want to go to that restaurant, did we? I explained that we'd been told about it. He asked who told us. I said a friend. He gave a little laugh. He said where we ought to go was the Chinese restaurant around the corner on the main street. He said we'd like that better. It would be a better place for us. Then I thought, I suppose now he'll watch to see which one we head for. But he said he was really off duty and on his way home. It was true he was driving a private car. It was a big favor he'd been doing me. But that didn't mean he owed me anything—he'd made it clear. I said good night and he drove off.

We couldn't believe the restaurant. It looked more like a storefront church. The windows were painted on the inside, all the way up, with a little chipped black-and-gold frieze, probably a decal, along the top. The color of the paint must have been what they call ivory, but in that light it looked the shade of dried peas. There was a street light farther down the block, near enough so that you could read the sign, lettered in dark red, and through the chipped places in the frieze you could see that there was a bulb lit inside, too. On one side of the restaurant a passage was boarded up and had another sign on it, a warning. On the other side there was a big sign about an elevator shaft. Inside the restaurant there were voices—Japanese, probably—and sounds of tables or crates thudding and banging. We discussed it and decided to try the Chinese place after all.

IT was quite near. The stores on the street were closed, even the drugstore, but the Chinese restaurant was still open. When we went in, there was no one at the tables. A Chinese man of middle years and girth who seemed as though he might be the proprietor came from the back, smiling and greeting, smelling of soap. He said it wasn't too late, but then he went and locked the door behind us, and drew the curtains. There were other people in the kitchen or the back rooms. You could hear them banging metal around and laughing. He waited among the tables and took our order. I asked him whether he had heard of a Japanese restaurant called the United Fish and Fowl Shipping Company Restaurant and he said he had. I asked him whether it was good and he said it was. Then he left us.



He brought part of the order and then he was gone for a good while. The banging and laughing stopped in the back, there was a shuffling, the voices dropped and grew more serious. Just as he reappeared with the rest of the order there was a sound of a clarinet or some other woodwind instrument warming up, and a stringed instrument being tuned. He was smiling as if a great joke were being prepared and we were in on it. Or were part of it. A head popped out from the kitchen, looked at us, a hand covered its mouth to hide a giggle. Then it disappeared. He left us again.

Suddenly from the back came the music. Something from Schubert first. A bit brassy and quite loud, with more drum than usual, and a tambourine. Then the "Largo" from "Xerxes." And finally the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin," over and over. Over and over, until we had finished, and the tea was gone, and we needed more. The man reappeared to see how we were doing. Smiling at the same joke. As he took the teapot I asked him if there was a wedding.

Yes, he said. There was a wedding. A wedding.

I asked him where.

He shrugged. "Somewhere," he said.

When?

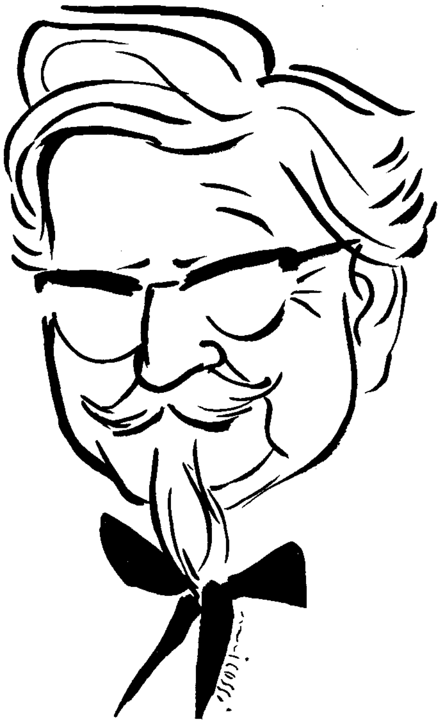
"Every night," he said. "We play."

And you could see that it was true. Every night somewhere there is a wedding. The guests gather. The procession begins. The groom's party advances, and the groom. The bride's party, and the bride. They are united, they file out together, the guests crowd after them. All in silence. While the music is being played there. There in the locked Chinese restaurant, in the back room.

—W. S. MERWIN

PROFILES

KENTUCKY-FRIED



COLONEL HARLAND SANDERS, the fried-chicken magnate, who seems in public to be as jolly and serene as Santa Claus, is actually one of the world's foremost worriers. The Colonel maintains a vigilant fretfulness in the face of overwhelming good fortune. He has won money, fame, and the affection of his fellow-citizens. Now approaching the age of eighty, he has lived to see the company he founded, the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation, grow from a one-man operation to one of the giants of the food industry. There is a vast network of Kentucky Fried Chicken take-home food outlets covering every part of the nation but New York City, where the K.F.C. franchising effort has just begun. This year, these outlets will sell more than five hundred million dollars' worth of fried chicken—more prepared food, in dollar volume, than will be sold by any other company in the world. The company has made millionaires of the Colonel and more than a hundred other people, some of them close friends of the Colonel's. And the Colonel's success has been artistic as well as financial—his secret recipe and his fast-frying process produce fried chicken of a quality unknown in New York restaurants and rare even in Southern restaurants.

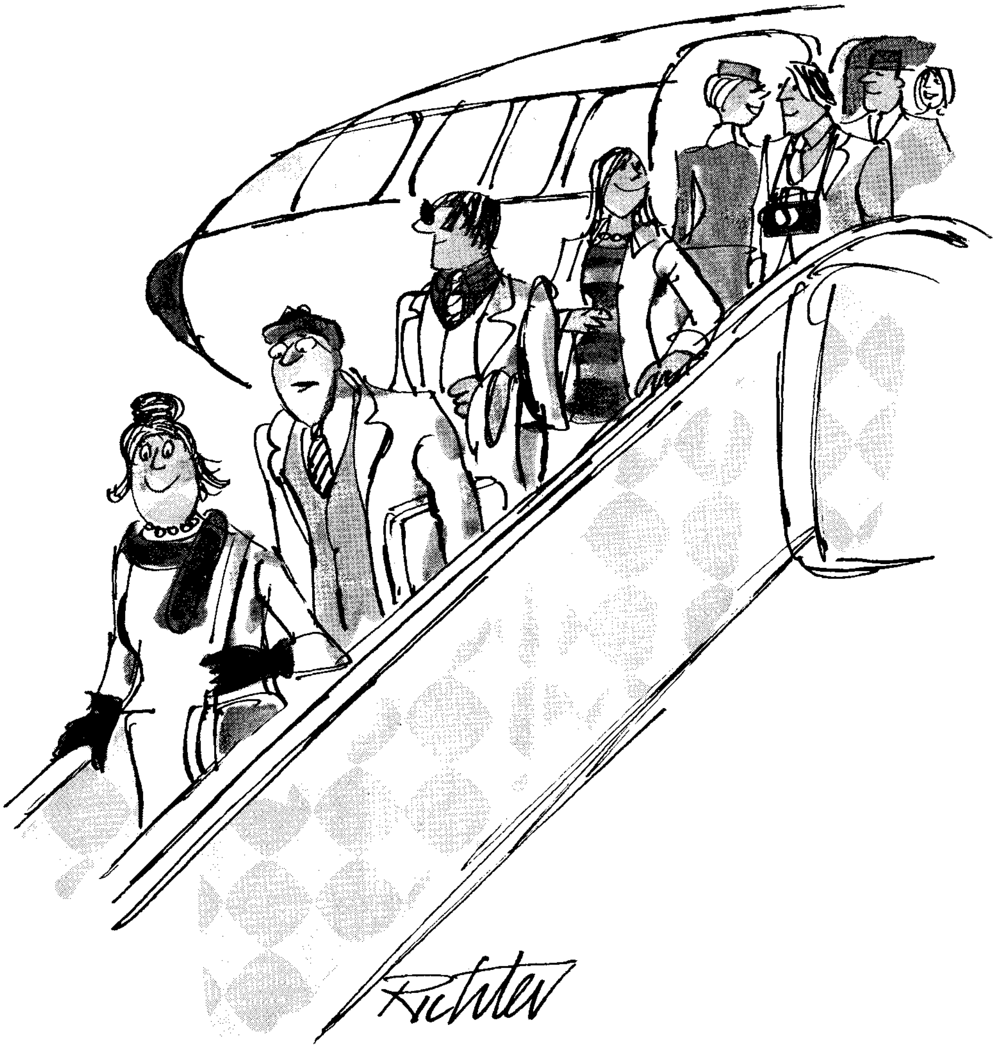
Despite all these pleasing developments, the Colonel cannot rest easy. A perfectionist in an imperfect world, he dreams of fried chicken so golden and delicious that it will bring tears to the eyes of a grown man, and of cracklin' gravy so sublime that, he says, "it'll make you throw away the durn chicken and just eat the gravy." During most of his waking hours, the Colonel is haunted by the fear that someone, somewhere, is doing something to hurt his chicken—that some upstart in the company is tampering with the recipe, or that a careless franchisee is undercooking or overcooking. The Colonel is vexed almost beyond endurance by the subject of gravy. The gravy now served by the K.F.C. franchisees is good, but it isn't the Colonel's. "Let's face it, the Colonel's gravy was fantastic, but you had to be a Rhodes Scholar to cook it," a company executive has explained. "It involved too much time, it left too much room for human error, and it was too expensive." This attitude is incomprehensible to the Colonel, who believes that making money is a reward for the virtuous, not a matter of cost accounting. Besides, he would rather have memorable gravy than extra profits. "If you were a franchisee turning out perfect gravy but making very little money for the company," another K.F.C. executive has remarked, "and I was a franchisee making lots of money for the company but serving gravy that was merely excellent, the Colonel would think that you were great and I was a bum. With the Colonel, it isn't money that counts, it's artistic talent."

The Colonel cannot change the gravy policy, because he sold the company in 1964. (He still serves on its board of directors, and he receives a handsome salary for his food advice and his public-relations activities.) However, though he has relinquished control of the company, the Colonel retains considerable moral authority with K.F.C. executives and franchisees, all of whom revere him as a food genius, love him for inventing a product that has made them rich, and fear his terrible wrath. The Colonel doesn't hesitate to exploit these feelings in the gravy issue, apparently reasoning that if he can't force the franchisees to reinstate the old gravy, he can at least make them uncomfortable about the new. During his travels on company business, he will occasionally pay an unexpected visit to a K.F.C. outlet in order to inspect the kitchen and sample the gravy. If the gravy meets his low expectations, he delivers one of his withering gravy critiques, sometimes emphasizing his points by banging his cane on whatever furniture is handy. Months or even years after these ordeals, franchisees wince at the memory of such a gravy judgment from the Colonel as "How do you serve this God-damned slop? With a straw?"

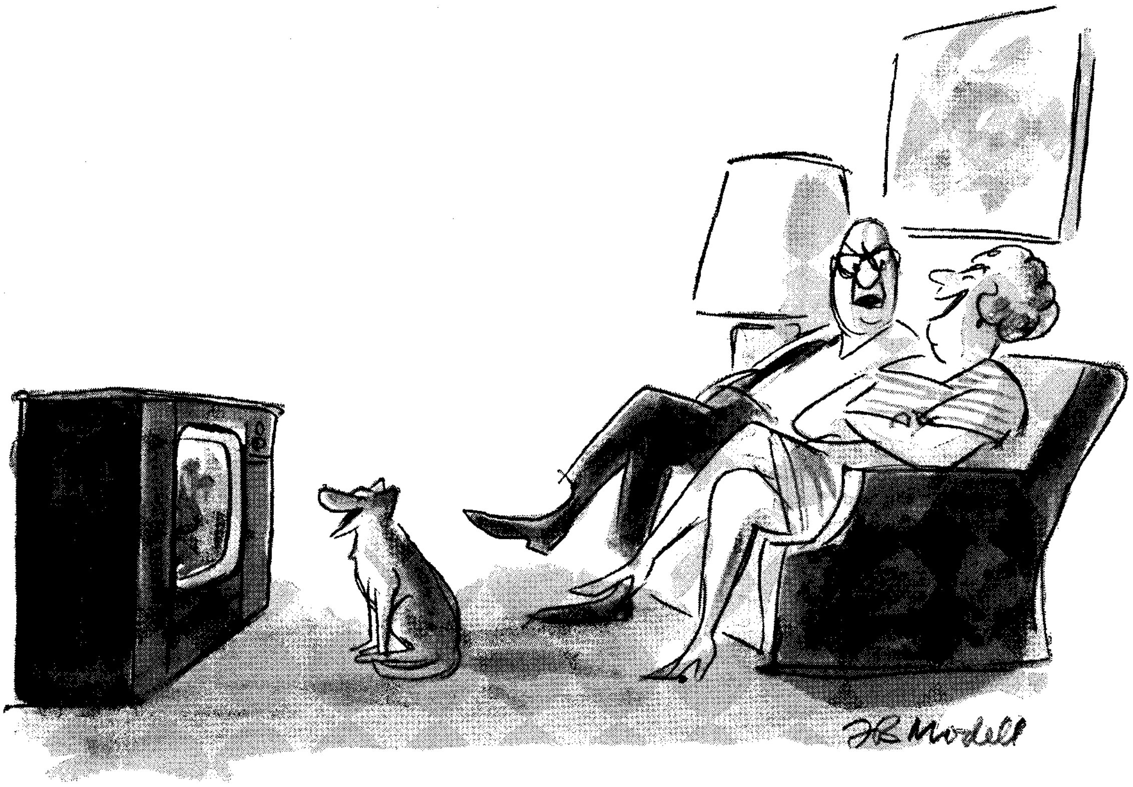
Even when he is not angry and red in the face, the Colonel is a striking figure. He stands about six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. He has white hair, a white mustache, and a white goatee, and he always wears a white suit, a white shirt, a black string tie, and black shoes—the appropriate outfit for a Kentucky Colonel. (The title is an honorary one, conferred by the governor of the state, and Colonel Sanders got his in the early thirties.) He is as alert and quick-witted as a man half his age, and his health is marred only by arthritis in his hands. Still adhering to the teachings of his beloved Mom, the Colonel does not play cards, smoke, or drink, except for an infrequent glass of wine with dinner. A little sign on the coffee table in the living room of the Colonel's house reads, "People that like us will not smoke in the house. People that will smoke in the house we do not like." Mom apparently didn't have much to say about emphatic language, though, and the Colonel is famous among K.F.C. people for the force and variety of his swearing. The Colonel says he has been able to cut way down on his swearing since he asked the Lord for help at a church service some time ago, but he still has great difficulty calling a no-good, God-damned, lazy, incompetent, dishonest son of a bitch by any but his rightful name. "I used to cuss the prettiest you ever heard," the Colonel said not long ago. "I'd take the name of the Lord in vain, too, though I always apologized right then, in my mind. But apologizing wasn't good enough. The thing shouldn't have been said in the first place. I did my cussin' before women or anybody else, but somehow nobody ever took any offense. Only one man ever called my hand on it. That was at Richmond, Virginia—a fellow from Norfolk. I'd been talking in my full vocabulary, I guess—unconsciously, don't you see, because it just come natural. And this fellow said, 'Colonel, I wanta say something to you.' He said, 'Nobody can appreciate all that cussin' you do.' And I said, 'I know that, and I'd give anything in God A'mighty's world if I could quit. I've tried to quit and couldn't.' But I said, 'I'll tell you one thing, though. My cussin' don't hurt nobody but me. But that God-damned cigarette smoke of yours is fouling up the air for ten feet around, and I haven't had a decent God-damned breath since you sat down here.' "

The Colonel got rich late in life and hasn't had time to develop expensive tastes. He says he will give away most of his money before he dies, to churches, schools, hospitals, and relatives, and he has already begun to do so. He and his wife, Claudia, live comfortably but modestly—by millionaires' standards, at least—in a two-story, ten-room house in Shelbyville, Kentucky, a small town thirty miles east of Louisville. They also have a house in Toronto. Restless and devoted to no hobbies, the Colonel would rather work than relax. "Work don't hurt nobody—work is wonderful for you," he often says. "You'll rust out quicker 'n you'll wear out." He is in no danger of rusting, because he never sits still. He travels two hundred thousand miles a year in pursuit of publicity and good will for Kentucky Fried Chicken; besides taping all the K.F.C. television commercials, he has appeared in innumerable parades and festivals, been on network television programs more than thirty times, and played small roles in several movies. Though the Colonel is sometimes cantankerous in private, he is a smooth, charming pro in public—outgoing, warm, funny, never at a loss for words, and patient with the demands of fans. Outside the New York area, he is probably as well known as any man in the country. Everywhere he goes, he attracts crowds of housewives who are grateful for all the nights in the kitchen that K.F.C. has spared them. The Colonel will stand by the hour with these women, signing autographs and posing for photographs. He knocks them dead with his flattery, but if you get close enough to him in a crowd you can hear him muttering a running commentary to himself: "Umm, that gal's let herself go. . . . Look at the size of that one. . . . I don't know when I've seen so many fat ones. . . . Lord, look at 'em waddle." During these sidewalk photo sessions, Mrs. Sanders, who bores more easily than the Colonel, will sometimes stage-whisper in his ear, "After this bunch goes, let's beat it." When the Colonel is with small children, however, it is his turn to be charmed. "What chance has a grandpa got with a sweet little thing like that?" he'll say, quite sincerely. "Aren't kids the finest folks in the world?"

THE Colonel was born September 9, 1890, on a farm about three miles from Henryville, Indiana. He learned to cook at an earlier age than many children learn to ride a bicycle. When he was six, his father died, and his mother was forced to go to work, sewing for other families and peeling tomatoes at a canning factory in Henryville. This meant that little Harland had to look after his younger sister and brother and do much of the family cooking. He had already been picking up cooking pointers from his mother, just out of curiosity. By the time he was seven, he was excelling in bread and vegetables and coming along nicely in meat. Mom was away for days at a time, leaving the kids to forage in the fields for sassafras buds and May apples by day and to go to bed when they pleased at night. "We didn't have any babysitter, but we got along fine," the Colonel says. "We knowed enough not to burn the house down— I don't know why kids are so different today. We was already firmly disciplined. Mom didn't spare the rod if we disobeyed her. And usually we didn't, because we knew she knew better. Whatever Mom said *went*. She had a philosophy of life and morals that if you followed them you'd never go too far wrong. She taught me to just be a man and leave off all these unclean things like alcohol and tobacco, to take care of my body, and to go to Sunday school and church. Lord, on Sunday we wasn't even allowed to *whistle*. I don't hardly know one card from another to this day. Cards were as poison to me as alcohol or cigarettes. I never drank coffee until the last four or five years, because Mom always taught us it was bad for us." When Harland was twelve, his mother married a man who was not enthusiastic about stepchildren, with the result that two of the three Sanders children left home—the younger boy to live with an aunt in Alabama, and Harland to make his way in the world. The future chicken tycoon landed a job on a farm near



"I'd wait for your inner clock to adjust before you do any shopping, dear."



"I fail to see what you two find so amusing."

• •

Greenwood, Indiana, for ten or fifteen dollars a month and room and board. Life wasn't soft on the farm. Harland got up before dawn to feed the stock, went to school all day, fed the chickens and did other odd jobs in the evening, and then shucked corn some nights until eight or nine o'clock. He gave up on school in the seventh grade. "When I started to class that fall, they had algebra in our arithmetic," the Colonel has recalled. "Well, I couldn't conceive any part of it. The only thing I got out of it was that *x* equalled the unknown quantity. And I thought, Oh, Lord, if we got to wrestle with this, I'll just leave—I don't *care* about the unknown quantity. So my school days ended right there near Greenwood, Indiana, and algebra's what drove me off."

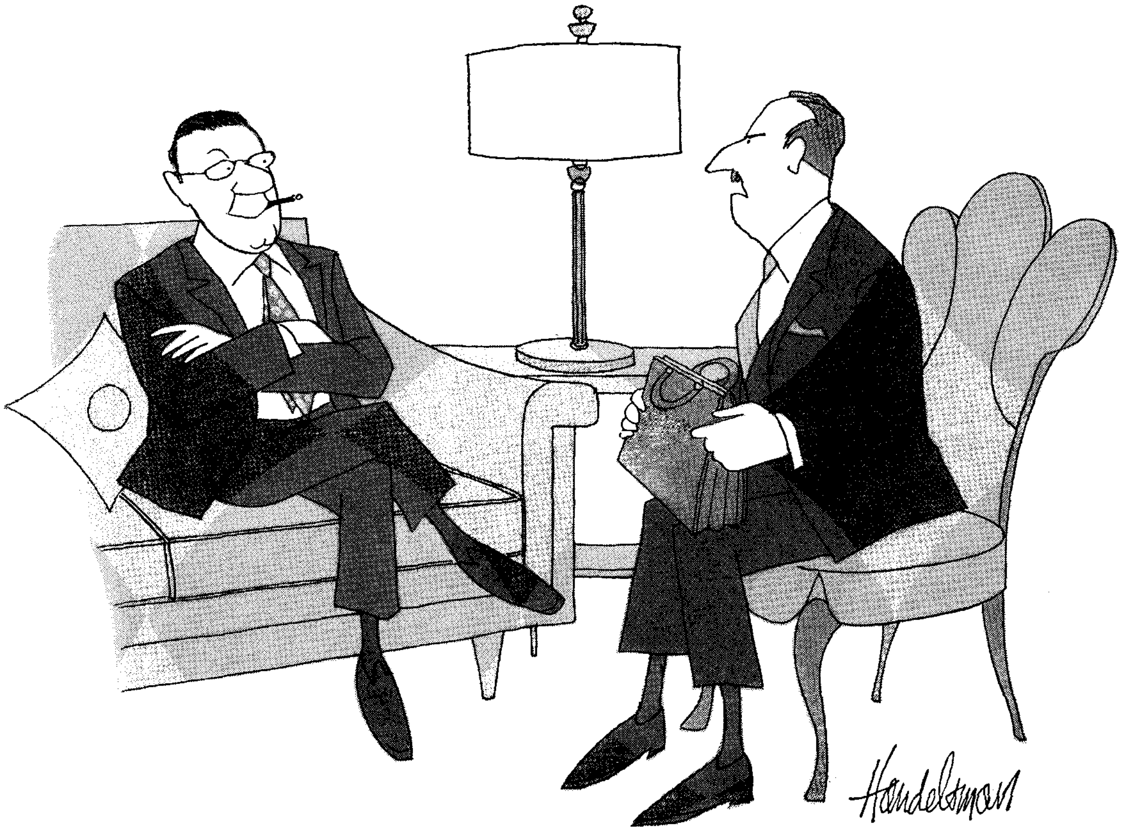
For the next twenty-eight years or so, the Colonel had a varied career. He stayed in farm work until he was fifteen. Between the ages of fifteen and forty, he worked as a streetcar conductor in New Albany, Indiana; served in the Army, in Cuba; got married and had three children (this marriage ended in divorce thirty-nine years later, in 1947); worked as a fireman for railroads in Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Virginia; studied law by correspondence and practiced in the justice-of-the-peace courts in Little Rock; sold insurance in Kentucky and Indiana; operated a steamboat ferry between Jeffersonville, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky; worked as the secretary of the Columbus, Indiana, Chamber of Commerce; manufactured acetylene lighting systems for farmers, in Columbus; sold tires in Kentucky; and ran service stations in Nicholasville and Corbin, Kentucky, creating a mild sensation in both places by brushing cars out with a whisk broom.

At the Corbin station, the Colonel cooked for his family in a back room, and to make a little extra cash he began selling a meal now and then to interstate travellers who were crazed with hunger after the greasy-spoon diet of the open road. He served them plain but delicious fare—pan-fried chicken, country ham, stringbeans, okra, hot biscuits, and so on. Word spread up and down the highway that there was terrific grub at the Sanders place. Grateful travellers carried the news to other states. The Colonel acquired a regional reputation, and in the late thirties was listed in Duncan Hines' "Adventures in Good Eating." There was such a clamor for the Colonel's food that he did away with his gas pumps and set up a restaurant, eventually expanding it to seat a hundred and forty-two customers. The Colonel was already refining his secret chicken recipe of eleven spices and herbs, which is still used today by Kentucky Fried Chicken outlets. And though he had chicken that was "finger-lickin' good," as the company now advertises, he also had problems. Pan-frying wasn't fast enough. If he cooked the chicken after an order was placed, the customer had a thirty-minute wait; if he cooked a batch in advance, he often had chicken to throw away at closing time. The alternative was French-frying—immersing the chicken in a wire basket in deep fat. This was faster by half than pan-frying, but it produced chicken that was dry, crusty, and unevenly done. Then, in 1939, the Colonel made what is regarded in chicken circles as a historic breakthrough. He hit on the idea of frying his chicken under pressure in a newfangled utensil called a pressure cooker. After a period of experimentation, he arrived at just the right balance of pressure, cooking time, meat, fat, and fat filtration. As he had hoped, the pressure method sealed in the chicken's flavor, preserved its moisture, and gave it a soft finish, neither greasy nor crusty; and it did all this in only eight or nine minutes.

Spurred on by the growing fame of his chicken, the Colonel's restaurant prospered for the next decade. The Colonel thought he was set for life. But in the early fifties he suffered two strokes of bad luck. First, a highway junction that was in front of his restaurant was moved to another site; this drastically cut the flow of traffic past his door. Next, it was announced that a new interstate highway was to bypass his restaurant altogether. The Colonel was convinced that his business was doomed, and in 1956 he auctioned it off, at what he says was a considerable loss. He was now reduced to living on his savings, what he had salvaged from the business, and his Social Security check, of a hundred and five dollars a month. But he had a plan. In 1952, he had taught his chicken-frying process to Pete Harman, a good friend in Salt Lake City, and had let Harman begin serving the chicken in his restaurant. Harman's business had increased greatly since then, apparently because of the chicken. News of Harman's success reached other restaurant owners, and by 1956 six or eight of them had made informal franchise arrangements with the Colonel, under which they paid him four cents for every chicken they cooked with his process. So that year, at the age of sixty-six, the Colonel resolved to go into the franchise business in earnest. He put a couple of pressure cookers and a bag of seasoning into his car and hit the road. When he came across a likely-looking restaurant, he would go in and beg the owner to let him cook some chicken for the restaurant employees, after the noon rush or after closing time. If the employees were impressed with the chicken, the Colonel would offer to stay around for a couple of days and cook for the restaurant's customers, with the understanding that a favorable reaction from the public would be followed by franchise negotiations. It was a slow and costly way to sign up franchisees. To offset his travel expenses, the Colonel got a free meal from friends in the business wherever he could, and often slept in the back seat of his car. He longed to land a prestige franchisee—the owner of a big restaurant, or one of his friends among the officers of the National Restaurant Association—but he couldn't, at least during the early days of his business. "You couldn't even talk to the big operator," the Colonel says now. "Oh, no, he was sittin' up smoking cigars. He had him a chef in the kitchen, and he knowed all about food that was to be known. That bird out in Portland who turned me down is still sittin' downtown in his restaurant talking about the fifty-thousand-dollar chandelier he's got in his cocktail room. But the fellow who took my chicken there, he'll do seven million dollars in volume this year."

The Colonel was eager for franchisees, but not desperate. He didn't take on just anybody. "My wife and I went way over in Illinois once," he recalled recently. "It was fifteen hundred miles, round trip. We got in there just after dark, and as soon as I looked at the daggone place I was afraid the trip was for nothing. I got out of the car and went around to see what the back end looked like. They had a glass door in the kitchen and I could see in, and I knew immediately I didn't want to put the chicken in *there*. So I went back to the car and we come on home. The owner don't know yet today that I ever did see that joint." Within a couple of years, the Colonel was getting enough inquiries about franchises so that he could quit making such trips and insist that people come to him. There was plenty to keep him and his wife, Claudia, busy at home in Shelbyville, where he had moved in 1956. The Colonel did all of his own bookkeeping and other paperwork, and his wife handled the mixing, packing, and shipping of the spices and herbs. (The recipe for the blend of spices and herbs was not given to the franchisees, for fear that it would fall into the hands of competitors, and it still isn't.) By 1960, there were perhaps two hundred outlets in this country and about half a dozen in Canada, and the Colonel's profit before taxes was a hundred thousand dollars a year. Late in 1963, after less than eight years in the business, the Colonel had more than six hundred franchised outlets for his chicken in this country and Canada, which put him well ahead of the other fried-chicken operations, such as Chicken Delight and Chicken in the Rough. His annual profit before taxes was running around three hundred thousand dollars. He had seventeen employees, and he had put up an office building behind his house. He felt that the company was almost getting out of hand. Over the years, he had turned down several men who wanted to buy the company. But now, at seventy-four, he was well fixed financially, worried about what would become of the company after his death, and—though he didn't realize it—ripe to be talked into selling, by the right man.

The right man turned out to be John Y. Brown, Jr., an aggressive young lawyer, then only twenty-nine years old. Brown was tall, handsome, bright, athletic, persuasive, and charming. The senior Brown was a prominent Kentucky lawyer and politician; but he was also the son of a tenant farmer, and he had taught John, Jr., the same devotion to hard work that Colonel Sanders had learned two generations earlier. At the age of sixteen, Brown was earning seven hundred dollars a month selling vacuum cleaners door to door. As a freshman at the University of Kentucky, he became a salesman for Encyclopædia Britannica and made five hundred dollars during his first weekend on the job. Working all through his years in college and law school, he eventually became a district sales manager for Britannica, supervising the work of thirty men and earning twenty-five thousand dollars a year. (He was on the golf and swimming teams in his spare time.) After graduation, he turned down a sales job that paid seventy-five thousand a year, in order to go into practice with his fa-



"You know, on second thought I don't want to sell you any insurance. You look like the kind of wise guy who would put in claims."

ther. The young sales genius and the old chicken genius got together in June of 1963, when the Colonel asked Brown to go to work for him full time, as his attorney. Brown said no, and the two men fell into polite conversation about the Colonel's favorite topic, fried chicken. Though the Colonel was well known throughout Kentucky, few people outside the food business realized the extent of his success. Brown was amazed to learn that the Colonel had hundreds of franchisees scattered around the country and in Canada. "When I heard that, I imagined that he had salesmen everywhere," Brown recalled recently. "I said, 'Well, Colonel, how many salesmen do you have out in the field?' And he said, 'Oh, we don't solicit—we don't believe in solicitation.' I was flabbergasted. It was a one-man operation. The Colonel was the whole show. And, with my sales background, I began to think what you could do with this business if you had a really aggressive sales program." Before they parted, they had agreed that Brown would take over the franchising of a barbecue chain the Colonel was planning to establish. Brown acquired financial backing from Jack Massey, a millionaire businessman in Nashville, and set about opening his first store and studying the barbecue business. But by October he had concluded that barbecue had only regional appeal and that the real money was in chicken. Accordingly, he and Massey decided that the thing to do was buy out the Colonel.

When the two men called on him in Shelbyville in October, 1963, and made their offer, the Colonel answered without hesitation that a sale was out of the question. He made mildly disparaging remarks about city slickers. Brown and Massey argued that the Colonel should have time to enjoy life now, and that if he died before selling out much of his estate would probably go for taxes. They offered him two million dollars, some stock in the proposed new company, and a continuing relationship with Kentucky Fried Chicken, as the company's adviser and living image. They promised that quality control would be their byword, and they swore that no one would ever tamper with the chicken recipe. The Colonel knew that the proposal was logically sound, but somehow it didn't seem right. *Could a father sell his child?* For the next several weeks, the Colonel meditated while Brown wooed him. They crisscrossed the country, counselling with daughters, grandchildren, nephews, preachers, bankers, accountants, franchisees—everyone who was close to the Colonel or would be affected by the sale. Finally, on January 6, 1964, the Colonel gave in and signed a contract. The deal was to be completed on March 6th, when the stock would be transferred and the Colonel would be given a down payment of five hundred thousand dollars. Under the terms of the contract, the Colonel retained Canada, and the new company got the rest of the world minus England, Florida, Utah, and Montana—four areas that the Colonel had already disposed of. In addition to his two million, the Colonel got a lifetime salary of forty thousand dollars a year (increased since then to seventy-five thousand); he turned down ten thousand shares of stock. The next two months were tense ones for Brown. As the new team prepared to take over, the Colonel was increasingly fidgety, and cross as could be. He had built up this company singlehanded, and now here he was turning it over to people from outside the food business—a lawyer and a financier, neither of whom knew a drumstick from a pig's ear. Brown expected every day that the deal would fall through, but when March 6th came the Colonel gritted his teeth and took the money.

In addition to organizing a management team, recruited largely from among the franchisees, Brown took four steps shortly after the sale that proved important in the company's subsequent growth. First, he began promoting the Colonel. The Colonel had made himself something of a minor celebrity years before, when he grew the mustache and goatee and adopted the all-white outfits, but he had never fully exploited his promotional possibilities. Brown felt that the possession of a symbol who was both authentic and alive—unlike Betty Crocker, Colonel Morton, or Aunt Jemima, for instance—was one of the company's greatest assets. He hired a public-relations man in New York, and the Colonel soon was popping up on the "Tonight Show," "The Merv Griffin Show," and other network programs, where he more than held his own with the show-business pros. Second, Brown decided that the

PLEASE REMIND ME BEFORE I FORGET

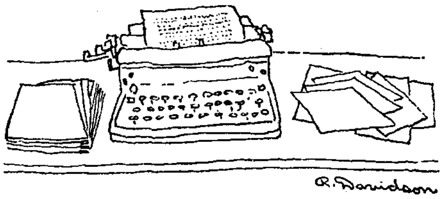
MEMORY CONTROL BELIEVED LOCATED

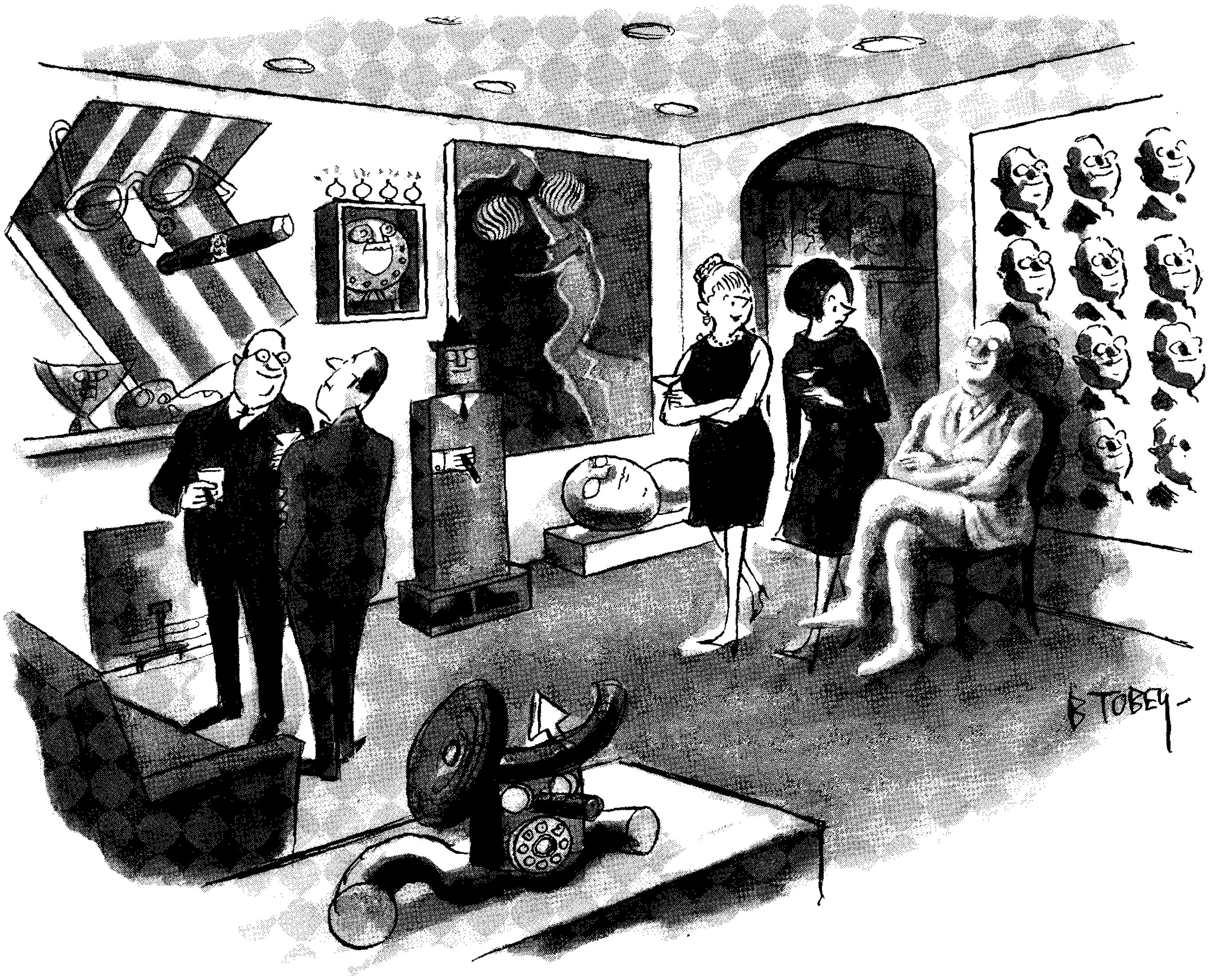
The ridge of the human brain called the hippocampus seems to preside over the memory. . . . Experiments have shown that when the hippocampus is interfered with, recent memory and ability to learn new things is impaired.—*The Times.*

I had laid my growing forgetfulness to anno Domini,
To which I was prepared to surrender in ignominy;
I was grovelling in acquiescence to senescence.
This delayed bulletin from the *Times* is a tonic
For humiliation over my failings mnemonic.
I now know that memory has not completely fled—
It's just that I have this hippocampus in my head,
And to maintain such a lodger is nothing mere,
Nothing trivial like a bee in the bonnet or a flea in the ear.
Because what is a hippocampus?
According to Webster, it's a fabulous monster with head and forequarters like a horse and a tail like a dolphin or possibly a grampus.
Small wonder I forget which was the bad guy, the Virginian or Trampas—
Someone's been messing around with my hippocampus.
Do I confuse the Black Bull of Norroway with the Wild Bull of the Pampas?
Run the saliva test on my hippocampus.
Do I disremember which are the finer cigars, Havanas or Tampas?
Disqualify my hippocampus.
The *Times* further states that an intimate role in the memory process is that of neuroglia, the supporting tissue of the brain,
From any comment on which I shall refrain.
The hippocampus is enough to carry in my mind; should I add a hippocampus-neuroglia-imbroglio,
My mind would boggleyo.
What is it that if added to my hippocampus I should regret it?
Gracious, my hippocampus has already caused me to forget it!

—OGDEN NASH

• •





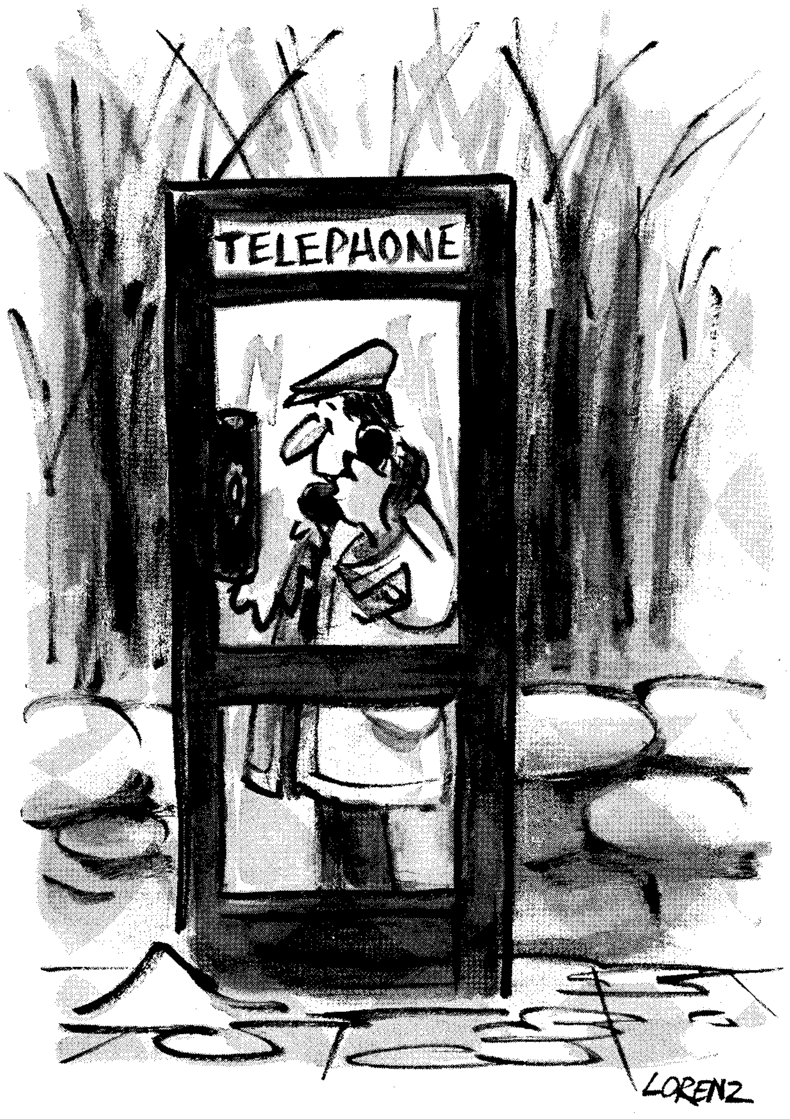
"Gerald has always felt strongly about encouraging young artists."

• •

company must have a vigorous, unified advertising campaign, local and national. Last year, the company and the franchisees together spent more than twenty-four million dollars on advertising, compared to perhaps half a million spent during the year before the Colonel sold out. Third, Brown negotiated new contracts with the franchisees, under which the company received a percentage of franchisee sales instead of five cents (the Colonel had raised it from four) for every chicken cooked. This served to protect the company against inflation, and also gave it a cut on the sale of such accessory items as salads and beans. Finally, and very significantly, Brown halted the franchising of restaurants and insisted that all new outlets be take-home units, housed in freestanding buildings and standardized in appearance and menu. The take-home program had been started in 1959 by the Colonel and one of his daughters, Mrs. Margaret Adams, who owns the K.F.C. franchising operation in Florida. But throughout the Colonel's regime most of the outlets had been restaurants, in which Kentucky Fried Chicken was just one item on the menu, and the few dozen exclusively take-home units had been storefronts rather than freestanding buildings. In the new freestanding buildings, Kentucky Fried Chicken would be more visible to the public, and the take-out format would suit the increasing number of American housewives who were often in a mood to eat dinner at home without cooking it themselves.

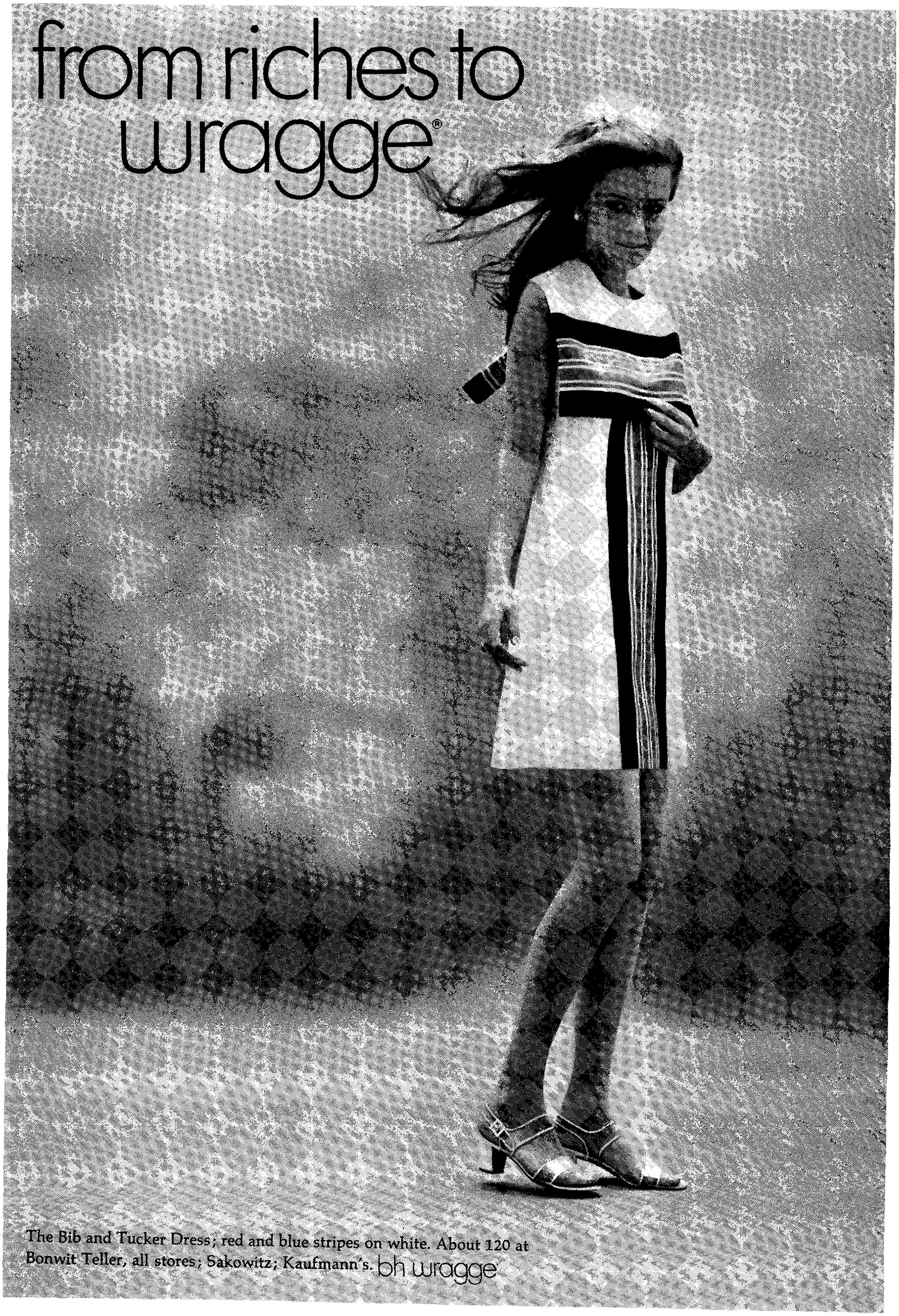
In the years since Brown put these measures into effect, the history of Kentucky Fried Chicken has been a tale of unblemished joy for almost everyone connected with the company at any level above gravy cook. It is a story that K.F.C. people never tire of hearing or repeating, and it can be told mostly in statistics. The number of K.F.C. outlets in the United States and abroad has increased from around six hundred to more than twenty-seven hundred—a five-to-one lead over the nearest chicken competitor—and is expected to reach four thousand by 1972. (Much of this expansion will be in New York, the last major domestic market still largely undeveloped by the company. Within five years, there will be two hundred K.F.C. outlets in the metropolitan area, twenty-eight of them in Manhattan.) Outlet sales are up from about thirty-five million dollars a year to six hundred million. Company (as opposed to franchisee) profits have increased from about two hundred thousand a year, after taxes, to about twelve million. The performance of K.F.C. stock has been such that a five-thousand-dollar investment made in 1964 is now worth three and a half million. In the past three or four years, K.F.C. has made millionaires of more than a hundred and twenty-five stockholders, franchisees, and company employees. For instance, Mrs. Maurine McGuire, who until recently was the company's corporate secretary, is worth more than three million dollars. Mrs. Marge Allard, the credit manager, is worth about a million. Pete Harman, the Colonel's first franchisee, has K.F.C. stock worth more than fifteen million dollars, and his hundred K.F.C. units in Utah and northern California have a sales volume of about twenty-five million a year. Brown, now thirty-six, draws a hundred thousand a year pocket money as president of the company, has a few million in the bank, and owns K.F.C. stock that is said to be worth fifty million. Among the three hundred employees who report to work at eight o'clock every morning at K.F.C. headquarters in Louisville, twenty-one are millionaires or multimillionaires, and several more are in the quarter- to half-million category.

Scores of competitors have appeared in recent years (Minnie Pearl Fried Chicken, Maryland Fried Chicken, Daniel Boone Fried Chicken), but Brown already speaks of them in the past tense. "They were too late" is about all he will say of any of them. He feels that K.F.C. is in too strong a position to be successfully challenged now, with its great financial resources and its overwhelming numerical superiority. He was encouraged in this view a couple of years ago, when one of the competitors, entertaining its franchisees at a national convention, served a meal catered by none other than the local Kentucky Fried Chicken man. "This is what's killing us," an executive of that company is reported to have told his people after they had eaten the competing product. "Now, what are we going to do about it?" Confident that its conquest of the domestic chicken market will soon be complete, K.F.C. is turning its attention to chicken sales abroad and to other fields at home. The foreign program is relatively new, but so far the Colonel's chicken has seemed able to leap geographical, linguistic, and culinary barriers with ease. Folks in Mexico and Germany had never tasted Southern-fried chicken until recently, but the sales figures indicate that they are now as ravenous for it as folks in Tennessee and Kentucky. There are already seventy-nine foreign K.F.C. outlets, in Mexico, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Jamaica, the Bahamas, Australia, Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, Japan, and Thailand, and by late 1972 there should be at least two hundred and sixty additional outlets in those countries and in Bermuda, Aruba, Curaçao, Panama, Venezuela, the Virgin Islands, Austria, Belgium, and Italy. No outlet projections are yet available for them, but France, Sweden, Lebanon, and Switzerland are also on K.F.C.'s international list. At home, the new fields include roast beef, fish, and motels. The company's beef line is still in the development stage, but is already being sold in a hundred Kentucky Roast Beef outlets. The company got into the fish business in 1968, when it bought, for twelve million dollars, Salt's Enterprises, a chain of a hundred fish-and-chips stores on the West Coast. The company hopes to franchise as many as four hundred more beef outlets and a thousand more fish outlets by 1973, and it plans to have a dozen or more motels in operation by the end of this year. With these new projects in the works and others under consideration, and with the chicken business still growing, Brown thinks that Kentucky Fried Chicken will eventually become a billion-dollar-a-year company. He is fond of quoting figures that make this estimate seem conservative: In the smallest market areas—towns with populations of around ten thousand—K.F.C. outlets have an annual per-capita sales average of fifteen dollars. If K.F.C. outlets could attain that average among just half the United States population, they would have annual sales of one billion five hundred million dollars.

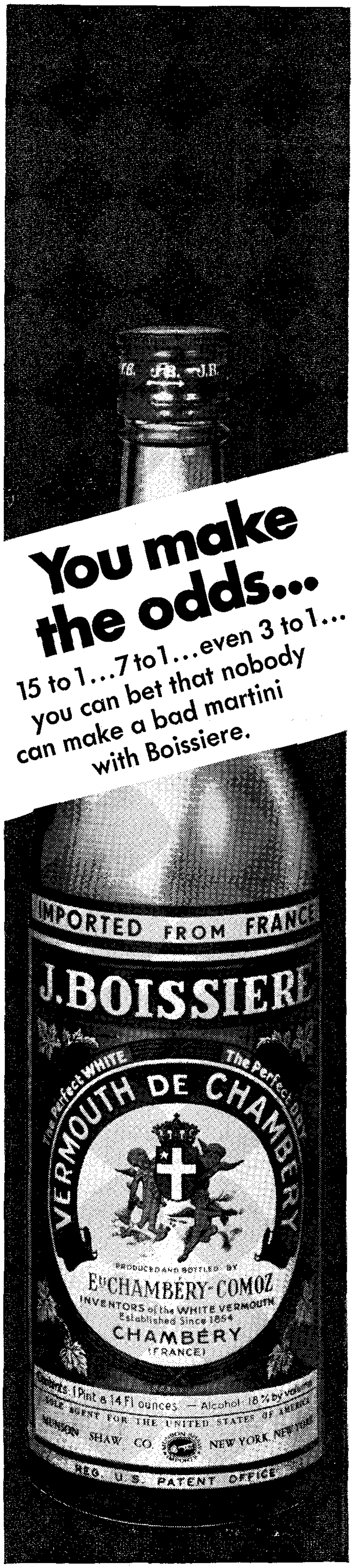


"Hi there, this is Libby. I'm out for the evening. Would you believe—two tickets for 'Private Lives.' But, thanks to the miracle of modern technology, you can leave a message. When you hear the little beep, start talking. You have thirty seconds to make your point. Hardly enough to get started, really. I know that if I were faced with that kind of deadline, I'd freeze up. Mike fright, I guess you'd call it. Anyway, if you can't think of anything cute to say, just leave your name and say when you'll call back. I'll be around tomorrow. No, wait a minute. In the morning, I'm off to Mr. John. Damn! Well, try in the afternoon then. I'll probably grab a bite downtown, which means I'll be back by three. Let's say three-thirty, to be on the safe side."

ONE of the interesting aspects of K.F.C.'s success is the uniformity of it at the level of the individual outlet. Impressive sales and profit totals might


from riches to wragge®

The Bib and Tucker Dress; red and blue stripes on white. About 120 at Bonwit Teller, all stores; Sakowitz; Kaufmann's. bh wragge



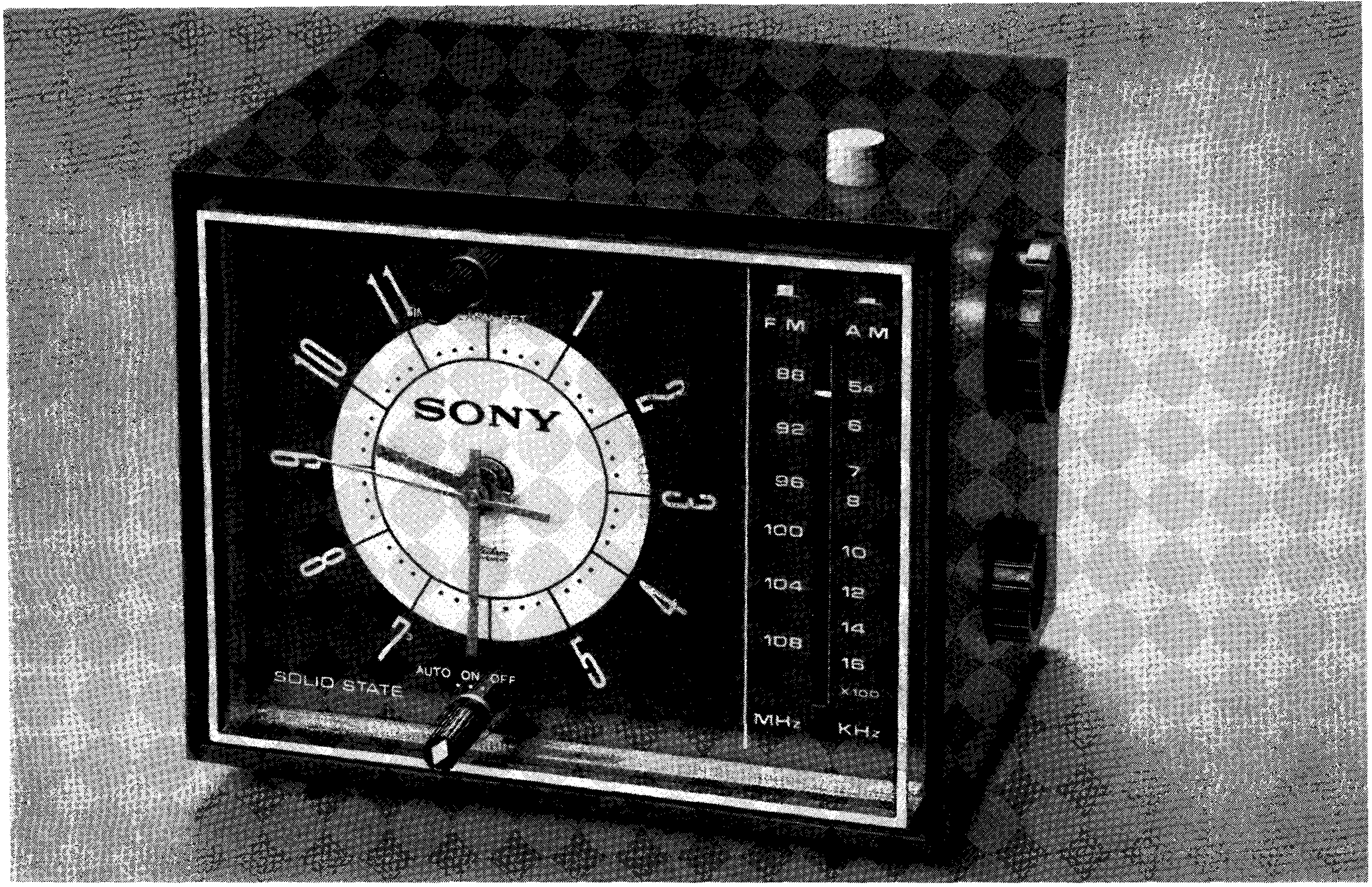
be amassed by a franchise network that numbered among its outlets a few failures and marginal operations as well as highly profitable ones, but that isn't the K.F.C. pattern. Don Greer, a K.F.C. vice-president and former franchisee, said recently, "There are companies that have good units and bad units. K.F.C. has only good units. I know for a fact—without *any* doubt—that if I opened a store in a good location in, say, Cleveland, and ran it the way the company teaches you to, I would make money on it. Not just money—a *lot* of money. There simply isn't any question. Now, that gives you an awful good feeling—knowing that you're invincible." Company officials claim that there has never been a failure among the twenty-seven hundred outlets. Very occasionally, they say, an outlet will make a mediocre showing, but that is always the fault of the management and not of the chicken; the answer is to revoke the franchise and find a more worthy franchisee. Few franchisees are foolish enough to let this happen, because the typical K.F.C. outlet has an annual gross of two hundred and forty thousand dollars and a net of forty-five or fifty thousand—a terrific profit margin in any business. (Some gross less, some more; there's an outlet in Brooklyn that is expected to have a volume of a million a year.) Since many franchisees have several units—and a few have thirty or forty, or even more, and have set up their own corporations—it is easy to see how a number of them have become multimillionaires. K.F.C. units are so profitable, in fact, that the company is beginning to shift its emphasis from franchised units to company-owned units, and is buying out the franchisee corporations in the big-city markets. The parent company now owns and operates about five hundred outlets, which account for fifty per cent of company profits, and it hopes to acquire or build five hundred more.

Understandably, in light of the foregoing figures, K.F.C. franchises are in great demand. They are also hard to come by, because most of the country is already gone, and the rest of the world is going fast. There probably isn't a city in the United States with a population of as much as twenty-five thousand that isn't already franchised. Newcomers still have a chance to acquire towns in the ten-thousand range, but not a very good one, since established franchisees get first crack at every new market. Opening a K.F.C. unit costs from a hundred thousand dollars to a hundred and twenty-five thousand. However, with an investor who will put up the building and lease it to him, the new franchisee usually can get into business for around twenty-five thousand. This will include, among other things, the leasing of the cooking equipment from the company, insurance, advertising, utility deposits, licenses and permits, the initial food inventory, a subscription to *Bucket* (the company magazine), franchise fees, and five days of study at what the company calls K.F.C. University.

True to its promise to the Colonel, the K.F.C. management is fanatical about quality control. From the day a franchisee gets his franchise until the day he dies or sells out, he is nagged about doing things the K.F.C. way. His indoctrination begins in Louisville, at K.F.C. University, which is a K.F.C. outlet no different from any other except that it is equipped with a classroom. Enrollment for each five-day term at K.F.C.U. is limited to ten, so that each student can receive personal attention. During the first day on campus, the students hear a pep talk and see an inspirational film, "Portrait of a Legend," about the life of Colonel Sanders. With a stirring vocal refrain ("How did he do it? Can you believe it?") ringing in their ears, they emerge from the auditorium convinced that they're part of something special, and eager to get in there and cook one for the Colonel. They need this motivation, because what follows is four days of rigorous crash courses in chicken-frying, equipment care, basic accounting, employer-employee relations, advertising, and—the fried-chicken game's very foundation, richer in nuance than the outsider would ever suspect—shortening. The franchisee can pass his new knowledge on to his employees after he graduates, but he can also send some of them to K.F.C.U., at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars per pupil. Back home, the franchisee remains under the eye of the company. For a couple of days before he opens his outlet and for a day or so afterward, one of the company's twenty field representatives is on hand to see that things run smoothly. And the field man will be back, again and again. Every K.F.C. outlet is visited at least once every three months (but at irregular intervals, so that the visit is always a surprise) by a company man, who checks on everything from the tidiness of the lobby to the taste of

The Sony AM-FM, AM-PM.

© 1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022


SONY
FM
AM
88
92
96
100
104
108
54
6
7
8
10
12
14
16
X100
MHz
KHz
SOLID STATE
AUTO ON OFF

It's the clock radio that makes your night table bigger. Because it takes up less than 5 inches square of space.

Yet it wakes you up to news or weather or Rock or Bach just like the big ones.

This FM/AM version brings our line of cube clock radios to an even two. (The other looks about the same, but it's AM only.)

Both have nice big faces. And rich-looking walnut-looking finishes.

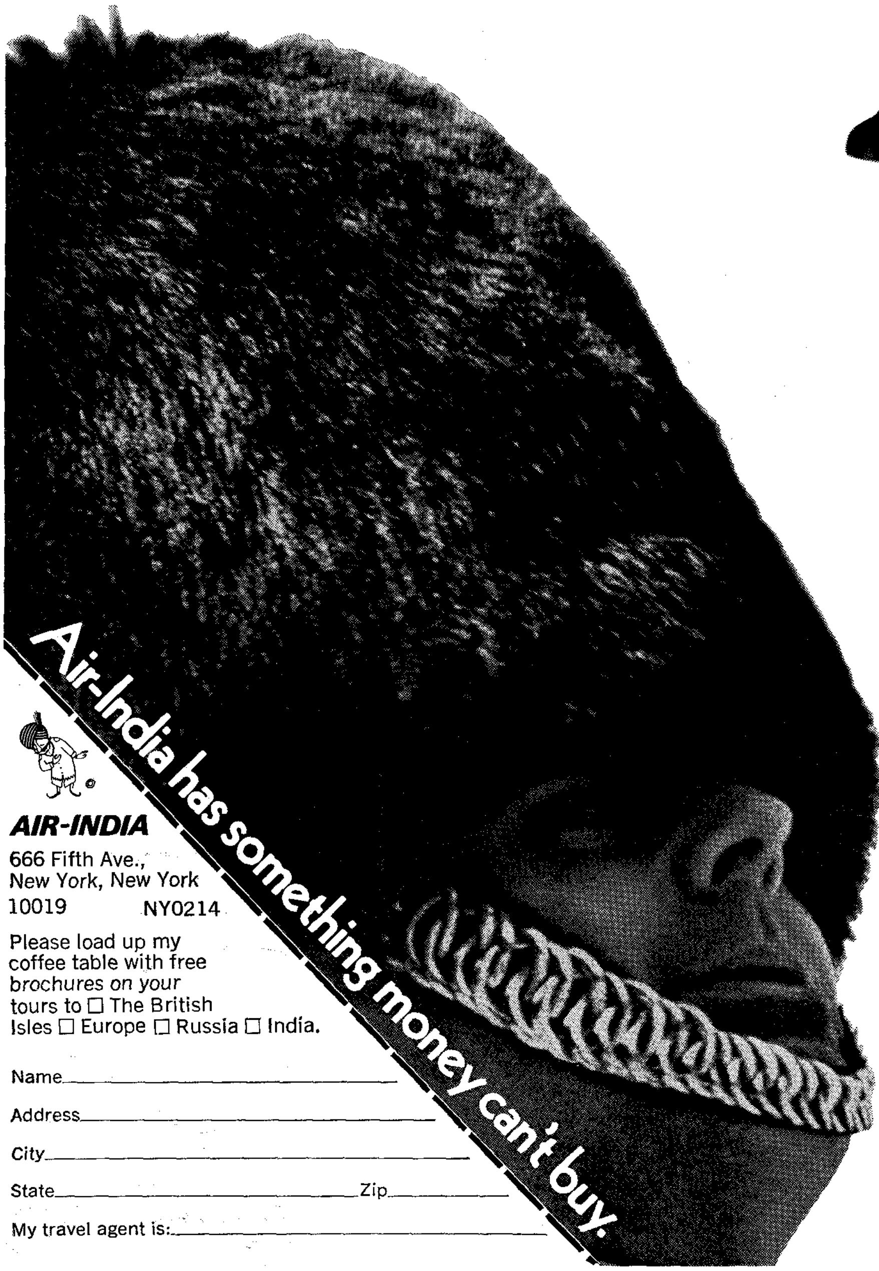
The AM-FM, AM-PM is just $29.95.* The AM only, $19.95* only.

And they come in little square boxes that are easy to giftwrap. We figured, at those prices you could give them away.

*Mfr.'s suggested retail price.

The Sony® 7FC-34W Clock Radio.

It's tour-shopping time.


Air-India has something money can't buy.

AIR-INDIA
666 Fifth Ave.,
New York, New York
10019 NY0214

Please load up my coffee table with free brochures on your tours to ☐ The British Isles ☐ Europe ☐ Russia ☐ India.

Name____________________________

Address____________________________

City____________________________

State__________________Zip________

My travel agent is:____________________________

'Tis the season to mail away for those delightful summer vacation brochures.

In the spirit of the times, Air-India has some extra-special summer vacation brochures to mail away for. They'll tell you about the unique tours we have to the British Isles, Europe, Russia and India.

A brief preview. For just about $300 you can have two weeks in the Isles by auto or rail. Or two weeks in London, Dublin and Edinburgh with flights between cities. Your just-about $300 covers round-trip air fare, accommodations and more.

Or you can dig a little deeper and get some extraordinary treats. We've an exclusive two week theatre tour of London, Moscow and Leningrad. And we can give you India almost any way you want it, starting at $654 for 17 days to $2,190 for 29 days.

Ready, set, shop!

Tour prices based on round-trip group economy air fares from N.Y. We form the groups!

the chicken, calls the franchisee's attention to failings, and files a written report with the home office. Field men say that their biggest headache with kitchen employees is misguided experimentation. "You find a lot of inventors," a K.F.C. executive said not long ago. "There are always guys who want to put their touch to the chicken. They're undercooking, overcooking, changing some of the materials. When you get people saying '*my* chicken' and '*my* gravy,' you've got trouble. It's the *Colonel's* chicken. We just had a problem with a man who had switched to powdered eggs for the batter. He'd got a thick, heavy batter, and had messed up the product. He thought it was wonderful. He wanted the Colonel to visit him and see the new process. Can you imagine what the Colonel would have said to him? The Colonel would have given him a cussin' he'd never forget!"

In addition to the advice they get from the field men, from *Bucket*, and in regional seminars staged by the company, the franchisees are barraged with memos from the K.F.C. engineering department, which has jurisdiction over all the technical aspects of equipment maintenance and the cooking process. For instance, Engineering Bulletin No. 116, issued December 1, 1967, revealed "Procedures and New Techniques to Provide Tender Loving Care to Shortening and Obtain a Quality Product." This reflects the K.F.C. obsession with shortening—how it can best be filtered, how long it can be used, what heat does to it, and so on. K.F.C. executives say proudly that Art Pelster, the director of engineering, has "revolutionized" shortening and has delved deeper than anyone else into the problem of maintaining uniform quality in seasoning and flour. An electrical engineer who came to K.F.C. nearly four years ago from the aircraft industry, Pelster is quick to point out that he isn't a cook and hasn't altered the Colonel's recipe. "Cooking is a combination of chemistry and thermodynamics, both of which you study in engine school, so any engineer should be able to understand the technical problems involved in it," Pelster says. Right now—with the help of the research departments of Kraftco, Hunt-Wesson, and Durkee's—Pelster is studying the effects of free iron and free copper in shortening, water, breading, and batter. Pepper is still giving him some problems, but he seems satisfied that the flour situation is under control. Pelster puts his research to use in writing and refining specifications

Your past begins the moment you try this restless parfum from France. Crêpe de Chine by F. Millot. Also in Eau de Toilette and bath luxuries.

CRÊPE
DE CHINE
F. MILLOT
PARIS FRANCE

...by this time you should have quite a past

THE BARTENDER'S GUIDE TO PARTY CHEESES...

WISPRIDE® Sharp Cheddar Cheese spread lights up any manhattan with golden goodness. Toasted, served on crackers, or sharpening up the hors d'oeuvres, it refreshes any palate.

SWISS KNIGHT® A nut-like flavor makes this fine imported Gruyère a warming companion for a chilled martini. In wedges or slices, a great Knight for a party.

HUM® Holland's finest Gouda and Edam to be sliced or scooped as a tangy complement for any drink.

GERBER CHEESE CO.,
Stamford, Conn. 06905

for K.F.C. cooking ingredients. For instance, the flour preferred by K.F.C.—the most uniform in history, according to Pelster—is made only from wheat grown in certain "soft-wheat" regions of Illinois and Texas. (Franchisees are urged to buy this flour from the company, though they are allowed to buy other company-recommended, but less uniform, flour from local suppliers. They must buy their spices and herbs pre-mixed from the company, since they are not allowed to have the Colonel's secret recipe. They can buy their shortening locally, but only from suppliers specified by the company. They buy their chickens locally, too, and are required to accept only non-frozen, government-inspected grade-A ones.) Another of Pelster's concerns has been the development of a breading machine and a new cooker; together, Pelster says, they will make the chicken-frying process almost entirely automatic, thus reducing the labor involved and almost eliminating "the idiot factor." Pelster thinks that this new equipment package will be the next-best thing to having the Colonel himself in every K.F.C. kitchen.

SOME of the Colonel's friends feel that it's ironic, and perhaps even unfair, that so many franchisees and company executives have made more money out of Kentucky Fried Chicken than the Colonel has. They point out that if the Colonel had taken the ten thousand shares of K.F.C. stock that were offered to him when he sold the company, he would have made another seven million or so. Neither the Colonel nor the company will confirm it, but one rumor has it that Brown's partner, Massey, didn't want the Colonel to be a major stockholder in the company. In this account of the sale, Massey is said to have argued that taking the shares would somehow cost the Colonel a tax break on the cash part of the deal. In any case, the Colonel did not take the shares, and he appears to be content with the deal he made. He says that he has plenty of money to last him the rest of his life, and that he has done all right. Besides the two million dollars and the seventy-five-thousand-dollar salary he got in the sale of the company, he has investments in some of the franchisee corporations and in a fish-franchise business (not Salt's Enterprises). The bonus that the company will pay him for his help in developing the Kentucky Roast Beef line could be worth as much as half a million. Col. Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken, Ltd., of Canada, which he retained when he sold the American company, pays him a second salary, of sixty thousand a year. (His and Mrs. Sanders' shares in the company are now held in trust and will eventually be divided between an American charitable foundation and a Canadian one.)

And, in addition to these investments and salaries, the Colonel has his own restaurant—the Colonel Sanders Kentucky Inn, a big Colonial-style place adjacent to his home in Shelbyville.

This fine establishment, which offers delicious food at moderate prices, might well be regarded by the Colonel as a haven and a solace when he's not on the road. But the old perfectionist often seems to feel, instead, that the Inn is simply one more institution offering redundant opportunity for incompetents to do their stuff. During a lunch at the Inn recently, the Colonel took a guest on a tour of the various dining rooms and the kitchen before the food was served. He looked to be more suspicious than proud. In the kitchen, he lifted every pot lid, sampled the salads, and registered a couple of small complaints with the help. Seeing the unfamiliar face of a new employee, he stopped before the young man and stared him hard in the eye. "Son, are you any 'count?" he asked. "Yes, sir!" the young man answered. "Well," the Colonel said doubtfully, "I sure hope so." The lunch consisted of vegetable soup, salad, hot biscuits and honey (in a bowl instead of a little plastic container), country ham, red-eye gravy, *seven* vegetables, coffee, and homemade apple pie. The Colonel's guest—a native of the South who now lives in New York, in miserable exile from the tasty fresh vegetables of his youth—was close to fainting with pleasure over the perfectly seasoned stringbeans and the fine gravy. The Colonel, who was having only a sandwich, inquired about the gravy. "Mind if I try it?" he said. He broke a biscuit in half and poured some gravy over it from the guest's gravy bowl. He took two thoughtful bites, then pushed the biscuit and gravy away, sad but not surprised. "Ain't fit for my dogs," he said.

—WILLIAM WHITWORTH

•

AMX '68

V-8 air conditioned, full power, 10,000 miles. A sporty automobile for the disconcerting driver.—*Adv. in the Omaha World-Herald.*

We know just your man.

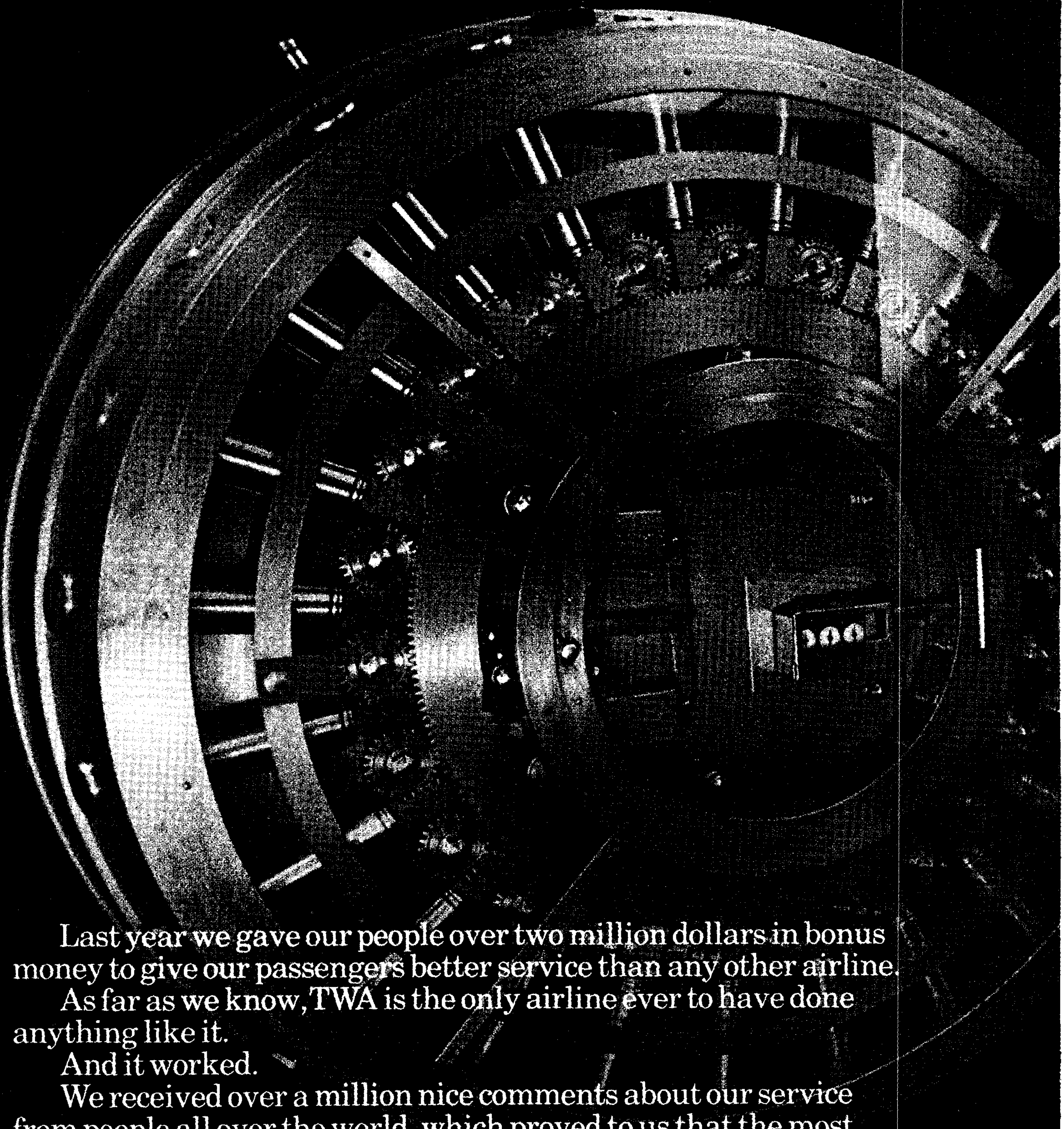
Ron Rico. Didn't he turn Evelyn and her Magic Violin into a household word?

Once more with feeling:
Ronrico's a rum. Smooth, light, mellifluous mixer. The beautiful music maker for 112 years. Ask anyone who knows.

©1970 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

Ronrico. A rum to remember.

RONRICO
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
PUERTO RICAN RUM



Last year we gave our people over two million dollars in bonus money to give our passengers better service than any other airline.

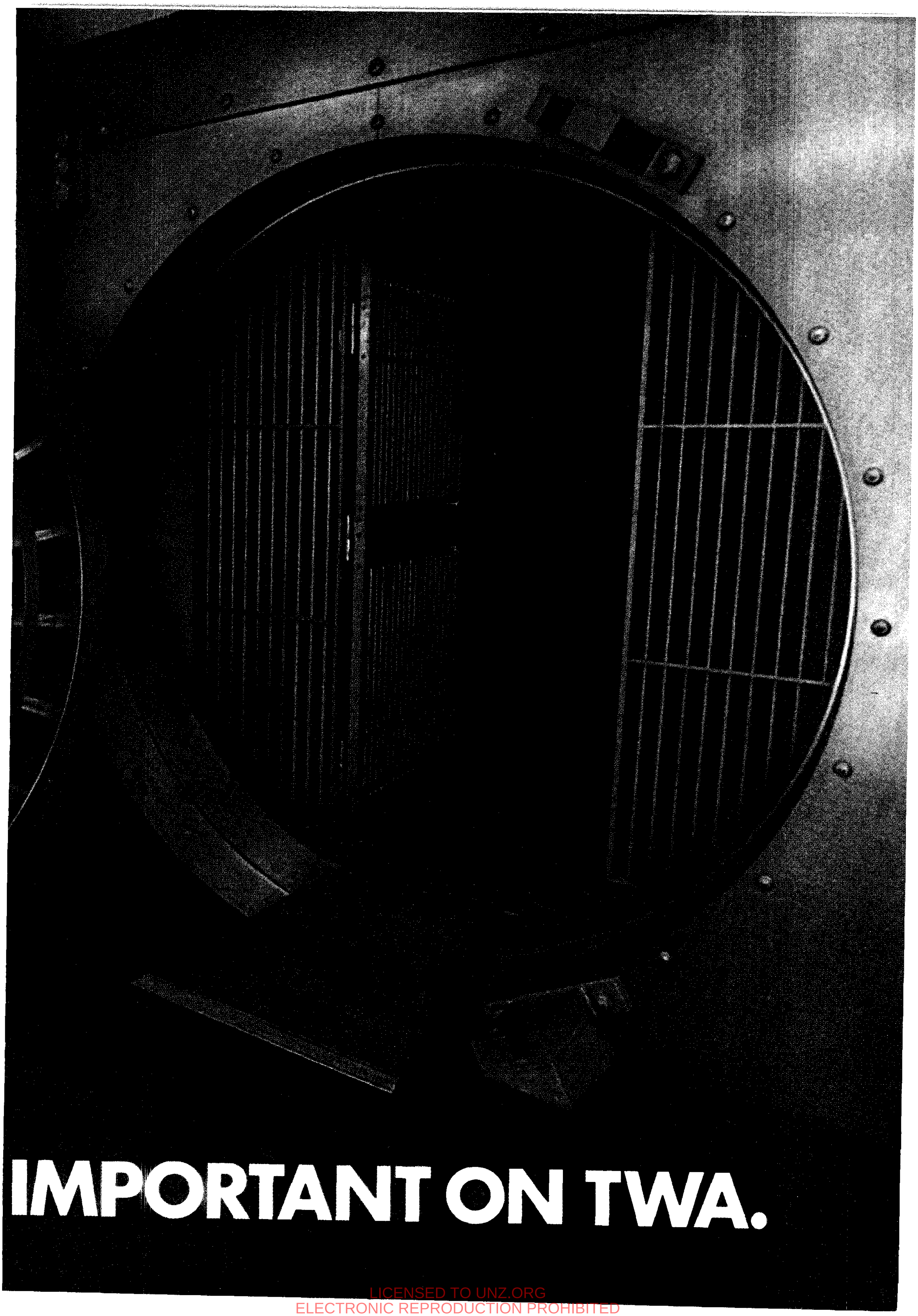
As far as we know, TWA is the only airline ever to have done anything like it.

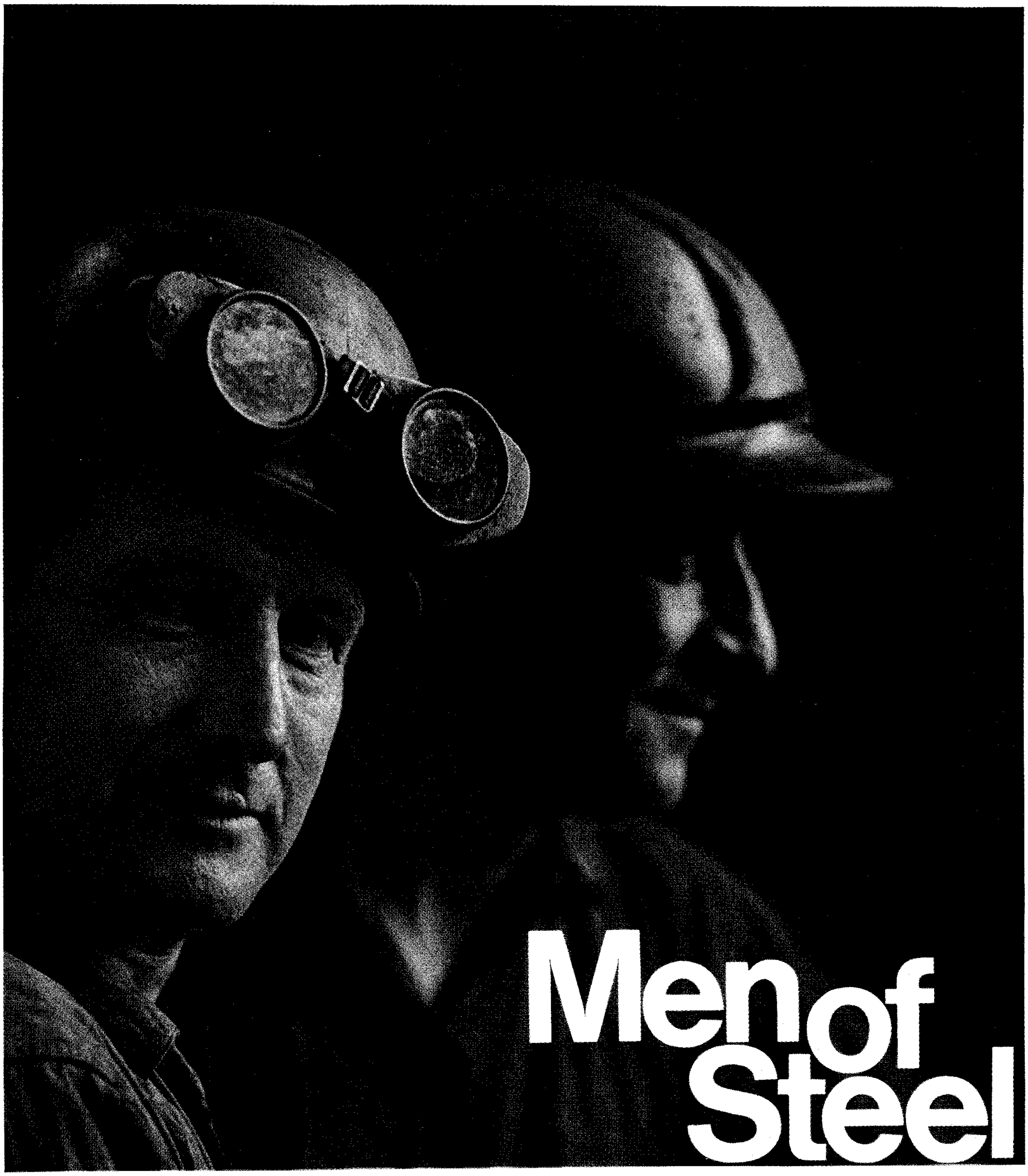
And it worked.

We received over a million nice comments about our service from people all over the world, which proved to us that the most important thing to our passengers is the way they are treated.

So whatever it takes to give you exceptional service, that's what we'll do.

SOMEHOW, I FEEL MORE


IMPORTANT ON TWA.



There are still some workers who care about the things they make.

Their craftsmanship is reflected in products produced by young growth industry in Nova Scotia.

From cars to carpets; pulp and plastics; electronics, steel, ships and petroleum.

In Nova Scotia, a skilled and conscientious labour force is capable of meeting modern industry's most demanding requirements.

As well, new industries can take advantage of attractive financial incentives.

And there is expert advice on plant planning and site location.

Your company can profit from a variety of industrial opportunities in this progressive Canadian province.

Find out how.

Write, wire or call: V. Michael Knight, Deputy Minister, Department of Trade and Industry, 5670 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF

NOVA SCOTIA

THE THEATRE

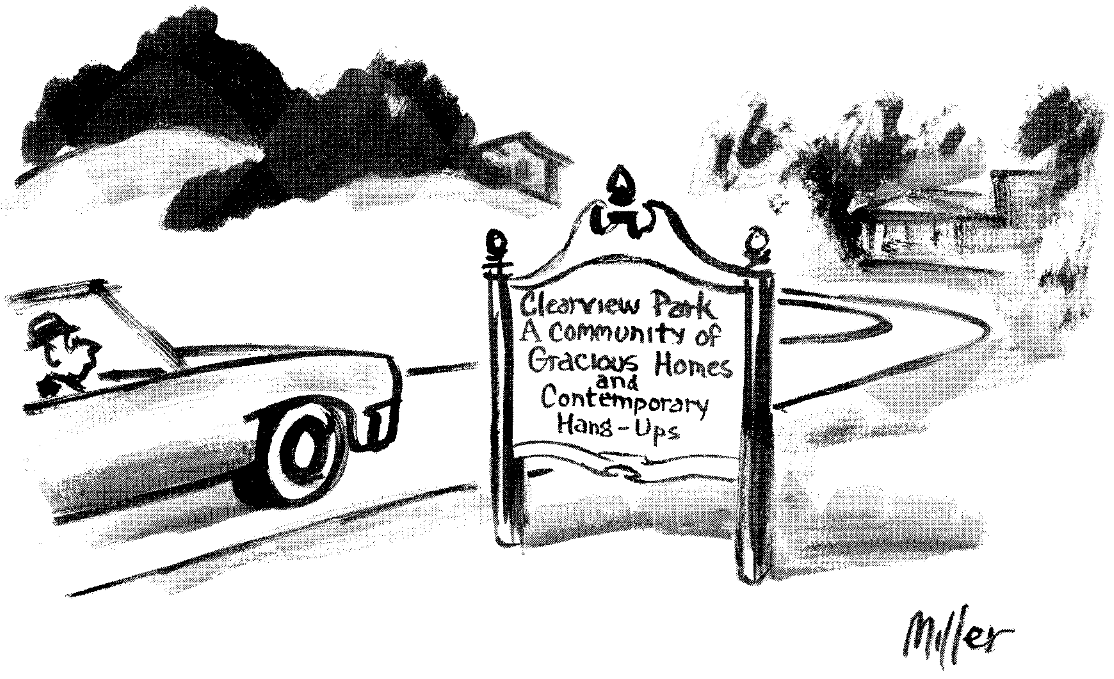
IN DREAMS BEGIN RESPONSIBILITIES

IF the most interesting new play of the season is Charles Gordone's "No Place to Be Somebody," which opened at the Public Theatre, played a limited engagement at the ANTA Theatre, and has now settled down at the Promenade Theatre, my vote for the most entertaining and amiably disconcerting new play of the season goes to Julie Bovasso's "Gloria and Esperanza," which was first put on by the La Mama Experimental Theatre Company last spring and is currently playing one of those limited "showcase" engagements at the ANTA. When ANTA says "limited," it means it, and I am afraid that by the time you are likely to read these words there will be only a few days left for the play to run; still, perhaps it will be as fortunate as "No Place to Be Somebody" and find another roof to take shelter under. (This casual-seeming hopscotching of plays between Off Broadway and Broadway is one of the few healthy symptoms in an otherwise sickly situation.) It is a sound principle in writing that nothing that exists is indescribable, but I must say that "Gloria and Esperanza" comes close. One could call it a calculatedly incoherent phantasmagoria that always threatens to make our flesh creep but chooses to make us laugh instead—a collision, at once comic and murderous, between the author and the many aspects of our society that arouse her contempt. Miss Bovasso has composed a daydream that, by a slight change of focus, would become a nightmare, but such is the control she exercises over her sprawling monster of a play that we feel sunny in the presence of her darkest thoughts; bewilderedly, we bask in her balefulness and applaud her implacable, scatological mockery of God, the Church, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sin, and life everlasting. We are tourists in Hell, and we discover to our delight that it is a nice place to visit, though we wouldn't want to burn there.

What is "Gloria and Esperanza" about? Reluctantly, I admit that it is about the most tiresome creature in the world, a beginning writer (echoes here of Stephen Dedalus, Eugene Gant, and a score of other beginning writers; Miss Bovasso has a magpie mind and has read too widely for her own good), and his slatternly, illiterate girl friend, Gloria, later to be a famous star. The young man is on the usual writer's—or surgeon's, or truck driver's—journey in pursuit of himself, and in the course of the journey we encounter an astonishingly diverse set of characters, including an eight-foot-tall chicken named Solange, a midget who is sometimes a clairvoyant professor and sometimes a demon, a Chinese homosexual landlord, a sex-crazed psychiatrist, a cocker spaniel who is the master of ceremonies of a TV show, and more angels, gladiators, apocalyptic horsewomen, and guru children than are absolutely necessary. Ortega y Gasset said long ago that one should write "*ex abundantia*," and Miss Bovasso has certainly taken him at his word. Like Tolstoy in "War and Peace," she has carelessly omitted a yacht race, but I can't think of anything else.

Miss Bovasso turns out to be Tolstoyan in more ways than one. She is not only the author of the play but its director as well; moreover, she has cast herself in the important role of Gloria and has executed the print that serves as the cover of the Playbill program. Miss Bovasso's Gloria is splendidly lusty and cunning, and Kevin O'Connor is appropriately exacerbated as the aspiring writer. Of the rest of the cast, let me praise Hervé Villechaize as Professor Poe, Leonard Hicks as the psychiatrist, Alex Beall as the Black Prince, and Daffi as, among other things, St. Bernard and the eight-foot chicken. The setting is by Daffi—who *isn't* Tolstoyan around La Mama?—and the attractively eccentric costumes are by Ella Luxembourg and the Birdie Sisters.

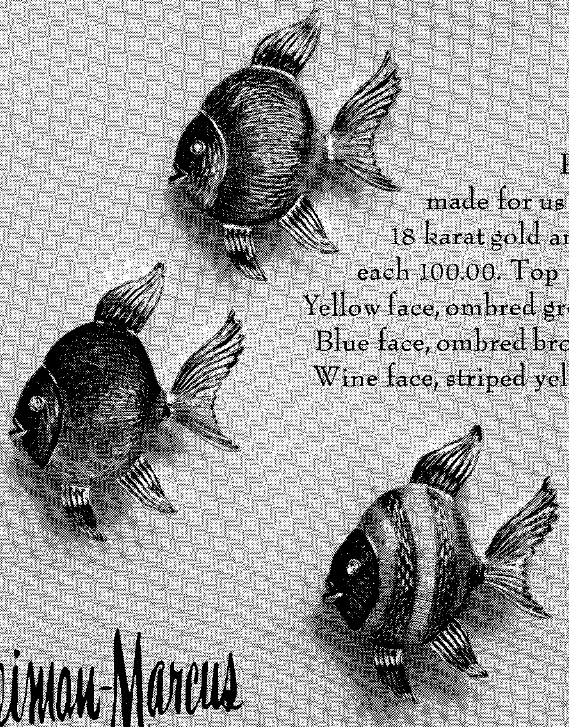
MOI, *je suis molièriste*, so I am grateful to the Comédie-Française for bringing to the City Center what it rightly calls a Molière festival—five plays in three weeks, of which I have seen so far "Dom Juan" and a double bill consisting of "Amphitryon" and a twentieth-century "evocation" entitled "La Troupe du Roi: Homage to Molière." In the latter work, all of the Comédie company who are at present in this country enact snippets of seven Molière plays, with patchwork additions by La Grange and Boileau and a musical accompaniment plucked from Lully and Charpentier. This homage is a curiosity I could easily have done without; from one moment to the next I was in terror of learning that the actor who impersonated Molière was in fact Art Carney—it was that sort of prank, and to my mind unworthy of the Palais-Royal, though I have to confess that on opening night



OUR DOUBLE-LIFE PRINT . . . for Spring, through Summer; McMullen gets the sun message across in a lush mélange of etched flowers and vines on cotton, specially bordered and belted. 8-18, blue, pink, lime. 40.00.

MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. **Doop's**



Prize catch
made for us in Italy of
18 karat gold and enamel,
each 100.00. Top to bottom:
Yellow face, ombred green scales;
Blue face, ombred brown scales;
Wine face, striped yellow scales.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas · Houston · Fort Worth

the predominantly French audience seemed enchanted to be pap-fed in such fashion. The "Amphitryon" is something else again: a lovely, stately, and, at last, boring apparition of a play, drawn from Plautus and brought cracklingly up to date—up to 1668, that is—by an author who patronized the gods much as Offenbach was to patronize them exactly two hundred years later in "La Belle Hélène," and who took full advantage of the then current rage for "machinery plays," in which, by dint of ingenious mechanical devices offstage, lightning flashed, thunder rumbled, and planets and people flew through the air. Robert Hirsch darts with unflagging zest through the role of the clownish Sosie, which Molière wrote for himself, and Georges Descrières and Jacques Toja are admirably alike and at odds as Amphitryon and Jupiter. Geneviève Casile, who plays Amphitryon's virtuous wife, is an exceptionally pretty creature, and it is no wonder that Jupiter behaves so badly.

"Dom Juan" is a marvellous comedy, and it puzzles me that it isn't presented more often. Molière is said to have dashed it off in order to give his company something to perform when "Tartuffe" was suppressed; his haste prevented him from turning the racy prose of improvisation into alexandrines, and I am sure that in none of his plays are we closer to hearing Molière's own natural cadence. It is rarely a compliment to an old and great play to say of it that it sounds as if it had been written yesterday, but "Dom Juan" *is* striking for this reason, and not alone for the colloquial quality of the language but for the outrageous implausibility of its plot (the encounters that take place for no reason whatever! Very Bovasso-like) and for the fact that the convictions of the hero are those we have heard on the lips of heroes in Camus, Sartre, Genêt, and many other contemporary playwrights. Don Juan is, of course, a favorite figure of our time—the inhumanly ruthless Existential atheist, whose only morality is not to fear to follow his bent, at whatever cost to himself and others: "I act, therefore I am." Not man but the meaninglessness of life is the measure of all things, and when the gray messenger of death says to Molière's Dom, "Give me your hand," the Dom replies at once, without a trace of emotion, "Here it is."

Georges Descrières is superbly cold and unflinching as Dom Juan, and Jacques Charon plays with just the right degree of obtuse despair the role

The Hanseatic and new Hamburg divide the globe into four beautiful voyages.

Carried-away ships. The new Hamburg, the Space Ship, creates the greatest amount of space for passenger comfort. While the Hanseatic is the proud heir to a sea-going tradition of style and grace.

Carried-away facilities. And both ships are a wonderful world of swimming pools, saunas, shows, and shops. Not to mention ballrooms, night clubs, concerts, and movies. There are television and radio programs right in your room, an international menu, and a crew that just won't stop trying to please you.

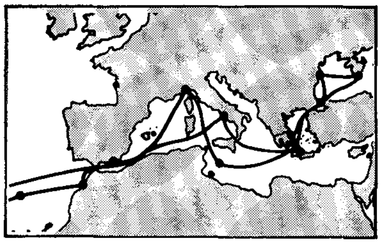
Carried-away service. We put a fluffy bathrobe inside your closet (in case you forget). And if you order something special once, we'll surprise you with it again. Or, when we have a spare moment, we'll produce an unheralded drink. All this from a host of people who'll know your name in no time.

Carried-away schedule. As for our four cruises, we got really carried away. We sent our ships north and south to the world's wonderful ports-of-call. So you'll have a wonderfully hard time choosing.

In short, we got carried-away—so you would.

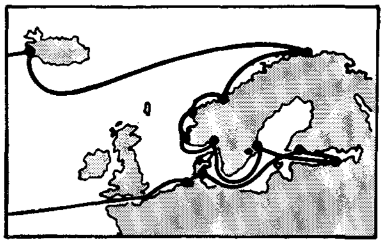
Hanseatic—April 20, 1970.

From Port Everglades to the Mediterranean & Black Sea. 40 days. From $1680. Ports include St. Thomas, Casablanca, Istanbul, Yalta, Athens, Naples, Bermuda.



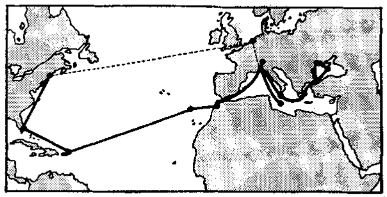
New Hamburg—June 30, 1970.

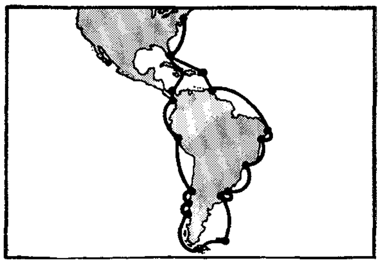
From New York to the North Cape, Scandinavia, & Russia. 34 days. From $1665. Ports include North Cape, Oslo, Stockholm, Leningrad, Helsinki, Copenhagen.



New Hamburg—September 9, 1970.

From New York and Port Everglades to North Africa, the Mediterranean & Black Sea (Sea-Air). 32 days. From $1375 including air return via KLM Royal Dutch Airlines. Ports include St. Thomas, Casablanca, Istanbul, Yalta, Athens, Genoa.





Hanseatic—October 25, 1970.

From New York (43 days) and Port Everglades (40 days) around South America. From $1710. Ports include Valparaiso, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, St. Thomas. Ship returns to Port Everglades only.

Clip the coupon below or see your travel agent.

To: Holland-America Line
Agencies, Inc.
2 Penn Plaza, New York,
N.Y. 10001

Gentlemen: I'm carried away! Please send me your full-color brochures complete with rates and cruise schedule for the following Carried-away Cruises.

Please check.

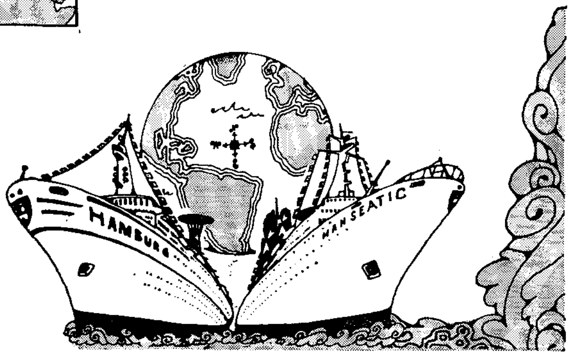
☐ Hanseatic—April 20, 1970
☐ New Hamburg—June 30, 1970
☐ New Hamburg—Sept. 9, 1970
☐ Hanseatic—October 25, 1970

Name____________________
Address__________________
City_______State______Zip____
Travel Agent________________
25-XLC-2-14

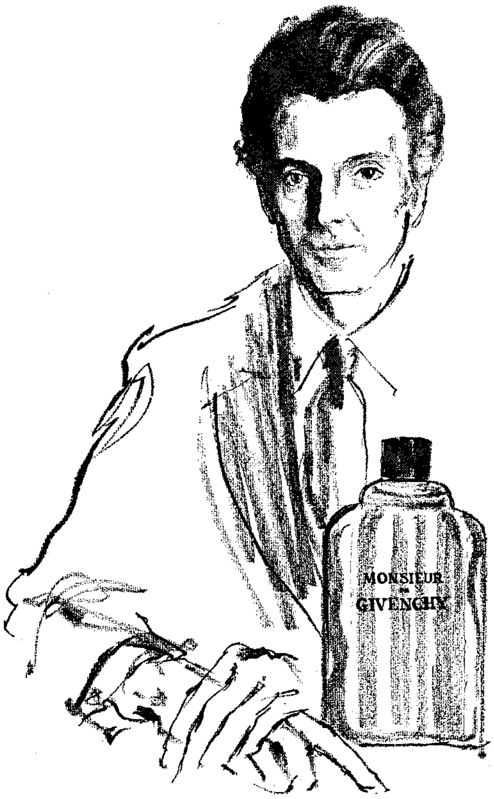
All ships of West German registry.

The Carried-away Cruises.
(LONG STYLE)

TS Hamburg ✯ TS Hanseatic
German Atlantic Line
Represented by Holland-America Line
AGENCIES, INC.



MONSIEUR DE GIVENCHY



HUBERT DE GIVENCHY AS SKETCHED IN PARIS

an original...

for the man who is,
by the man who is

From his collection for men—Eau de Toilette, After Shave, Savon. At fine stores.

WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION ® CW

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

In value, yes.
The Williamsburg Hallmark on a piece of pewter, or any Williamsburg Reproduction, is your assurance of quality and authenticity.

On this classic tankard, the Hallmark tells you the pewter is made from an ancient formula of tin, copper and antimony—no lead. You know that no two tankards are exactly alike. Each one is cast, turned, burnished and polished by hand.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-2, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

®*Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

of Sganarelle, the Dom's valet—again, a role that Molière created for himself and played to great effect. It is Sganarelle, long unpaid by the Dom, who utters the last words of the play as he kneels over his master's dead body: "Ah, my wages! My wages! My wages!" Miss Casile is touching as the wife whom Dom Juan abandons ("The whole pleasure of love," he says, "lies in making fresh starts"), and Marcel Tristani is genuinely fearsome as the perambulating statue of the slain Commandant. The laboriously abstract sets and the "Fahrenheit 451" costumes are by Oskar Gustin, and they do nothing to help the play. The brilliant direction is by Antoine Bourseiller. It may be that the reason "Dom Juan" hasn't been given more often is that it is a far harder play to stage than Mr. Bourseiller and his gifted company have allowed us to perceive.

M*oi, je suis aznavouriste aussi*, and I am glad to report that Charles Aznavour is putting on a very successful one-man show at the Music Box. Mr. Aznavour is a tiny, wiry, woebegone-looking man, no longer in his first youth (such is the harshness of time that his once uncanny double dimples have turned into wrinkles), but he isn't in the least afraid to let his years and his career enrich each other, and many of his songs—"The Wine of Youth," "Yesterday When I Was Young"—are more effective now than when he first began singing them. One of Mr. Aznavour's favorite subjects is the transience of love, but the hero of his sad ballads is a Don Juan utterly unlike Molière's; the need to make a fresh start always takes him by surprise, because he has expected the last fresh start to lead to an affair that would last forever. Falling in love is easy, Mr. Aznavour implies, and to be in love isn't exactly difficult, but to love—ah, zat takes doing! —BRENDAN GILL

•

The next two picks, in order, were Mike McCoy, a huge, All-American defensive tackle from Notre Dame, by the Green Bay Packers, and Mike McCoy, a huge All-American quarterback from Purdue, by the Cleveland Browns.—*International Herald Tribune.*

He'll go a long way, that McCoy.

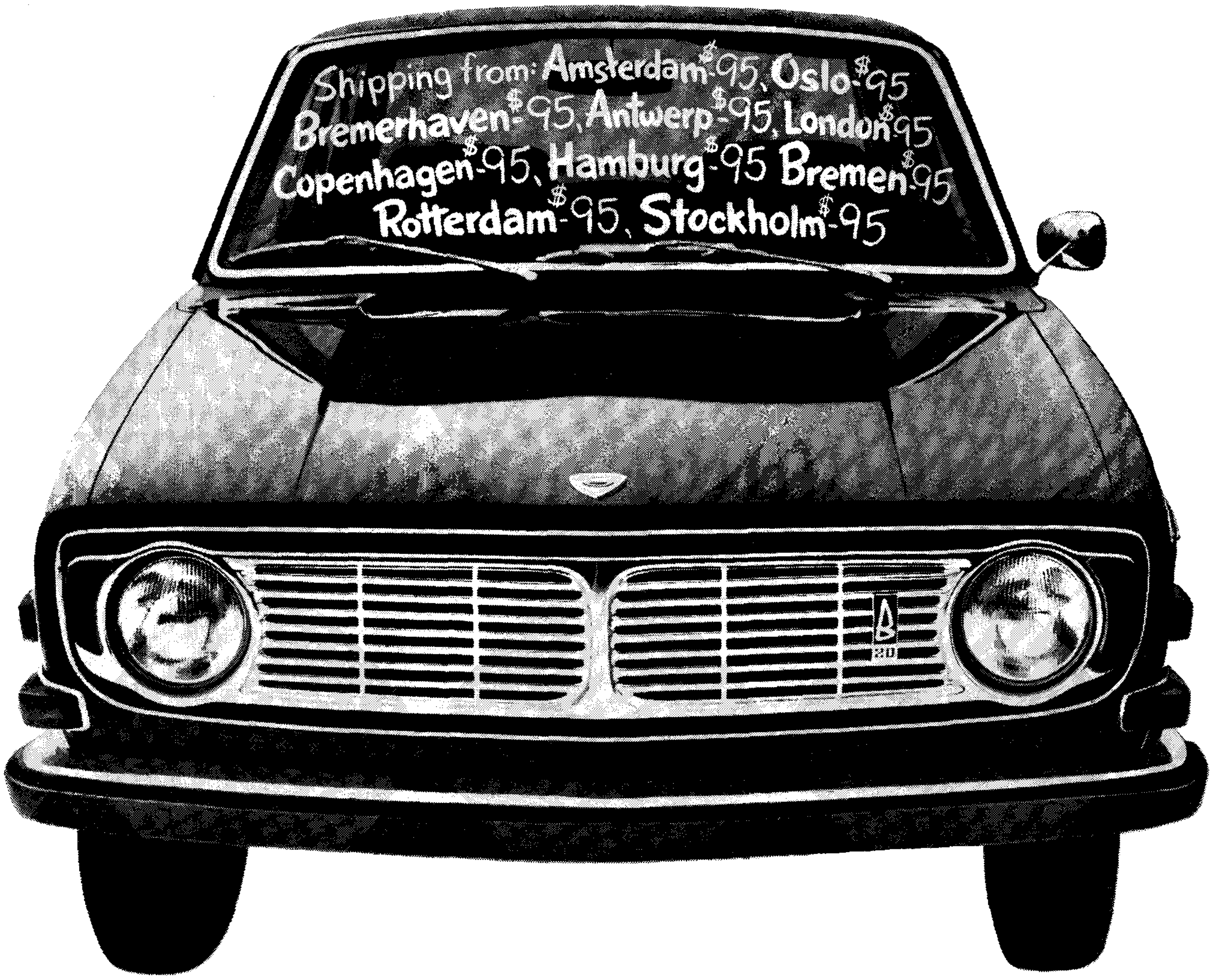
•

It's the system that needs changing, Howard J. Samuels said in Rochester yesterday during his first dull day of active campaigning for the Democratic nomination for Governor.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

Wait till he hits Syracuse.

First we offer to ship your Volvo home free from the factory.

Then we make it worth your while to decline our generous offer.


Shipping from: Amsterdam-$95, Oslo-$95
Bremerhaven-$95, Antwerp-$95, London-$95
Copenhagen-$95, Hamburg-$95 Bremen-$95
Rotterdam-$95, Stockholm-$95

If you take delivery on a Volvo in Europe and drop it off at our factory in Sweden, we'll ship it to New York, Baltimore, Jacksonville or Houston for free.

This wonderful deal has just one drawback—you have to drive back to our factory to take advantage of it. And while our factory is bright, cheerful and modern, it may not be your idea of the perfect end to a European vacation.

So we offer an alternative to it: Drop your Volvo off at any one of the ten cities listed above, and we'll ship it back for just $95.

Which is about one-third of what you'd have to pay if you did it yourself.

Either way you ship your Volvo back, you save money on it.

And either way, you get a car that lasts a long time. We can't guarantee how long, of course, but nine out of every ten Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

Which means that after three years, you can stop putting your money into car payments. And start putting it into other things.

Like more trips to Europe.

Write us for a free copy of our Overseas Delivery brochure. Or ask any Volvo dealer. ©VOLVO, INC. 1970

VOLVO

Volvo, Inc., Overseas Delivery, Department 701, Rockleigh, N. J. 07647

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INDIAN JOURNAL

DEVELOPMENT: THE PULSATING GIANT

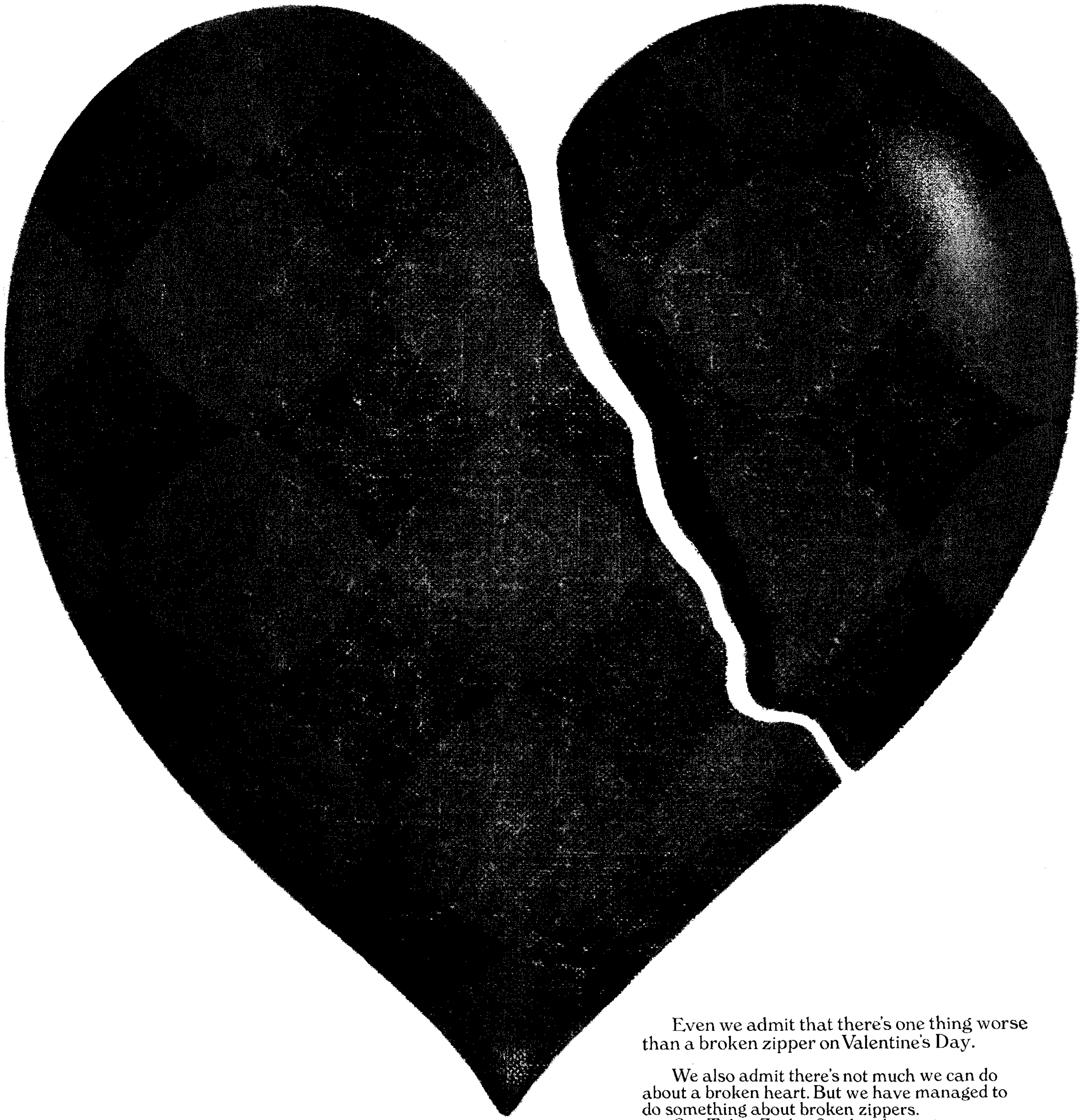
THE BLAST FURNACE IS ALIGHT: One afternoon in February of 1959, several hundred administrators, engineers, designers, and laborers who had been working on the construction of a new steel plant in Bhilai, a dusty, backward village in the heart of India, gathered by the blast furnace, with their wives and children, to witness the smelting of the first iron. It was to be a trial tapping; the formal tapping would take place the following morning, when the President of India was to commission the blast furnace, and the spectators knew that if they were to face the official ceremony the next day with composure the blast furnace would have to prove itself in rehearsal. Now, because of technical problems, the test run was repeatedly put off; it was finally fixed for seven o'clock in the evening, only to be put off again. Some of the men and their families went home for the night. Most, however, stayed on. Then, late in the evening, the molten iron flowed out of the tap of the furnace into a big vessel called a ladle. "When the blast furnace gave its first birth of liquid gold, I found Shri Dani, the Chief Civil Engineer, standing by my side," M. K. K. Nayar, who was deputy general manager of the plant at the time, writes in his reminiscences. "He was weeping like a child. I knew I was weeping, too. He ran to me and we embraced each other, and both of us wept out our excitement like children! Those few seconds I have always cherished in my memory as the most exciting moments of my life."

At the time of Independence, in 1947, India was the most impoverished country in the world. Her population still lived under the shadow of epidemics and famines; ninety per cent of her people were illiterate, were engaged in subsistence farming, and dwelt in mud villages with no paved roads, no direct access to railways, no electricity, and none of the other advantages of the modern age; industrialization as yet amounted to little more than the mechanical processing of jute, cotton, and sugar; all machinery was imported; exports consisted almost entirely of shipments of jute, tea, tobacco, and hides; by and large, the economy was feudal in organization and benefitted only the wealthy few who were landlords and capitalists. Even before Independence, the Indian National Congress Party, taking a leaf from the book of the Soviet Union's astounding economic growth, had drawn up Five-Year Plans and outlined development objectives for the country, and after Independence the Indian government, led by the Congress Party, entrusted the task of national planning to the Planning Commission, which, with Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru as chairman, functioned almost as a government within the government, controlling all economic activity, coördinating investment in the public and the private sectors, and enlisting financial and technical assistance from advanced countries. In 1951, the Commission instituted the first of four successive Five-Year Plans. The first Plan emphasized hydroelectric and irrigation projects, the second emphasized chemical and heavy-industrial projects, and the third and fourth were devoted to the fulfillment of many still unrealized objectives of the two previous Plans. Taken together, the Plans revised and expanded the Soviet text into a manual for the development of India. Although this manual had many authors, from well-known politicians to anonymous technical experts, it is generally accepted that some of the most important glosses came from the hand of P. C. Mahalanobis, who has been a statistical adviser to the Union Cabinet since 1949 and a member of the government Planning Commission since 1959. (Mahalanobis was born in Bengal in 1893, was educated as a mathematician and physicist at Calcutta and Cambridge universities, and has made statistics his specialty; in 1945 he was elected a Fellow of Britain's Royal Society.) In Mahalanobis's view, as it has been expounded in public statements

USED BOOKS
BOUGHT & SOLD
PRICED as Marked

"'I wandered lonely as a cloud.' Hey, wild!"

TALON® ZEPHYR © 1970 BY TALON, MEADVILLE, PA., DIVISION OF TEXTRON



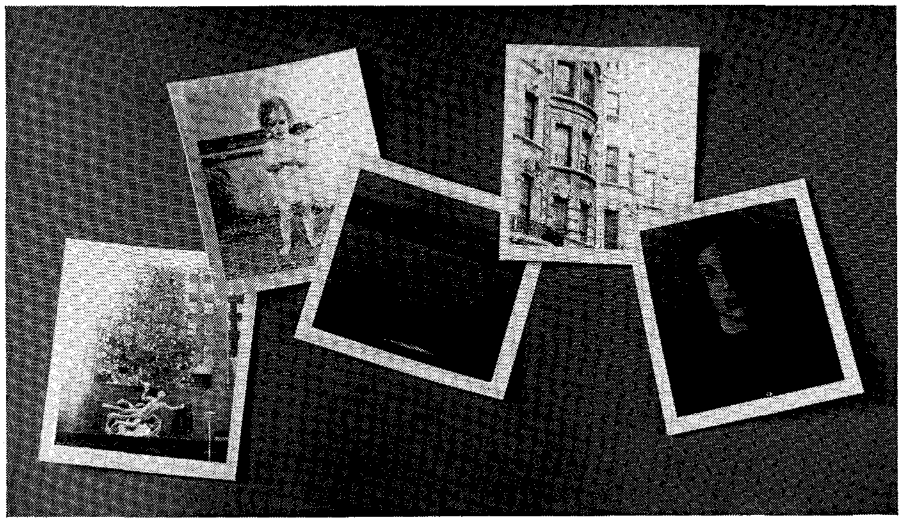
Even we admit that there's one thing worse than a broken zipper on Valentine's Day.

We also admit there's not much we can do about a broken heart. But we have managed to do something about broken zippers.

Our Talon Zephyr® nylon dress zippers are designed not to break, jam, snag, or slip.

So that all you'll have to worry about on Valentine's Day is your Valentine.

ZEPHYR
Talon
THE QUALITY NYLON ZIPPER



Why pay for your mistakes?

With the Minolta Hi-matic 11, a sensitive automatic electric eye sets everything for you. Even flash settings are automatic.

So you never end up paying for pictures you won't be proud to show. And you'll never be disappointed with over or under exposed pictures again.

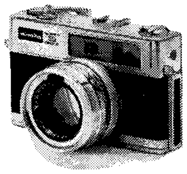
If you prefer doing your own thing, try the Hi-matic 11 on semi-automatic. It lets you select shutter speeds up to 1/500th of a second for stop action shots.

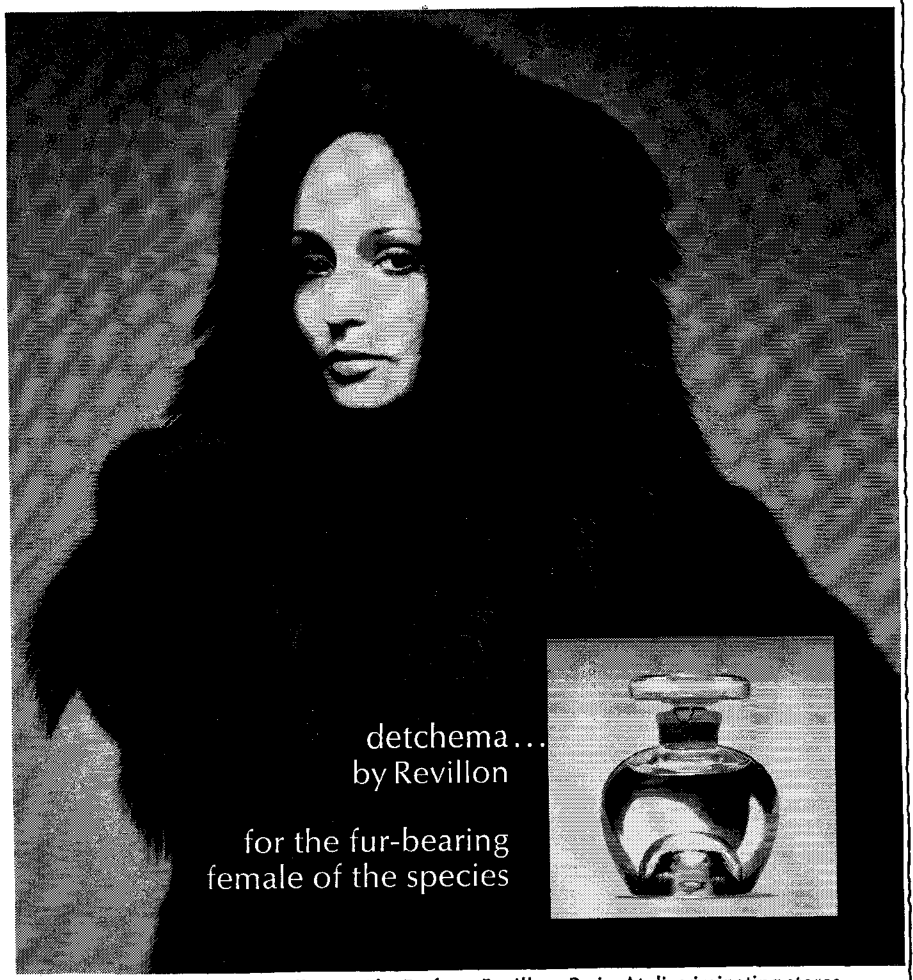
Get back pictures worth paying for. They're automatically yours with the Minolta Hi-matic 11.

With ultra-fast Rokkor f/1.7 lens, under $115, plus case.

For details see your dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 200 Park Avenue South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 376

MINOLTA HI-MATIC 11





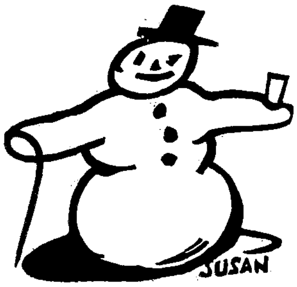
'The Detchema Collection' by Parfums Revillon, Paris. At discriminating stores.

and in papers written over the years, countries like India have stood still economically for centuries, their standards of living and thinking are almost medieval, and now they must suddenly and rapidly enter the modern era, which began in Western Europe with the scientific and industrial revolutions—must, in fact, achieve in eighty years, or even forty, what the advanced countries of Western Europe took four hundred years to achieve. "We have been lagging far behind in the race of material progress," he has written. "We have now to run."

According to Mahalanobis, development requires increasing the supply of consumer goods, which in turn requires expanding the production of capital goods, which in turn requires training more engineers and technologists, which in turn requires increasing the facilities for and the volume of both applied and theoretical scientific research. "That the natural phenomenon is amenable to rational and unified explanation is the great breakthrough of the human intellect," he writes. "It occurred only with the emergence of science and is the characteristic mark of the modern age. . . . It is necessary for each country, however backward or small, to have as quickly as possible sufficient men with a scientific outlook who would be able increasingly to influence the thinking of the nation and of persons who have the responsibility for making policy decisions at the national level." Mahalanobis warns that because India's society has always been based on the principle of authority and on a rigid caste system, the introduction of a spirit of free inquiry—the basis of the scientific method—requires a complete departure from the past. "We used to have a great tradition of respect for the Brahman, preeminently as a teacher," he notes. "It is necessary to build up a new tradition of social appreciation of science and scientists." Mahalanobis says that the underdeveloped countries must, as they begin their scientific revolution, simultaneously prepare for their industrial revolution by building an industrial base, and that this requires concentrating on those heavy industries which can help to generate other industries. "The only permanent way of ensuring a progressively increasing production is to continuously increase our stock of tools and implements and machinery; that is, to increase what is called the capital investment," he writes. "For a single factor, the production of steel probably has the highest correlation with national income in different countries." India, however, cannot effectively increase her production of steel without substantial capital, heavy machinery, and technical skills, much of which must come from abroad. But once India has a flourishing steel industry, then, in Mahalanobis's words:

> We shall be able to use our own iron ore and with our own hands produce steel; and then use the steel to produce more machinery to produce more steel and tools; and also to produce machinery to make more consumer goods. We will then not have to worry about foreign exchange every time we wish to start a new factory as we do now. Our dependence on foreign supplies will be greatly reduced. The main obstacle to rapid industrialisation being thus removed, we shall be able to increase production and employment quickly and raise the level of living.

Although India has somewhere between one-tenth and one-fifth of the world's reserves of high-grade iron ore, her production of steel at Independence was very nearly the lowest in the world; the United States, with one-third of India's reserves, had a per-capita production of steel two hundred times as great. As late as the end of the Second World War, India was producing barely a million tons of steel a year. She had only two steel plants of any consequence: the Indian Iron & Steel Co., constructed in 1918 by the British in the town of Burnpur, in what is now the state of West Bengal, and—accounting for most of the tonnage—the Tata Iron & Steel Co., constructed in 1907 by a Bombay textile merchant in a village called Sakchi, which grew into the steel town of Jamshedpur, in what is now the state of Bihar. Upon Independence, the Indian government, which aspired to a Socialist society with a limited role for private enterprise, made it clear that the existing steel plants would have to function under government controls, and that steel plants built in the future would be in the public domain.



Throughout the period of the First Five-Year Plan, the Indian government held discussions with the United States, Great Britain, and West Germany, and also with the Soviet Union, which at the time had no significant program of economic aid to India. By the time of the Second Five-Year Plan, which was drafted in 1956, and which envisaged the building of three new steel plants, the government not only had arranged for the expansion of the private plants but had reached agreements for the three new plants: one was to be built by the Krupp-Demag Combine, of West Germany, with a loan from the West German government; another by a consortium of British equipment suppliers, with a loan from the British government; and the third by the government of the Soviet Union. The agreement with the Soviet Union caused special excitement; the Indians had considerable experience in working with the British, of course, and they had some experience in working with Germans, but the Russians were strangers. Now British, West German, and Soviet engineers were all to start building new steel plants in India at about the same time, and their achievements would naturally be compared.

Since Independence, the Indian government had been conducting studies of prospective sites for new plants. All the states had been maneuvering for the industrial prizes, but fields rich in coking coal were to be found only in Bihar and West Bengal, and iron ore close to the supplies of this coal was to be found only in Bihar, West Bengal, and Orissa—three states that were sometimes referred to collectively as the Ruhr of India. It was clear that these three states were the most suitable for steel production, and, indeed, the German plant was eventually situated at Rourkela, in Orissa, and the British plant at Durgapur, in West Bengal. But the site proposed for the Soviet plant was in the state of Madhya Pradesh.

Madhya Pradesh was one of the poorest states in the Indian Union. Eighty-eight per cent of its population—a larger percentage than that of any other state—was rural. About twenty per cent of its population—again, a larger percentage than that of any other state—was tribal. Its per-capita annual income was lower than that of any other area—two hundred and one rupees, as against two hundred and fifty-two rupees for the country as a whole. (A rupee in the nineteen-fifties was worth about twenty cents.) "We are an undeveloped province," the Provincial Industries Committee of Madhya Pradesh noted in 1953. "Our agricultural standards are low, our educational standards are low, many of our people are underfed, diseased, and badly housed; our towns are unhealthy, our villages are unhealthier still, hardly fit to live in. The need for planning in every department is tru-

IN MIAMI we have created two of the finest restaurants for Miami's one great hotel.

Sheraton-Four Ambassadors

Dine and entertain in the famous
THE CAFE OF THE AMBASSADORS
Magnifique!

Or, enjoy hearty, robust fare in the Falstaff Room. Plus two lounges to suit a mood—lively or quietly intimate, and every resort facility under the sun . . . or stars, in the *only* place to stay in Miami, where every guest accommodation is a luxury suite.

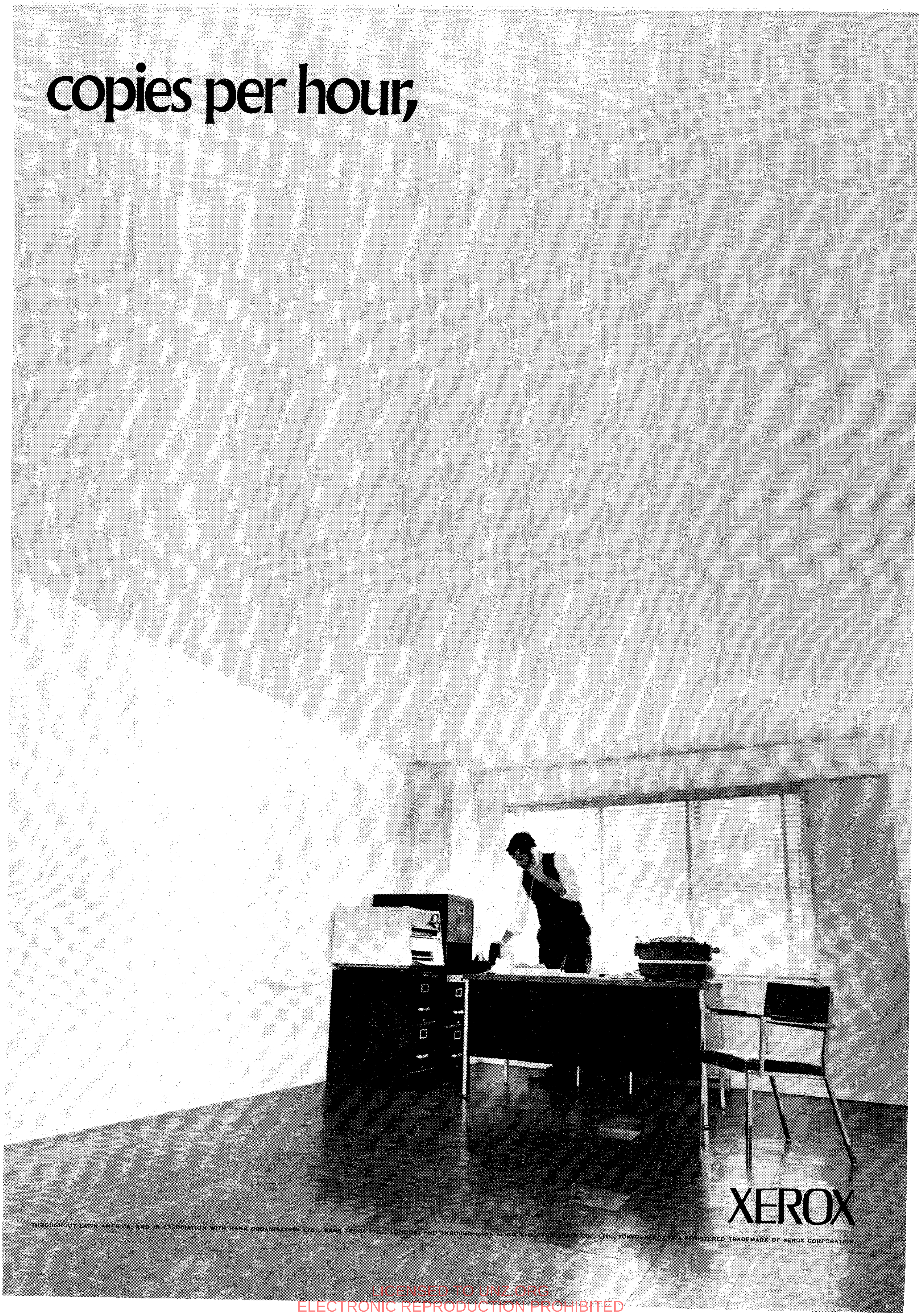
Sheraton-Four Ambassadors

Towering over the Bay at 801 South Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131. Call your travel agent or call free
(800) 325-3535
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Not all of our customers need 3600

automatic document feeders,
reduction units,
microfilm or microfiche hard copies,
computer printout,
reproduction on pre-printed forms,
variable weight paper feeders,
reproduction on acetates,
drawing restoration,
reproduction on letterheads,
automatic sorters,
hard copies from aperture cards,
reproduction on card stock,
double side duplicating,
reproduction on colored paper,
reproduction of halftones,
copies 36" wide by any length,
seven grades of paper,
slitting, perforating,
mailing labels

XEROX CORPORATION. OVERSEAS: SUBSIDIARI


copies per hour,
XEROX

THROUGHOUT LATIN AMERICA; AND IN ASSOCIATION WITH RANK ORGANISATION LTD., RANK XEROX LTD., LONDON; AND THROUGH [illegible] LTD., FUJI XEROX CO., LTD., TOKYO. XEROX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION.

TINTA CREAM PORT

A rare dessert wine
from the cellars of
The Christian Brothers

The delicate Tinta Madeira grape is used in the most famed wines of Portugal but it is not widely planted in California. The area around where we make our sweet wines is one of the few spots where the Tinta Madeira is grown.

About nine years ago, we began to set aside some of the wines from the Tinta Madeira grapes to create a unique California Port.

Since then, I have personally supervised its progress—giving each lot its own number. The long years in oak casks have been kind to the wine, bestowing on it an exquisite mellowness. The first bottling is now ready. We have given it the name Tinta Cream Port. The cask number is on each bottle.

I believe you will find Tinta Cream a true classic Port of character and distinction; a wine with the finesse that can come only with long aging. It is deep red in color; creamy smooth, luscious, yet not too sweet; a wine to be sipped at the end of a meal with fruits, cheeses or cake, or to be opened when your best friends drop in.

Tinta Cream Port will only be available in limited amounts. It is priced about $3.00 a bottle. Should your wine merchant fail to have it, you may write to me personally.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

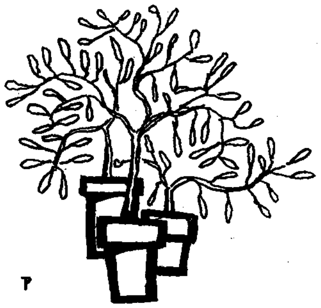
Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.,
San Francisco, California

ly desperate, *but in none is it more so than in the matter of industrialization.*" (The italics are the Committee's.) The government studies had pointed out that, of all the "non-Ruhr" states that had reserves of iron ore, Madhya Pradesh was the most suitable economically for a steel plant. It was adjacent to Bihar, and since both states were on the South Eastern Railway, one of the country's main arteries, Bihar coal could be transported to Madhya Pradesh, the cost of this haulage being offset in some measure by the saving that would result from the use of Madhya Pradesh's own sources of iron ore and also of limestone.

Within Madhya Pradesh, the area around Bhilai had been singled out by the studies as probably the best site for a steel plant. As a village, Bhilai was at this time little more than scrub, duck ponds, and paddy fields. Its contact with the modern world was confined to an occasional visit from a revenue collector or a health inspector. In fact, Bhilai was all but indistinguishable from any of hundreds of thousands of villages throughout India. The studies had pointed out, however, that the site had an abundant water supply (it was near two small rivers, the Tandulla and the Seonath); that it had—besides reserves of iron ore—deposits of manganese, limestone, and dolomite; that it was near Madhya Pradesh's own veins of coal, which, though not of the coking variety, could, it was hoped, be used as a blend; and that Bhilai was a stop on the South Eastern Railway.

The Soviet engineers, after making their own studies and tours of the several possible locations, chose Bhilai, and together the Russians and the Indians began planning for the day when Madhya Pradesh—particularly Durg, the district in which Bhilai lies, and Chhattisgarh, the division in which Durg lies—would begin to define a new India.



THE *Imperial Gazetteer of India* is an incomparable survey of the subcontinent and stands as a British monument to Victorian scholarship. According to the *Gazetteer*, which was edited by Sir William Wilson Hunter and was published in 1881 and revised and reissued in 1908, "the dawn of the epoch of authentic history" over much of the area now known as Madhya Pradesh did not break until the sixteenth century; from the faint illumination cast by coins and inscriptions and by ballads and epics, however, it appears that in an earlier period the region was ruled by princes of the Rajput dynasty and minor chieftains of the Gond tribe, and that people elsewhere in India knew of the region only as Gondwana—the land of the Gonds. Gondwana, which was sandwiched between the plains of Hindustan, to the north, and those of the Deccan, to the south, was a belt of hills and plains geographically and culturally isolated from the rest of India. In fact, through the centuries the Mogul emperors were content to receive only nominal acts of homage from the princes and chieftains of Gondwana, and when the Moguls invaded the Deccan from Hindustan, they always bypassed Gondwana. In 1861, the region was brought under British administration and was given the name of the Central Provinces. (In 1956, the Central Provinces were reconstituted, with additional territory, into the present state of Madhya Pradesh.) The Central Provinces remained the most backward part of India, with a Hinduism characterized by such practices as the worship of primitive deities and spirits, which, as the *Imperial Gazetteer* lists them, included "Khermata, the goddess of the earth or the village, Marhai Devi, the goddess of cholera, Sitala Devi, the goddess of smallpox, Nagdeo, the cobra, Bhainsa Sur, the buffalo, Dulha Deo, a young bridegroom who was killed by a tiger, Hardaul, a young Rajput prince who was poisoned by his brother on suspicion of loving his [the brother's] wife, and Bhilat, a deified cowherd." In 1901, the Central Provinces had a population of almost twelve million, yet only fifty-five towns had as many as five thousand inhabitants each, and only one town had a hundred thousand inhabitants. The rest of the people lived in some forty thousand villages, which had an average of two hundred and fifty inhabitants. (Today the average is three hundred and thirty.)

Until this century, the entire Indian subcontinent was a mass of self-contained agrarian villages—as the greater part of it is today. Each village had its own weavers, potters, oil pressers, barbers, washermen, water carriers, and scavengers, and often its own carpenters for making plows, its own blacksmiths for making plowshares, and

Hilton International. Different as the country it's in.

Different as the flexible meeting facilities of the Düsseldorf Hilton . . . a choice of twelve rooms that can handle 50 to 1245 people.

Different as the scenic Rhine river flowing past your view, as you dine on some of Germany's finest cuisine at the Mainz Hilton.

Different as Le Toit de Paris, a step away from the Eiffel Tower . . . one of the finest dining spots in Paris—at the Paris Hilton, of course.

Different as a choice of five restaurants and five bars in one hotel—the London Hilton. The only hotel in England that gives you so much variety for exclusive wining and dining.

Different as the unique sliding roof of the Berlin Hilton's Roof Garden—where you'll have tea and cocktails or dinner and dancing.

Different as breaking your fast with bread, buns, ginger cakes, rusks, Dutch jams, Gouda cheese, smoked meat and ham, boiled eggs, coffee or tea . . . all in the Dutch breakfast at the Rotterdam Hilton.

Different as En Plein Ciel, 27 floors up in the Brussels Hilton—where you'll dine, dance and enjoy a spectacular panorama of the city below.

☎ For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

Different as the huge fireplace that blazes across the lobby of the Amsterdam Hilton . . . "gezellig"—cozy as you'll find anywhere.

Amsterdam Hilton, Berlin Hilton, Brussels Hilton, Düsseldorf Hilton, London Hilton, Rotterdam Hilton, Mainz Hilton, Paris Hilton, Orly Hilton

Coral Harbour: one of Nassau's best-kept secrets

Out Island pace...on a secluded corner of the main island. Championship golf...sun-swept beaches. Tennis, marina. Fabulous wining, dining, night life. All in a luxurious beachfront hotel. Indulge yourself.

For reservations and new color brochure see your travel agent or call New York (212) 582-7650, Miami (305) 358-0416.

CORAL HARBOUR CLUB
Nassau, Bahamas
Robert M. Souers, Executive Vice-President

Look Twice. It's Davidow.

its own leather workers for skinning cattle, curing hides, and making thongs and sandals. In each village, the function of each man was determined by his caste, for the village was an ancient Hindu polity in which both duties and remunerations—often in kind—were so fixed that a man was prohibited not only from aspiring to functions reserved for other castes but even from aspiring to a function within his own caste which was different from the one to which he was born. There was no competition except between men with the same hereditary function. Even if the villagers were converted to Christianity or Mohammedanism or any other faith, the converts retained their Hindu castes and functions. The first breaches in this village tradition came with the introduction of the railway, in the middle of the nineteenth century. By the end of the century, Western articles like kerosene, mill-made cloth, and umbrellas were finding their way into the villages, and some villagers were beginning to abandon their hereditary functions. As modern education was introduced, some villagers began to leave their homes for a life in one of the handful of new urban centers. Of all the areas of the country, however, the Central Provinces proved to be the most resistant to change.

The larger villages of the Central Provinces tended to be in open, well-cultivated areas, and the smaller ones in tracts in the hills or forests. A village, large or small, was usually a cluster of mud huts, often built on high ground to avoid floods and also attacks from neighboring villages, and with a mud fort for additional defense. The farmstead was unknown, for most of the villagers were tenants at will, with no proprietary rights and no security, cultivating the land on a communal basis. At sowing time, a tenant would receive from his landlord a supply of seed grain and the use of bullocks, and after the harvest the tenant would pay back not only the original investment of seed grain but half or three-fourths of the remaining harvest as rent for the land. Trade and commerce scarcely existed, so when there was a good harvest, crops rotted where they lay, and when the crops failed, the population was decimated. (The Central Provinces lost a total of about a million people in the famines of 1897 and 1900.)

The most backward division of the Central Provinces was Chhattisgarh ("thirty-six forts"). Chhattisgarh, which comprises the upper basin of the Mahanadi River, lies in the eastern part of the Central Provinces, hemmed in by ranges of hills on the west, the south, and the north. In 1901, Chhattisgarh had a population, largely tribal, of about two and a half million, and contained fourteen of a total of fifteen feudatory states in the area; in fact, it was to the Central Provinces what Gondwana had once been to the rest of India. The land of Chhattisgarh is for the most part a treeless expanse of small, embanked rice fields—sometimes fifty to an acre—with ridges of sandy gravel separating one field from another. The land is drenched, largely during the monsoon, with from fifty to sixty inches of rain a year. (The average annual rainfall for the Central Provinces is forty-seven inches.) In 1901, a tenant in Chhattisgarh lived in a hut valued at two or three rupees. (A rupee was then worth about twenty-five cents.) In a year, he spent for himself and his wife two or three rupees for clothes, their dress consisting of a few strips of cotton, and about fifteen rupees for food, a meal consisting of little more than a gruel of boiled rice and water. The villages in Chhattisgarh had livestock of uniformly poor quality, and were deficient even in the traditional crafts. In consequence, the villagers had as agricultural implements only a harrow to puddle and weed the fields and a heavy beam to crush the clods, the usual procedure being for one man to stand on the beam while another dragged it across the field. "The people, isolated and almost barred from intercourse with the outside world," comments the *Imperial Gazetteer*, "have developed or retained peculiarities of dress, manners, and language which distinguish them from the residents of adjoining tracts, to whom they are known as Chhattisgarhis. . . . The people are generally held to be characterized by a lack of intelligence, by backwardness in their methods of agriculture, and by a more primitive habit of life than their neighbours."

In 1906, for administrative reasons, a strip of land was detached from two existing districts of Chhattisgarh to form a new district, which was called Durg, after its main village. (The word "*durg*," Hindi for "fortress," is probably derived from Durga, the name of the Hindu goddess of death and destruction; this goddess is the consort of Shiva and has many manifestations, one of which is Kali.) The village of Durg—Bhilai is next door—was made the headquarters of the new district, which had a population of six hundred thousand. A small fund collected for sanitation was the only civic institution in Durg, but the village

The most unmistakable perfume in the world.
Le De Givenchy.
Created to identify his following.

LE
DE
GIVENCHY
PARIS
FRANCE

EARLY TIMES
Old Style
Kentucky
Whisky
THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky
Straight Bourbon
Whisky
ESTABLISHED 1860
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO. LOUISVILLE KY
86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. © ETDC 1969
coffee,
tea
or me

was on the railway and had a local primary school, and even a local bell-metal industry.

TOWARD the end of June, 1955, an Indian and Soviet team consisting of about a dozen administrators, engineers, and designers, and accompanied by a skeleton staff, arrived in the village of Durg, took up residence in the Durg Circuit House, a government hostel, and began work on the Bhilai steel project. They found the red terrain infested with reptiles and insects, the climate exceptionally hot, and the villagers slow and uncomprehending. Even the most ordinary domestic animals seemed hostile. (An Indian chronicler of the period reports that a Russian, whom the writer describes as “an old veteran surveyor,” hearing what he took to be the roar of a lion, “hurtled down the slope right into the arms of an Indian colleague,” who, alarmed by the Russian’s behavior, himself “took off from that point of the slope and sprinted even faster down to the plains.” Later, it was discovered that what the Russian had heard was only the low of a cow.) Throughout the enterprise, the Indians and the Russians had to contend with differences of language and manners and working methods. Despite the aid of interpreters, Indians and Russians were apt to argue at length, only to discover that they had been making the same point. Gestures simply contributed to the confusion; for instance, a shake of the head by a south Indian signified “yes,” and one by a north Indian signified “no.” The chronicler, bemused, observes, “Our Soviet friends often concluded that Indians as a whole must be very diplomatic, because you hardly ever knew whether a particular attitude was negative or positive.”

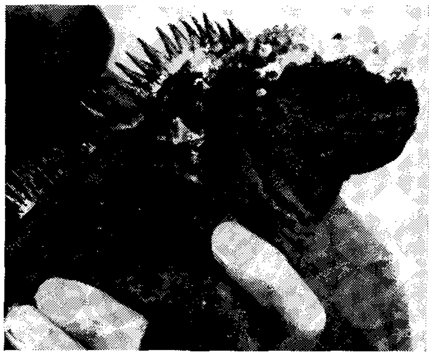
Meanwhile, in the Soviet Union thirty organizations and four hundred plants—at Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkov, Zaporozhye, and Zhdanov, among other places—were working, as one Soviet emissary put it, “with great fervor and care” to supply equipment for the project, and in Bhilai the team was reinforced by about thirty thousand Indians and about a thousand Russians. They were all busy surveying and clearing land, planning plant buildings and breaking ground for them, laying out an internal system of roads and railway tracks, and installing electric lines and water and gas mains. But it took nearly six months to put up the first structure in Bhilai, which provided temporary residential quarters for the team and was designated Bhilai House. This was followed by a thoroughfare, and the thoroughfare by a group of bungalows for the individual members of the team, each bungalow numbered according to the occupant’s status. Of the actual plant, all that was visible after a year was the diesel powerhouse—a gray structure with asbestos sheets for roof and walls. Indeed, after two years nearly all that the general manager could see from the window of his bungalow (No. 1) was six miles of barren land, interrupted by a few huts and paddy fields; only in the distance could he make out a tower crane, in position to erect the first blast furnace. Even so, the Indians felt at each step that they were being taught the value of discipline and technical precision. “I well remember the day I went to see the laying of bricks in Blast Furnace 2,” an Indian technician has written. “Everything appeared so perfect—the bricks, their arrangement, their degree of closeness—that the contractor [he was Indian] had every reason to be happy. But his happiness was short-lived, for the work was rejected by the Soviet technician. ‘Too much clearance,’ said he. The contractor argued with him but to no avail. ‘*Nyet*,’ said the Russian technician, and that was all. The contractor had to redo the work.”

Finally, a few months before the end of the Second Five-Year Plan, in 1961, blast and open-hearth furnaces, coke ovens, and rolling mills having all been commissioned according to schedule, the plant began putting out steel at the rate of a million tons a year. V. V. Rudakov, the Soviet deputy chief engineer, later wrote, “It took about 3.5 years to construct and commission a plant of this size on a completely new and unknown site.” Looking to the future, he added, “New units of the Bhilai steel plant mean additional work for Indian people, additional employment, additional housing facilities, additional schools and hospitals, new higher levels of education and culture in India.”

IN 1965, in connection with the celebration of the Republic Day of India, which falls on January 26th, the Bhilai steel plant published, in English, “Ten Years of Indo-Soviet Collaboration: Bhilai As I Know [It],” a col-

THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD TRAVEL

High adventure in wondrous lands...
Make your next vacation the experience of a lifetime



DARWIN'S GALAPAGOS

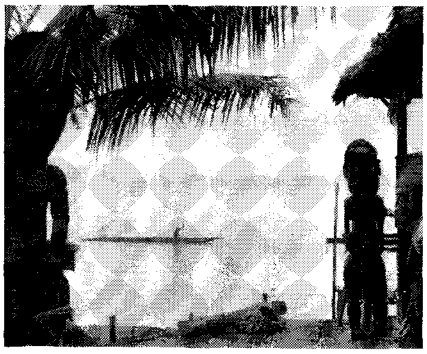
Primeval islands, "The Land That Time Forgot," aboard the *S. S. Romantica** (deluxe cruiser accommodating 100—in its fourth year of operation. Cruises in April and May. From $1000 per person.

AMAZON SAFARI

An 18-day expedition into Brazil's legendary Mato Grosso, including 11 days aboard a specially-built "Safari Boatel" exploring the Amazon regions; to Brasilia, and ending in Rio de Janeiro. $1550 per person for land arrangements.

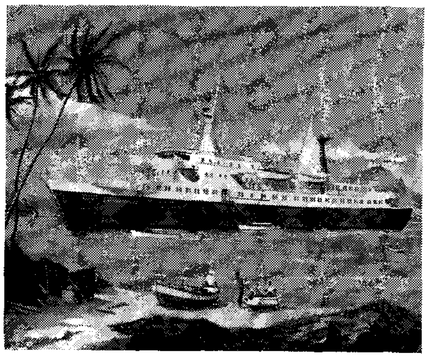
ON THE INCA ROAD

28 days by air visiting Colombia, Equador, Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina—following the fabled trail of the ancient Incans—from mountain-high cities to port towns and colorful Indian markets. $1500 per person for land arrangements.



SOUTH PACIFIC

A 34-day journey of adventure and discovery to lush tropical islands including the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, the coast of Australia, New Guinea, and the Solomons (with an optional 12-day extension to Polynesia). $1795 per person, excluding air transportation. Jan. 31, March 7, May 23, July 11, Aug. 22, Nov. 7.

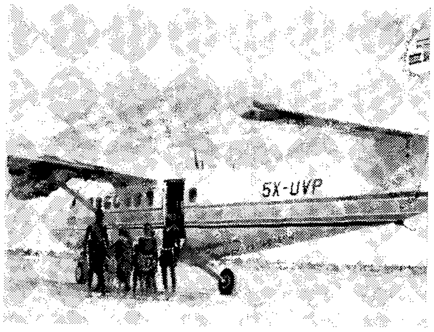


FORGOTTEN ISLANDS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN

Aboard the *M. S. Lindblad Explorer** to little-known islands of the Indian Ocean—the Seychelles, Amirantes, Farquhar, Aldabra, and the Comoro Islands, some of which are unchanged since the days of Vasco da Gama. True "lost Edens." From $1035 per person, excluding air fare.

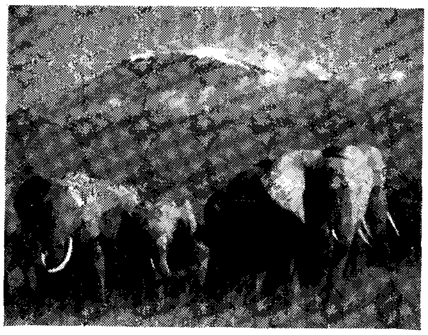
EXPLORERS' TOUR AROUND THE WORLD

Moscow, southward to Tashkent and Samarkand, then to remote Mongolia with a week in the Gobi Desert, an overnight trip on the Trans-Siberian Railway, Soviet ship to Japan and EXPO '70 wind-up. $1950 per person, excluding air fare. Departures June 6 and July 4, 1970. 30 days.



WING SAFARI

By modern STOL airplane through Hemingway country, over the Serengeti Plains, from the Anchole of West Uganda to the Masai manyattas of Ngorongoro—No major park has been left out. Only the best of accommodations. $1600 per person, including transportation by private aircraft within East Africa (international air fare by BOAC VC10 jets to be added).



VALUE SAFARI

Great tour by Minibus to Nairobi, fabled Treetops, lodge-camping at the foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Keekorok, through Rhino and Lion country to Ngorongoro Crater (optional side trip to Ethiopia, Addis Ababa and Bahar Dar). $900 per person for land accommodations (international air fare by BOAC VC10 jets to be added).

Dept. NY 21470
LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Lindblad Travel Building
133 East 55th St.
New York, N.Y. 10022

I am *seriously interested.* Please send me the following brochure(s):

- ☐ DARWIN'S GALAPAGOS
- ☐ AMAZON SAFARI
- ☐ ON THE INCA ROAD
- ☐ SOUTH PACIFIC
- ☐ FORGOTTEN ISLANDS
- ☐ EXPLORER'S TOUR
- ☐ WING SAFARI
- ☐ VALUE SAFARI

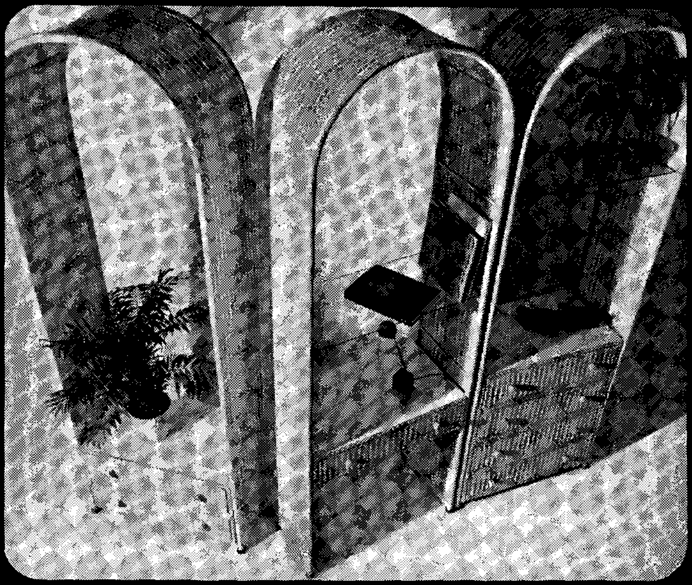
Mr.
Mrs.
Miss______________________________
(Please print plainly)

Address______________________________

City____________State______Zip______

*The M/S Lindblad Explorer meets and the S/S Romantica substantially meets the International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948, and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.

When we mention rattan, if all you think of is Sydney Greenstreet in Casablanca, you better come see what's new.



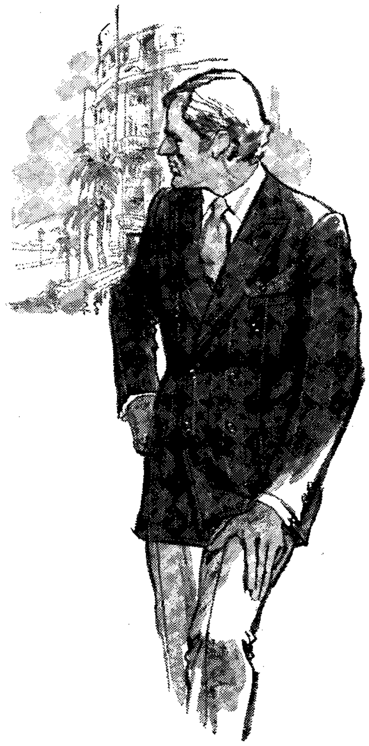
Sure, we've got the kind of rattan furniture films made famous. Like Mr. Greenstreet's popular peacock chair. But we can show you all kinds of contemporary things, too. For every room in the house. These arches for example have countless uses as bureaus, desks, etc. Come in and see them soon. Or send $1.00 for our catalog. And find out about all our other exceptional designs in rattan. Sydney never had it so good.

Deutsch, Inc.
196 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. MU 3-8746
Through Decorators, Dealers and Architects

Double Entry in the Spring Fashion Field

—this double-breasted blazer by Graham & Gunn, superbly styled and boldly patterned. Six buttons (two to button), wide lapels, flapped pockets, deep center vent and trimly traced waist. Widely spaced, richly colored stripes underscore the long, lean lines of Graham & Gunn styling. The wrinkle-shunning blend of polyester and wool worsted keeps the wearer cool and comfortable.

Graham & Gunn, Ltd.



Graham & Gunn suits are priced from $120 to $210, sport coats from $85 to $150 at these and other fine stores: RICHARD THOMAS, Hamden • CAPPER & CAPPER, Chicago and Detroit • BACHRACH'S, Decatur • MISTER GUY, Holland • HUBERT WHITE, Minneapolis and St. Paul • JACK HENRY, INC., Kansas City • ROOT'S, Summit and Red Bank • F. R. TRIPLER, New York • EVERETT HOLZAPFEL, Nashville • NORTON DITTO, Houston • LITTLER'S, Seattle • WITHERSPOON'S, Lake Geneva • MacNEIL & MOORE, Madison and Milwaukee • NORTH-AIRE, Shawano

lection of reminiscences of Bhilai by Indians and Russians, which Indarjit Singh, the plant's general manager at the time, describes in a foreword as "a brochure of everlasting memories." One Indian contributor portrays the plant as "stone and steel giants rising against the blue horizon . . . unreal, incredible, wonderful," and from the contributions of other Indians it is clear that the plant inspired exaltation bordering on ecstasy. Reading the Indian accounts, which have such titles as "And We Worked with Soviet Mining Men" and "I Came to Bhilai," one cannot help feeling that the contributors, in their ingenuous amplitude of emotion, speak for all those who participated in the project, and perhaps even for all those waiting to be initiated into the industrial mysteries. Certainly the contributors seem to have regarded their Russian instructors as seers. Nowhere is this more apparent than in what the Indians record of their responses—impulsive, emotional, philosophical, adulatory—to their Russian colleagues.

Somnath Bhattacherjee, a chemist in the Research and Control Laboratory, writes, about a Russian couple with whom he had become fast friends and who had completed their tour of duty in Bhilai:

> One evening when Vanda Borovlov, my friend's wife, told me that they were going to leave us very soon, I remember, I was very much shocked and sharply I looked at her, probably to discern the similar shadows of grief on her face as well. . . . My friend and his wife came nearer, stood before me, allowed their affectionate eyes to immensely totter over my face, and then gently shook my hand, whispered good bye. In reciprocating, I could anyhow utter—Please remember. Suddenly the moment was shaken. My friend turned his face toward the opposite direction—presumably to prevent the exposure of his pangs, but from Vanda's eyes pearly drops of tears trickled down silently as if she was separating from her own brother. . . . Those tears, dripped down from her eyes, were nothing to me but the drops of holy water of the Volga, which pervasively mingled with the stream of our Ganges, and inundated our fraternity and imperishable friendship.

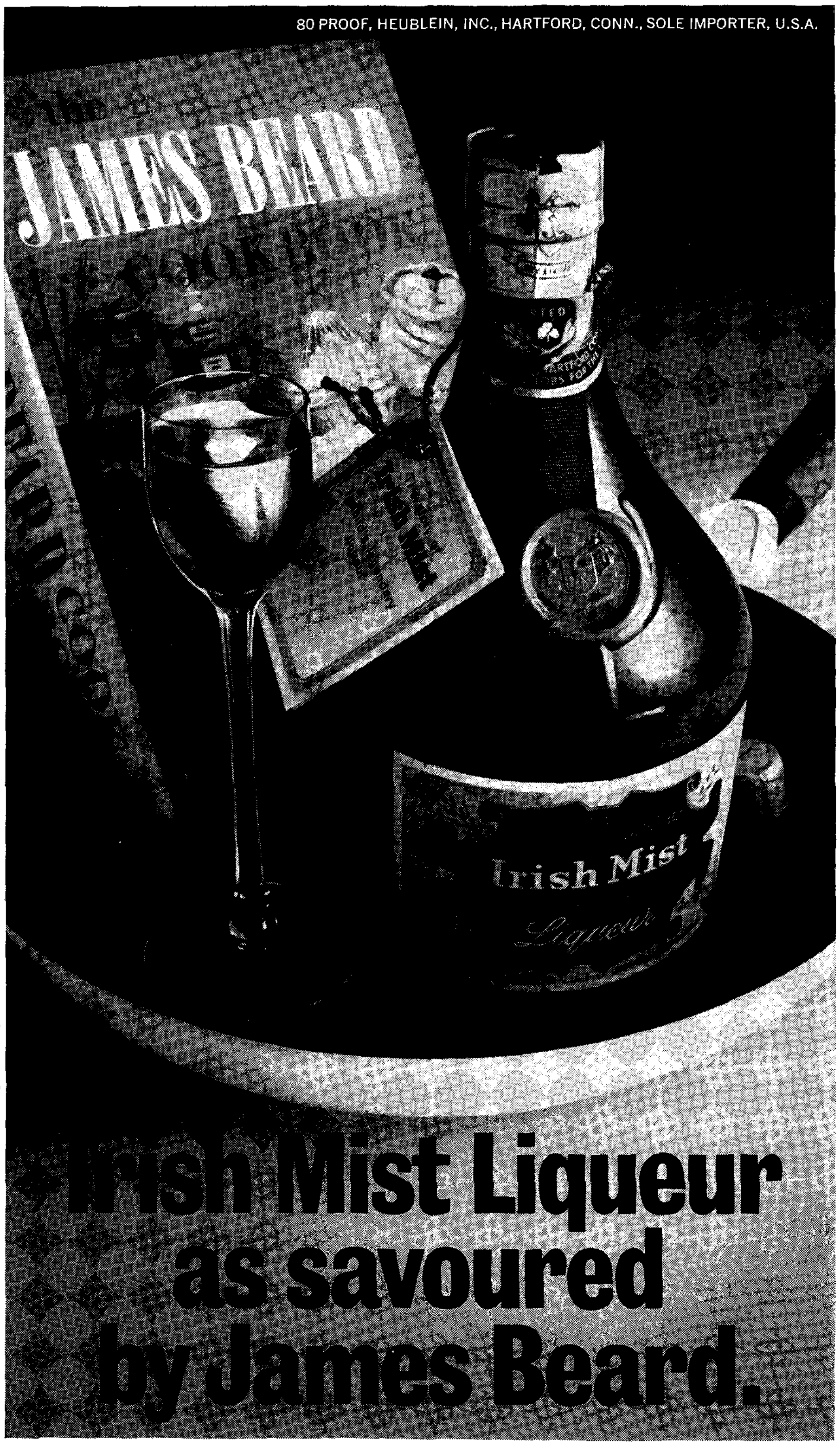
Again, Sisir Chakravorti, setting down an *in memoriam* for his Russian friend Ivanovich, describes how the two met just after Chakravorti had come to Bhilai as senior chemical assistant:

> I still remember the day when I found myself, during a hot summer, amidst an alien environment. I looked up with awe as a scene of unforgettable solemnity stood before me. There was the smell of the packing-box woods, the toiling labourers, the trucks and tractors racing

> with time, the flash of welding, the whine of various machines, the buzz of air-pumps, the rattle of riveters, the pound of hammers, and overhead slowly moved the crane with tons of load. I stood dazed for a moment, and then a frolicking summer whirlwind passed in between me and the scene, engulfing everything with its dancing dust. The scene vanished, I almost got choked with the dust. This was the first reception I got from the ruddy and dry and cruel soil of hostile nature of Bhilai scorching under the heat of a ruthless sun.
>
> Suddenly I felt a rude push at my back and was thrown off a few feet away, the dust smearing my white clothes, and instantly a large beam fell on the spot where I was standing. It was a crane failure. I understood the benevolence of that push. Somebody had saved my life. I got up, looked—and looked straight into the eyes of a hefty Russian with a round red face where anger and sympathy struggled over the surface of a usual joviality. He regarded me for a moment in that manner. Sympathy won. And he grinned. Probably he could guess I was new. He approached me, caught hold of my arm, and asked in broken English, "You hurt?" I will never forget that tone. My oldest of acquaintances could not have shown a more genuine sympathy than was expressed in those two words uttered by an unknown giant foreigner. I smiled, clasped his hands, and said, "No. Thank you." That very moment, before we knew each other's name and background, our friendship was cemented in the warmth of his clasps through which his soul seemed to speak.
>
> He was Ivanovich, an erection expert of Blast Furnace.

Chakravorti goes on to reflect on their subsequent friendship and the great admiration he came to have for his Russian co-worker:

> Thereafter, whenever we met he always welcomed me with his usual jovial grin. Work was his passion. He worked hard and untiringly. But it was not to save his country's prestige nor that of his own. He found pleasure in it and he felt that his toil . . . might go a long way in establishing an industrially developed country. . . . In his childlike simplicity, manners, and gossips, this was the attitude that was revealed. He was not philosophical in his approach, nor did he bother about the theories of human relationship; but simply believed this rule of universal fraternity to the core of his heart.
>
> The other day, I went to visit his new working place. He was usually busy and absorbed in his routine. Still, when he saw me from a distance, his face lit up and the usual grin was there. A masked welder was prone over a huge pipe with his instruments. Just then rose a hue and cry. The rope of the crane lifting the big dome of a stove had snapped and it was coming down straight on the welder. In a split-second, Ivan rushed to him and pushed him with all his might. The welder rolled a few feet away. Ivan could not escape. The dome crashed on the pipe and a part of it hit Ivan, injuring him fatally. He was rushed to


80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.
The JAMES BEARD COOKBOOK
Irish Mist Liqueur
Irish Mist Liqueur as savoured by James Beard.

My travels in behalf of excellent cuisine have taken me to places as dissimilar as North Africa and the Pacific Islands.

How enchanting to discover in a discreet Irish Pub, and now here, the crowning glory of the liqueur-makers art.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. Ireland's legendary liqueur.® An elegant jewel of Irish wit that successfully sustains its original promise of warmth, of charm, of conviviality laced with haute cuisine. Rarely have I sensed the vivacity and lyricism of Irish regionalism merged so happily with worldly sophistication. First concocted, I understand in the 14th Century, it can't be quietly kept on ice much longer, except if you will, in a glass. And this, I highly recommend.

Bon Appétit.

> the hospital, where he lay unconscious a number of hours. Then only once he opened his eyes and muttered something in Russian. The attending Russian nurse said "*Ya*" ["*Da*"]. His face lit up, he grinned, and then collapsed forever. I asked the nurse about his muttering. His last inquiry was, "Is my brother saved?"
>
> I can still feel Ivan's broad and hearty grin is pervading the atmosphere, crossing the man-made boundaries.

Chakravorti is a natural writer. Others included in the collection are not so gifted, and yet they manage to convey their feeling of what can only be called regeneration as a result of working at Bhilai. There is, for example, the testimony of K. N. Subbaraman, chief engineer from 1956 to 1959, who, even as he exhorts the Indians to greater effort, reveals the sense of vitality that his compatriots derived from working with the Russians:

> There are many thorns to grasp, but the constant occasions teach the art of folding them back to prevent hurt. That is the abiding reward of exhausting efforts in the thrilling task of building up a mighty project. . . . Many people . . . have revealed inexhaustible potentials for greater tasks. It is sad these are only partly tapped. For hesitations may freeze them while full use can redouble them by a process of catalytic regeneration.
>
> Barriers give way before noble causes. To have a transcending purpose is the sure way of cutting across endemic resistances and prejudices. . . . The obstinacy of understanding melted under the convincing elucidation of the Soviet experts; a tribute must be paid to their patience. A false picture of inability built by the fact of inexperience was torn away by a quickness of perception and convincing variations to set practices that intelligence poised over gigantic opportunities could put out. Soon there was no room for any intellectual jealousy or inferiority complex and a strong bond of coöperation that strove to get the best out of the common thinking and experience was established. Nothing was ever hidden from anyone who wanted to know; and that shook off the inertia from many more, and they too strove to learn. . . . It is strange how the old adage "When there is a will, there is a way" gets proved again and again in all ages.

Similarly, a contribution by a man named Nayar shows the buoyant strength of Indian morale in the face of the trials of Bhilai:

> Almost everyone started thinking in a big way. Those with small minds got pushed around the corner. I remember the hot summer days with mercury staying steady at 118° [and] Russians who had come from . . . the coldest spots in the world, standing in the hot sun and working hand in hand with the Indian engineers. . . . Achievements were not measured in terms of the pleasure of the bosses; they were measured more in terms of the sense of satisfaction and participation of those who performed them. . . . The files were dusty, but the decisions were clean and quick. In a huge project like Bhilai with nearly a lakh of persons at work, morale was important. . . . I think it was the new spirit of achievement, the new spirit of a rising nation, that generated the morale. . . . Bhilai was a great dream—a national dream becoming a reality right before one's eyes.

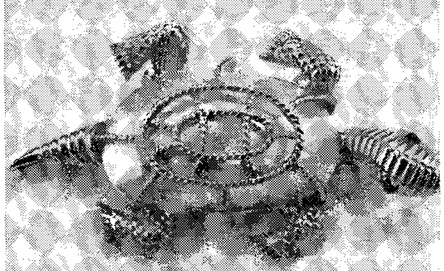
It is, however, left to H. Bhaya, the Secretary of Hindustan Steel, Ltd., which is the parent Indian government corporation of the Soviet, German, and British plants (it is the largest corporation in India), to describe the sense of fulfillment experienced by those who were present at the creation of the plant:

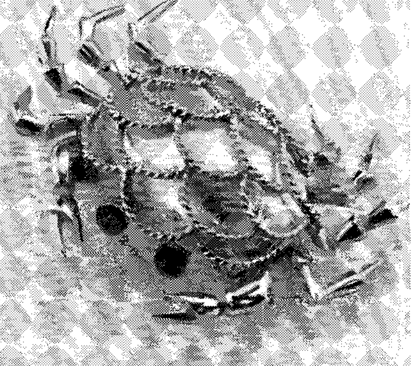
> The sense of awe at the magnitude of the works gave place to admiration for the grandeur and romance of steelmaking, and then it ripened to an abiding affection for the pulsating giant. I was initiated and had become part of a grand team—a team in which not only was each proud of achieving his own task but shared the anxieties and achievements of the others. This was the secret of Bhilai's success—the spontaneous loyalty Bhilai generated.
>
> It was the best of times; it was the worst of times. . . . It was a frenzy without panic, a tempo with a plan. The construction team glowed with pride and satisfaction at the newborn plant they had brought to life, the operation team was anxiously eager to nurture it to its full stature. The human bonds built up through such days were to last forever. All were wrapped up in one object. The plant was the thing. It still is and always will be. . . . A new faith and confidence filled me. There was a meaning and purpose in this vast human activity that could not but grip one's imagination. Each one of us were helping build the future—a future one could almost see, touch, and feel. . . . One also felt that the plant had now a life and personality of its own—quite apart from the men who worked for it—a being that demanded the best from us and also rewarded us with that rare feeling, a sense of fulfillment.

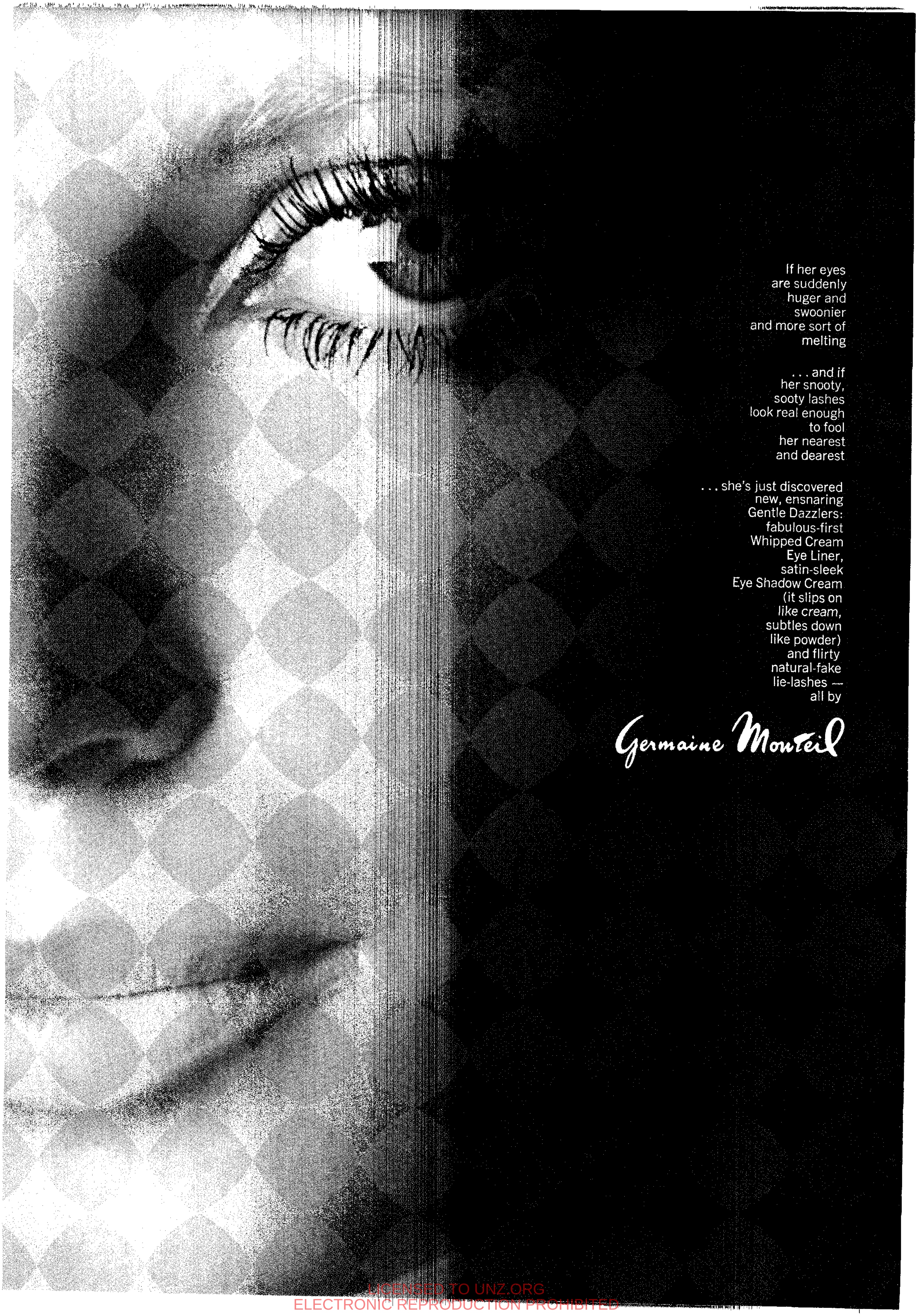
The themes of "Ten Years of Indo-Soviet Collaboration" are refined in a companion collection called "Poets of Bhilai," also published in 1965. Singh, who writes the foreword to this collection as well, notes that it is "presented to the general public as showing that apart from steelmaking, there is a wealth of other talent also available in the Bhilai Township." He recalls that the public had already viewed some of this wealth in the previous year, when the Bhilai steel plant sponsored a drama competition and an exhibition of arts and crafts. This year, he says, the Bhilai steel plant undertook a treasure hunt for music and poetry. He goes on

An unlikely little menagerie but pretty to look at, and all with such a big, warm heart. Genuine mother-of-pearl surrounded by delicate gilding and ruby-red eyes. They're the owl, 17.50, the turtle, $15, and the crab, $15, and all ours alone. Costume Jewelry Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue





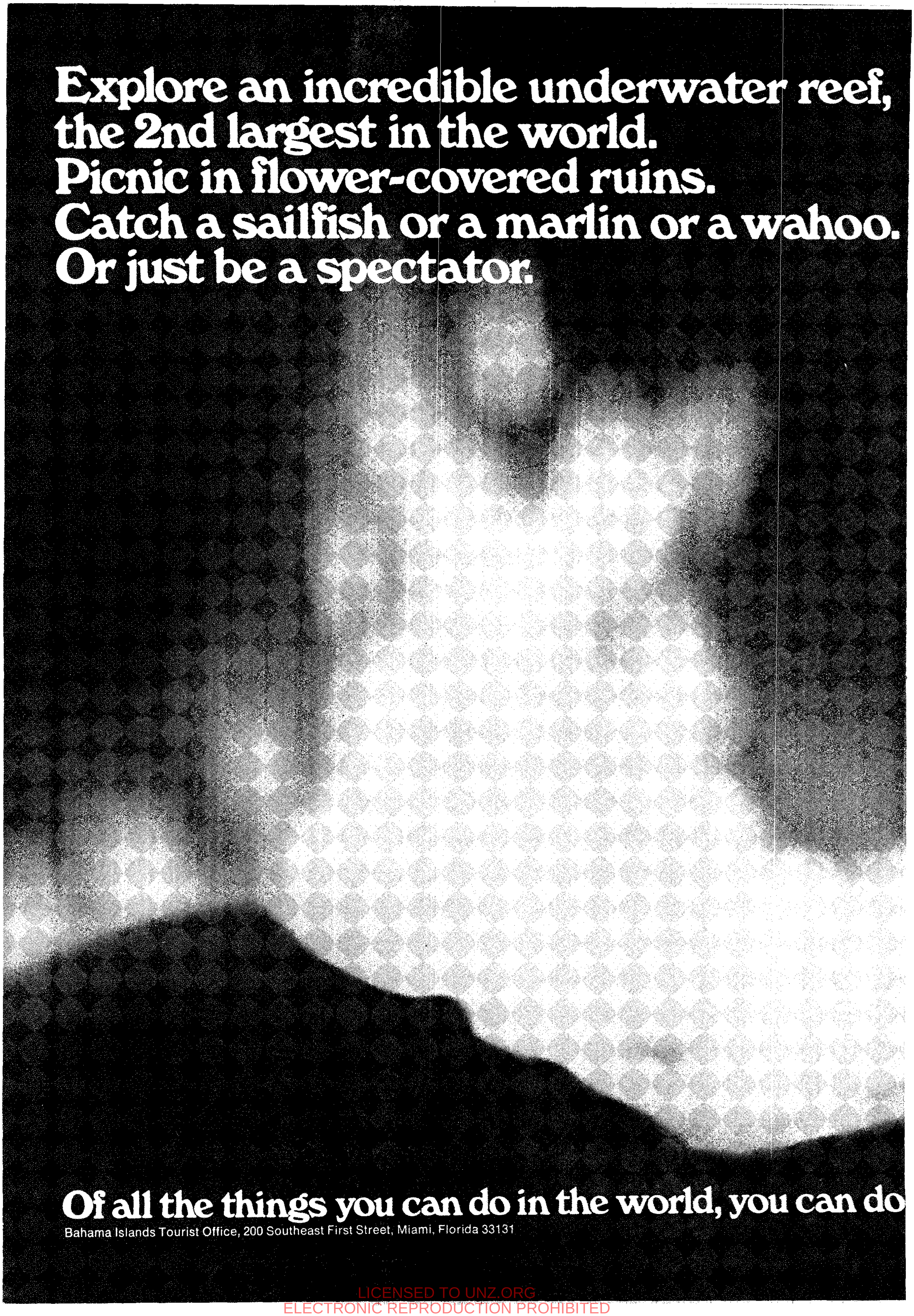


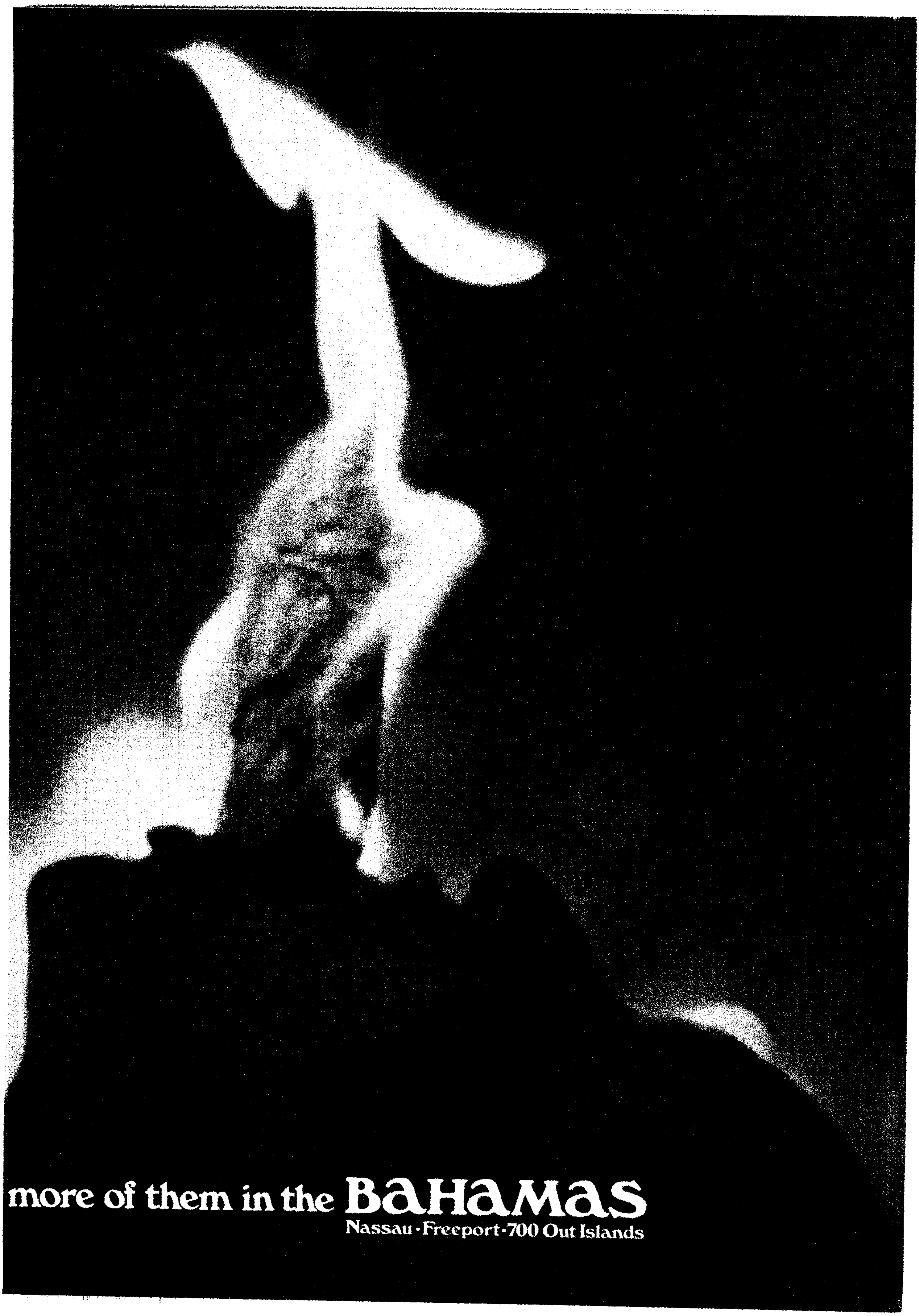
If her eyes
are suddenly
huger and
swoonier
and more sort of
melting

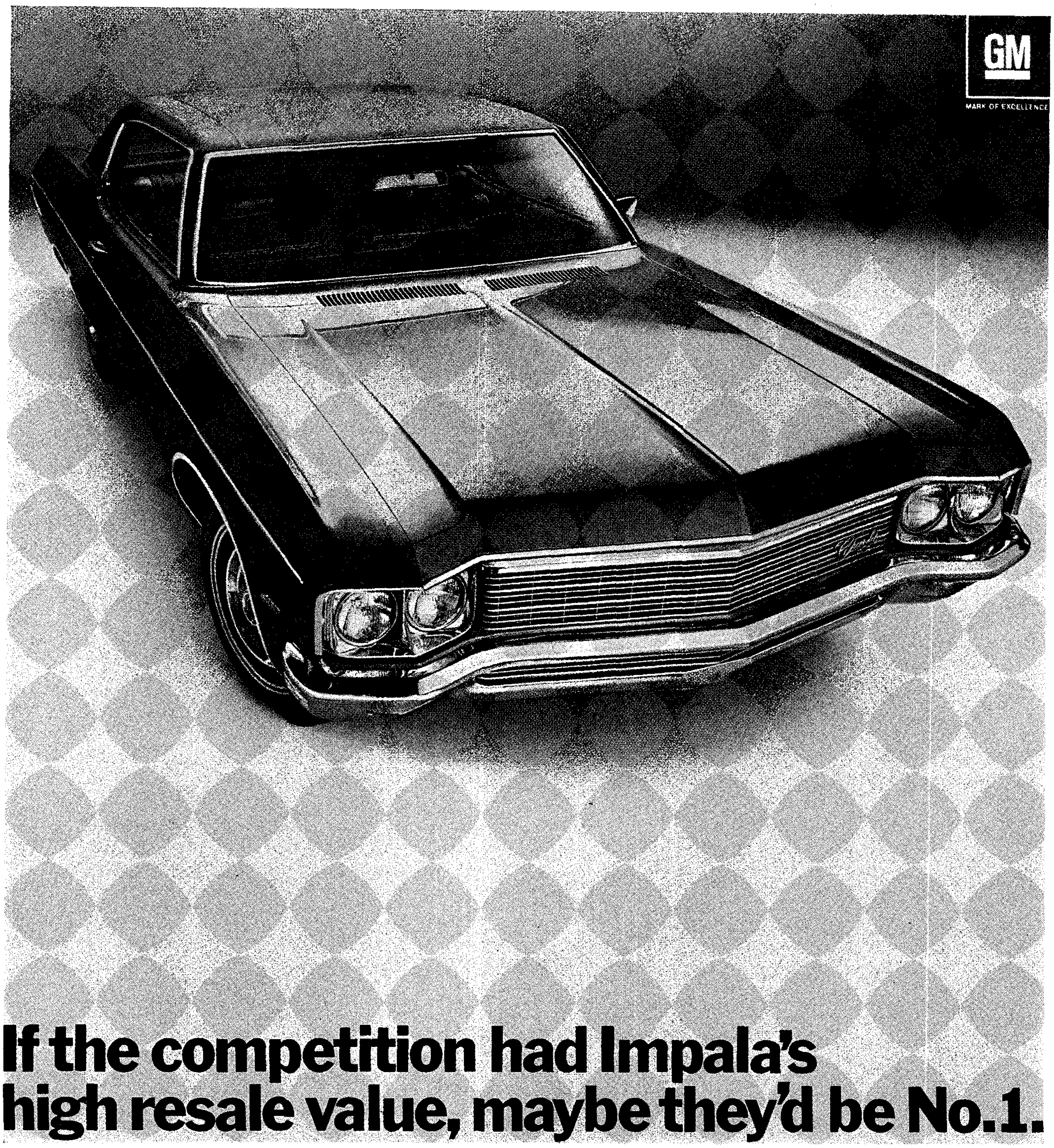
. . . and if
her snooty,
sooty lashes
look real enough
to fool
her nearest
and dearest

. . . she's just discovered
new, ensnaring
Gentle Dazzlers:
fabulous-first
Whipped Cream
Eye Liner,
satin-sleek
Eye Shadow Cream
(it slips on
like cream,
subtles down
like powder)
and flirty
natural-fake
lie-lashes —
all by

Germaine Monteil


Explore an incredible underwater reef, the 2nd largest in the world.
Picnic in flower-covered ruins.
Catch a sailfish or a marlin or a wahoo.
Or just be a spectator.
Of all the things you can do in the world, you can do
Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131


more of them in the Bahamas
Nassau · Freeport · 700 Out Islands


GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE
If the competition had Impala's high resale value, maybe they'd be No.1.

Maybe.

The people at Chevrolet generously offer these tips to competitors to help improve their resale value.

They could try adding Impala's side-guard door beam structure, heavy steel rails inside each door for a greater feeling of security.

They could work a little harder on keeping rocker panels from rusting, just as we have done with our flush-and-dry design.

They could put protective inner fenders in every model, like Impala, to keep outer fenders looking new.

They could hush up the sounds of old age with something like Impala's long life exhaust system.

Impala's cargo-guard luggage compartment is a good bet, too. A steel wall separates luggage from passenger compartment.

But if competition doesn't take these tips, you certainly should.

Buy an Impala. It's such a rewarding car to get rid of.

CHEVROLET

Putting you first, keeps us first.

to say that in the search for local poetry clubs in all sectors of what was now the prospering township of Bhilai did a preliminary screening of poems submitted in English or in any of the regional languages. A second screening followed, and now the best poems—along with their English translations, where necessary—were being offered in "Poets of Bhilai," whose contents, representing works by a total of twenty-four poets, writing in English and in nine regional languages, were, in Singh's opinion, "very high in merit and class." But, reading the poems, one feels, at least on the strength of the English translations—and, from what little I know of the regional languages, the translations seem to be faithful to the spirit of the originals, if not always to the letter—that the poetic wealth lies not so much in the craftsmanship of the poets, who are, after all, amateurs, as in the quality of their emotional response to the steel plant. (Together, the two collections serve to measure the weight of the response.) Like the Bhilai essayists, the Bhilai poets seem to be intoxicated by the possibilities of an industrial society, and—perhaps because they are standing only at its threshold—there are no poems in praise of the Luddite. Instead, the poems celebrate the factory worker and the factory town. It sometimes seems that all the invective reserved in the West today for the robots of the industrial society is here turned against the laggards of the pastoral society. To the poets with no spleen, machines operating are as romantic as sheep grazing. Ramashankar Tiwari writes (the translation, like many others in the collection, is in prose):

SHORE
POINTS
NEXT EXIT

> Bhilai, personified, speaks of its glory and achievement not only in the field of production and its incessant efforts for the industrialisation of the nation but also of the greatest achievement, remarkable as it is, of the national and emotional integration.
>
> Situated in the heart of rich granary of Chhattisgarh, it is a pulsating point of India as a whole. Bhilai, synchronised with the time of machine and toil of hard labour, has become a story of success in countries beyond Ocean.

Some of the poets concentrate on the process of industrialization. For B. P. Verma, the smoke of the steel plant and all human desires are one ("The Chimneys symbolise the passion in human hearts, for growth and progress the Sky is the limit"), and they also are for S. U. Suryanarayanan ("There stand the lofty chimneys of the open-hearth furnaces. . . . If all our achievements in the country are knit into a garland, this steel plant forms its shining locket. Let this garland glitter around the neck of our mother country"). Janak U. Oza conveys the joy of Verma and Suryanarayanan in one pithy couplet:

Lo! the Blast Furnace is alight
Pouring molten iron, oh WHAT delight.

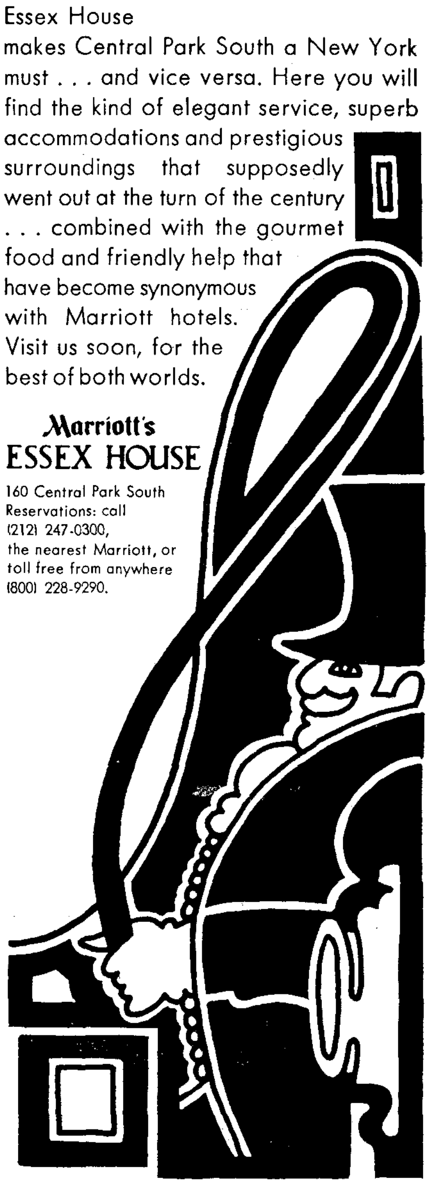
Daneshwar Prasad Sharma sees the process of smelting as an almost mystical act of creation. Using the fact that the Bhilai steel plant produces rails, he writes, "Young night, running train and crowded compartment come to life when someone said 'Bhilai.' " But machines are only one aspect of the industrial process. Another aspect is human labor, and the joy of work also receives its tribute from the poets. For M. L. Chadha, work is almost a religion:

There are some blacksheeps here! also as
everywhere.
Workshirkers petty minded, they are a
slur, a shame.
Here work is worship my Friends.

Indeed, for R. P. Agnihotri even the poet is simply one more worker:

> The Nation today needs poems to raise the morale of mankind. . . . The Poet is the man of the era, creator of new age, and should divert the flow of human thoughts to the needs of progress and prosperity so that a new awakening rises in the world.

To other poets, it is symbolically significant that men from all over the country have been drawn to live and work in Bhilai, for this promises a strong, united India; Bhilai, says Manrakhan Lal Sahu, "is decorated, and its youth is blossomed by the cultures of all corners of the country, and the young maid speaks all the languages of India." Still other poets, however, think of the industrial and nationalistic achievement of Bhilai in terms of military prowess. Munnuwar Sherwani strikes this note when he says that his poem about Bhilai "gives the clarion call to the nation to defend our cherished freedom and our honour from the aggressor on our border." G. P. Sharma implies the identity of an enemy on the border when he gives an alarm to the nation: "Remember the fronts of NEFA and Ladakh." (The reference is to the war in 1962 with the Chinese, who, after professing brotherly feelings toward India for years, mounted an attack on both the North East Frontier Agency and Ladakh—the easternmost and western-


Essex House
makes Central Park South a New York must . . . and vice versa. Here you will find the kind of elegant service, superb accommodations and prestigious surroundings that supposedly went out at the turn of the century . . . combined with the gourmet food and friendly help that have become synonymous with Marriott hotels. Visit us soon, for the best of both worlds.

Marriott's
ESSEX HOUSE
160 Central Park South
Reservations: call
(212) 247-0300,
the nearest Marriott, or
toll free from anywhere
(800) 228-9290.

~~defiance~~
~~only ... but excitement.~~
~~**vod'ka** (vo... n. [Russ. ..., little water.]~~
~~A Russian dist... alcoholic liquor commonly made from rye.~~
~~**vo'gie** (vō... vōg'ĭ), adj. ... vain~~
~~also ... merry~~

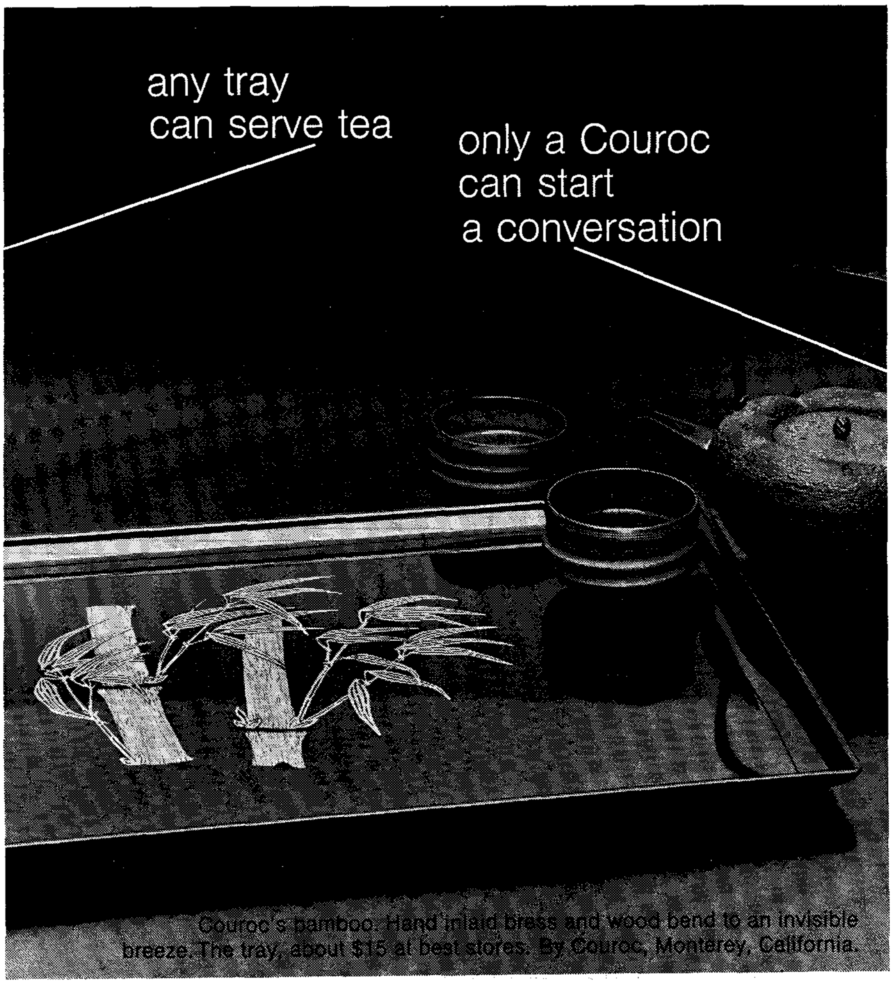
WEBSTER'S WRONG about VODKA!

Vodka really originated in Poland!
You're a Vodka Connoisseur only
after you have tasted the original!
Distilled from 100% grain.

Taste-Test WODKA WYBOROWA

!Vodka dates back to 11th Century Poland, nowhere else.
100 Proof – Imported by AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

Polmos
WODKA
WYBOROWA
100 Proof
4/5



Couroc's bamboo. Hand inlaid brass and wood bend to an invisible breeze. The tray, about $15 at best stores. By Couroc, Monterey, California.

most regions of India's northern border.)

Jwala Prasad Pateria, invoking historical, religious, and legendary heroes, reaches perhaps the highest pitch of patriotic expression:

> Do not worry, Chacha. [Nehru was popularly called "Chacha," or "uncle."] Send us to the front and we will fight the Chinese. The Children of this steel township have hearts of steel, and they are the descendants of Shivaji, Pratap, and Rani Laxmi Bai. We have played in the plains and heights of Vindhyas, and the children of Hanuman and Bhim will burn the Dragon's land and drink his blood. Do not worry; send us to the front—the enemies will retreat—we shall guard the petals of your rose flower, the Tricolour, and every inch of Indian soil.

But Bhilai is, above all, the first step of an impoverished society on the road leading to an industrial utopia. O. N. Rao possibly had this in mind when he wrote his poem, "Dejection," almost in the form of a parable:

> This is also a lyric describing the pathetic journey in the hot Sun of a person deprived of basic needs of living. He doesn't attribute directly anything to anybody for his poor plight, but in his exhortation to a fellow-pedestrian, he mentions the reasons for their long walk from birth to death, sounding some mild aspersions on human Society. . . .
>
> Before he reaches the goal of his life, the destination, he hopes that the horizon of his dreams, neutralising the inequalities, will come true and in that aspiration for ELDORADO he continues his journey with blubbered feet. A hope sustained is a hope attained is signified in this lyric of all pathos.

The utter chaos of diction and imagery and the hyperbolic tone of Rao's poetry, like those of other contributors to the collection, help to illustrate the exaggerated response that the advent of technology can evoke in a poor country.

There is only one discordant voice in the collection. It belongs to Hillole Sen, who shows some concern about the consequences of an industrial society, almost as if he were a veteran of it rather than a tyro. But even he, by the end of his poem, has joined the chorus affirming progress. The poem reads, in its entirety:

> Today it often comes to my mind that the word "Yantra" (machine) has been derived from the word "Yantrana" (pain). As a matter of fact, every pain has its jocund result.
>
> When a conceived lady gets the pain of her child's birth she feels a sort of pleasure and anxiously waits for the moment when the child will be born and ultimately wipe off all the resultant pain. Today in the modern age, which is essentially a Machine Age (yantra-yuga), everybody feels a sort of pain of pleasure and finds

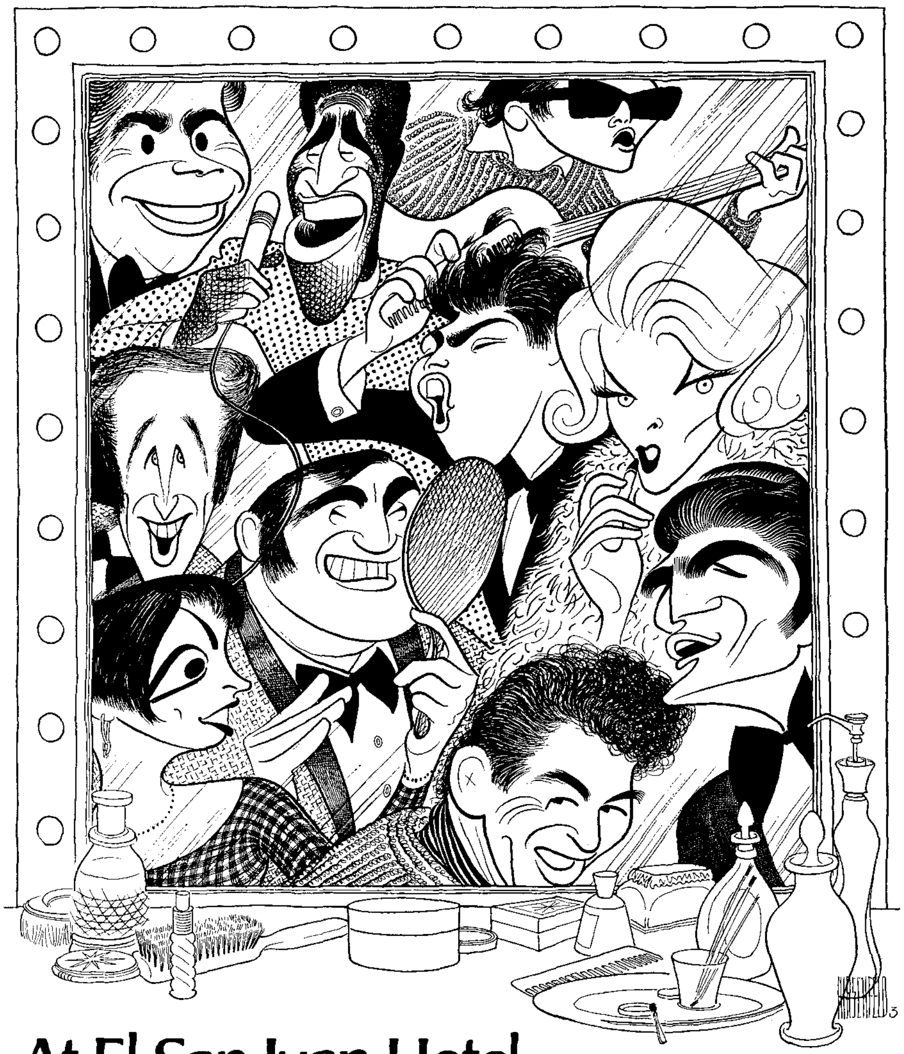
the way of new creations. Amidst this the Bhilai Steel Project was born.

The land of Chhattisgarh created its place in the history of the world by a joint effort of India and Russia and people felt the pleasure of pain in the long run.

There is a curse of the machine also. It makes our minds also mechanised. The machine is good and can take the civilisation to a height, but we must avoid the mechanisation of intellect and mind, which is fatal for civilisation.

Though I came here with a fascinated mind, which was the outcome of the halo of the Bhilai Steel Project, I am still unsatisfied, and I know that dissatisfaction is the source of improvements.

ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC: In 1962, world steel production stood at a record level of three hundred and ninety-four million tons, of which Western Europe accounted for twenty-nine per cent, the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe for twenty-eight per cent, the United States for twenty-five per cent, and Japan for eight per cent. But India's annual steel production, after the first two Five-Year Plans, had risen comparatively little, going from one million tons to three million three hundred thousand. This tonnage was divided almost equally between the plants in the public sector and those in the private one, all of which were experiencing shortages; the training of skilled personnel and the mining of minerals for making steel were not keeping pace with the new plant capacity, such as it was. Some of the production difficulties at Durgapur and Rourkela, however, were attributed to the nature of their products—at Durgapur mostly wheels and axles, and at Rourkela mostly sheets and pipes, all considered by steel men to be harder to produce than rails and girders, the principal output at Bhilai, which was the plant with the best performance of all. India was spending two hundred million dollars a year importing a million tons of steel, and Bhilai, though it was more than twice the size of Durgapur or Rourkela, was designed to reach a capacity of only two and a half million tons. The Indian government was working to alleviate the shortages, and was also going ahead with a scheme for a fourth new plant. As early as 1958, an Indian engineering firm had made a favorable preliminary report on this project, which was to be situated in Bokaro, a town in Bihar lying a hundred and fifty miles northwest of Calcutta. Bokaro, as the newest project was called, would cost from nine hundred million to one and a third billion dollars to build, it was estimated, and would reach a capacity of four million



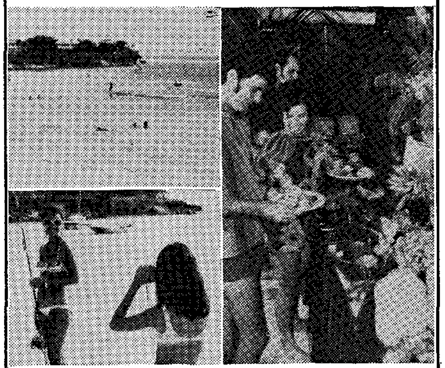
At El San Juan Hotel when the sun goes down the stars come out.

And the stars this season are brighter than ever before. Every one will be appearing at El San Juan Hotel's spectacular Club Tropicoro, the biggest, most sumptuous night club in all of Puerto Rico. The super line-up includes **Paul Anka, Victor Borge, Lana Cantrell, Sammy Davis, José Feliciano, Eddie Fisher, Sergio Franchi, Aliza Kashi, Liza Minnelli, Jane Morgan, Sandler & Young and Jerry Vale.** And star gazing is just one of the many excitements at El San Juan. There's foolproof sun; golf at our nearby El Conquistador Hotel and Club; fabulous food; swingin' cocktail lounges; Olympic size pool; terrific tennis, and the finest beach in Puerto Rico.

el san juan hotel
ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

For reservations at the starriest sun spot in the Caribbean, see your Travel Agent or write or call El San Juan Hotel, 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-8815
Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board • Sam Schweitzer, President • David C. Botbol, V.P./Managing Director
...Also visit our hillside of miracles, El Conquistador Hotel and Club, Las Croabas, Puerto Rico

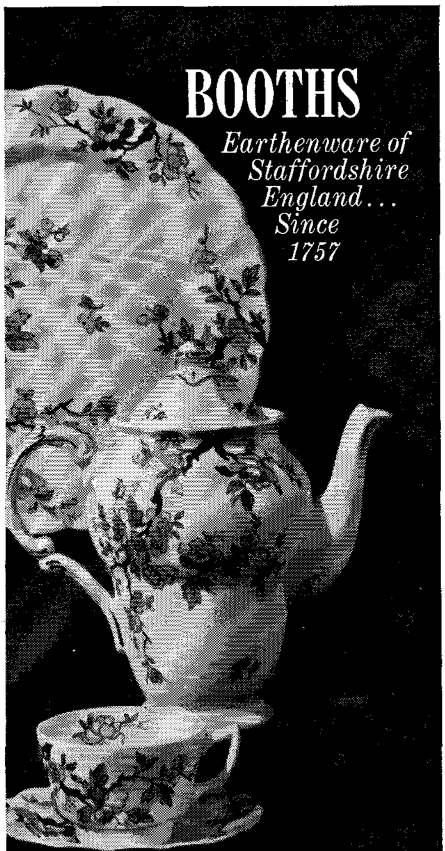
The 'Everything' Hotel



We've got a beach (the most beautiful in the Caribbean) and a giant fresh water swimming pool; a dining room that is internationally famous for its cuisine; all air-conditioned rooms and cottages; water sports (scuba diving, snorkeling, water skiing, sailing); we've got golf nearby and real Caribbean entertainment.

Plan your next vacation at the 'everything' hotel; from December 15 to April 15 from $30.00 single to $55.00 double (U.S.) per day M.A.P.

CROWN POINT HOTEL
TOBAGO, W.I. Cable CROTOB
Robert Perrin, General Manager



BOOTHS
Earthenware of Staffordshire England... Since 1757

CHINESE TREE—5 pc. place setting, about $11.
Available at Tiffany & Co.
Send for FREE illustrated Booths brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. NY, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

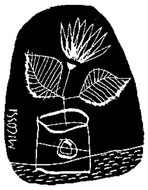
tons. India once again had to search for a foreign sponsor, but neither Britain nor Germany was in a position to embark on a second plant, and India was reluctant to approach the Soviet Union, in part because so great a dependence on one country for machinery and technology was considered inadvisable, especially in the politically strategic area of steel. An approach was made to the United States, where John F. Kennedy was President. In 1958, when India had been seeking an emergency financial transfusion for the almost moribund Second Five-Year Plan, Kennedy, who was then a senator, had been co-sponsor, with Senator John Sherman Cooper, of a resolution that asked Congress to recognize "the importance of the economic development of the Republic of India to its people, to democratic values and institutions, and to peace and stability in the world." At that time, Kennedy made what Indians considered a thoughtful speech on behalf of India's economic development, touching on her specific need for steel and on the new plant at Bokaro.

> We have come increasingly to doubt ourselves, to question the impact of a [foreign] policy whose substance seems so very largely military [he said, according to the *Congressional Record*]. Our sense of drift, our gnawing dissatisfaction, our seemingly hopeless predicament in reaching but the fringes of a great crisis is nowhere more evident than in our search for policies adapted effectively and concretely to the new and generally uncommitted nations which run from Casablanca to the Celebes.... One country in particular—India—has successfully pointed the way to progressive economic development.

He observed that India was a parliamentary democracy with universal suffrage, that she had a stable government with an efficient civil service, and that she had a mixed economy of private and public ownership. He said that India had made better use of American aid than most other recipient countries, and that by her First Five-Year Plan she herself had raised her national income by eighteen per cent. He then turned to the Second Five-Year Plan, which, he said, was in danger of collapsing, and perhaps bringing down with it democracy in India:

> This plan... is... almost two and a half times as large as the first plan. It hopes to carry India across the most difficult threshold of economic growth—the establishment of capital-generative basic industries such as steel.... If successful, it could vigorously mobilize India's rich resources in hydropower, iron ore, manganese, coal, bauxite. The essential features of the plan include four steel mills—one of which [Bhilai] is well advanced.... Unfortunately, a serious foreign exchange crisis has forced India to pare its plan to the core.... The heavy expenditures lie in the heart of the plan—steel, transport, irrigation, power, tool plants.... Informed judgment tells us that it cannot [*cut more deeply into the* plan], for a genuine program of economic development is a seamless web which cannot be pulled apart or rewoven from cheaper materials.

He went on to talk about the range of Soviet aid to India, pointing out that although the Soviet Union had given less aid than the United States and was a comparative latecomer in the field of economic assistance, still, by concentrating on heavy industry, it had seized the opportunity to make its cause one with that of India's Second Five-Year Plan, and now, in addition to the Bhilai steel plant, was assisting with a variety of projects, among them a heavy-machinery plant and a thermal-power plant. Stressing the importance of India to the free world, he said:



> India contains nearly forty per cent of all the free peoples of the uncommitted world.... India, the most important of all the uncommitted states, has entered its formative period.... Its democratic future is delicately and dangerously poised; it would be catastrophic if its leadership were now humiliated in its quest for Western assistance when its cause is good.

Kennedy's speech, which was remembered in India for its intellectual and emotional grasp of economic development, had, as it happened, little effect on aid. India did not receive American aid for the plant at Bokaro, or for any other industrial project of the Second Five-Year Plan, and the web of economic development began to unravel. By 1962, India had received about four billion dollars from the United States, compared to only about eight hundred million dollars from the Soviet Union, but Soviet aid, with its dramatic industrial projects, was continuing to make the greater impression; American economic aid not only was spread over a longer period but was restricted—mainly as a consequence of the American aversion to any Socialist pattern of state-owned industry—to agriculture and to the military.

In 1962, however, both President Kennedy and his Ambassador to India, John Kenneth Galbraith, were ready to abandon the shibboleth against aid to state-owned industry, and Galbraith, like Kennedy, was a strong advocate of the Bokaro project. Since it was up to

Our geniuses have a maddening capacity for taking pains.

Fortunately.

We've been telling you for several months now that we'd rather be a great small furniture company than an ordinary big one.

And you must have been paying attention. Because we find we're getting bigger.

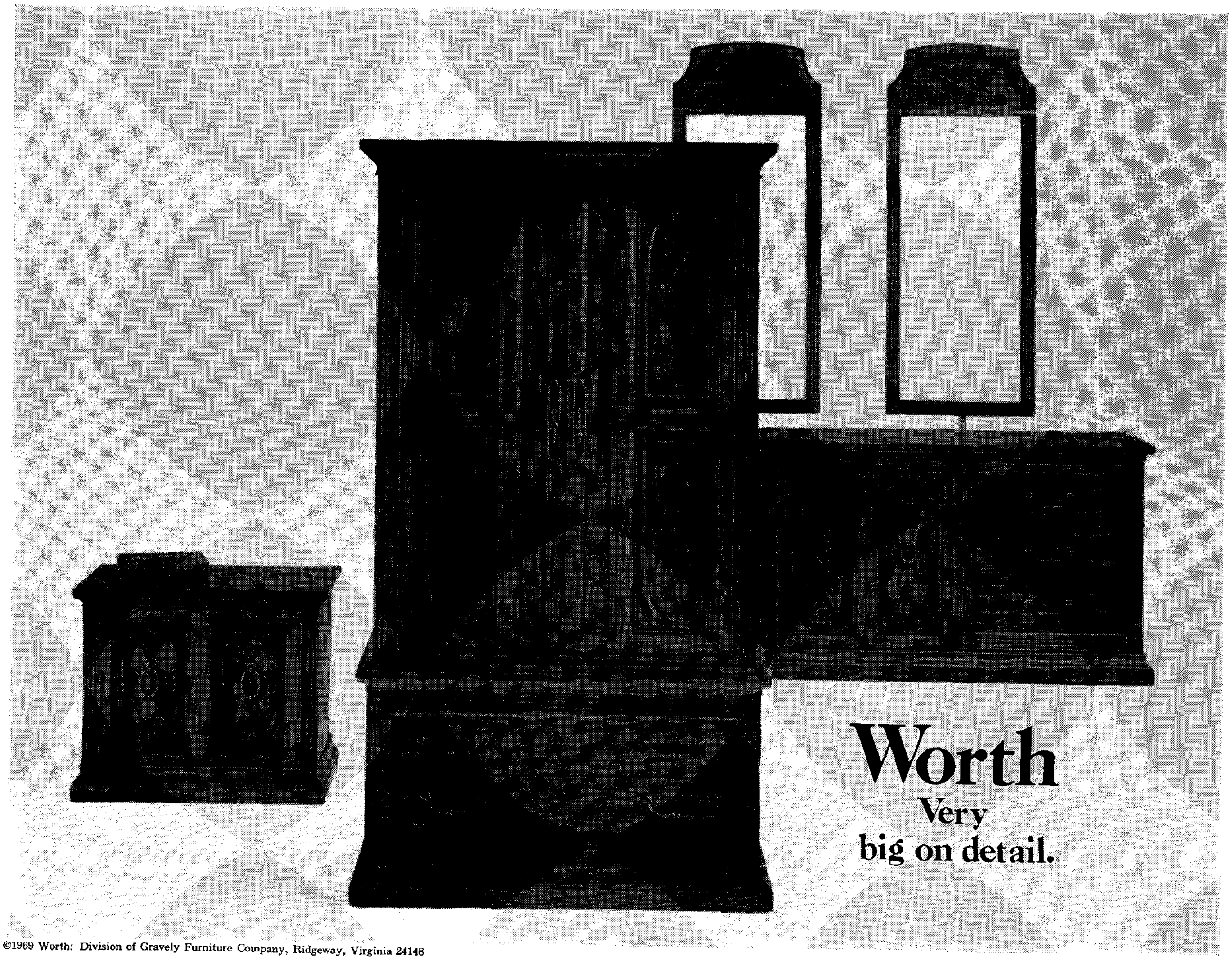
Which presents problems. For, too often, the price of growth is mediocrity. In the pressure to boost production, for example, the temptation is to cut a corner here, lower a standard there.

A temptation, we're proud to say, our geniuses in charge of production are not about to succumb to.

Witness our elegant Criteria group, a small sampling of which is shown below. It has been a classic of our line for quite some time. Time enough to have learned how to cut corners in making it. But we resist.

It's a matter of principle. The principle being that the minute we started compromising with quality, you'd know it. And we can't afford to let that happen.

We're Worth Furniture, Ridgeway, Virginia 24148, and we'd like to show you more. If you'll send us one dollar, we'll send you a folio which illustrates in copious detail what we're so proud of. Meanwhile, ask your favorite dealer about us. And help stamp out creeping mediocrity.



©1969 Worth: Division of Gravely Furniture Company, Ridgeway, Virginia 24148

the Administration to decide how to spend the foreign-aid funds that Congress authorized, the prospects for American sponsorship of the project now seemed excellent. In the early spring of 1962, the Agency for International Development commissioned the United States Steel Corporation to make a technical and economic survey of the Bokaro project. The survey was completed within eight months, at a cost of $686,344, and was published in two volumes. It judged the project to be feasible, under certain conditions: that the time allotted for plant construction be extended for six years beyond the date of the completion of the Fourth Five-Year Plan, in 1971—the time limit set by the Indian government—and that the project be independent of Hindustan Steel's bureaucracy and instead be entrusted to a separate public corporation, to be managed by Americans not only during the construction period but for some years afterward. It was thought unlikely that India would balk at the conditions set forth in the survey; she had already agreed that Bokaro, which would be the most expensive single aid project ever sponsored by the United States anywhere, should take the place of all other American aid to India during the construction period. As a matter of fact, though, India was afraid that, however far she went toward meeting the demands of the survey, some of which were clearly aimed at weakening state management, the United States, when the time came for the final decision, might not be able to bring itself to further a form of Socialism abroad that it spurned at home.

In March, 1963, the Committee to Strengthen the Security of the Free World, a government body appointed by Kennedy and headed by General Lucius D. Clay, submitted to the President a rather pessimistic report on American military and economic assistance programs.

> While we realize that in aiding foreign countries we cannot insist upon the establishment of our own economic system, despite its remarkable success and progress, we should not extend aid which is inconsistent with our beliefs, democratic tradition, and knowledge of economic organization and consequences [the report noted at one point]. Moreover, the observation of countless instances of politically operated, heavily subsidized, and carefully protected insufficient state enterprises in less-developed countries makes us gravely doubt the value of such undertakings in the economic lives of these nations.... The only way the Congress can express its disapproval of a development loan project is through a

BACCARAT . . . the crystal of Kings . . . since 1764

BACCARAT . . . for gourmets . . . for brides . . . for hostesses

BACCARAT . . . for stemware . . . for gifts . . . from France

BACCARAT, now two hundred years old, is justly famous among connoisseurs and discriminating hostesses for the variety of its stemware patterns and gourmet glasses, either plain or cut, modern or traditional. The PERFECTION pattern above, created in 1933 in a perfect BORDEAUX shape, on a slender, tall stem is $7.50 each.

Write Dept. Y4 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

FOR SALE:
Serenity*

It's yours at Palmetto Dunes. On magnificent Hilton Head Island. Where you can own luxury lagoon and fairway homesites. Or purchase Golf Condominiums and condominium units in our ocean-front Inn. At Palmetto Dunes, leisure and sport are as limitless as they are convenient. Such as year-round golf on our Robert Trent Jones course... the first of three 18-hole courses planned. Plus tennis, fishing, swimming, and everything you need to enjoy a lift or a lifetime.

PALMETTO DUNES
P.O. Box 5008, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928

I'm interested in the serenity at Palmetto Dunes.
Send me your free color brochures.

NAME____________________________

ADDRESS__________________________

CITY____________________________

STATE_______________ZIP________

specific prohibition in the authorization act. The committee is of the opinion that the Congress should have a strong voice in the decision as to how the United States taxpayers' money is to be spent overseas. As it is now, the executive has the sole authority for this decision.

Simultaneously, American steel and shipping interests mobilized to oppose the Bokaro project, and it was pointed out in speeches in the House and the Senate that between 1958 and 1962 American steel exports had dropped from two million eight hundred thousand tons to two million tons, causing unemployment at American docks as well as at the steel plants; that fifty per cent of the American steel exports went to Asia; that in this Asian market the United States was already being supplanted by Japan, where the working wage in a steel plant was only sixty-three cents an hour, compared to $2.29 an hour, the minimum union wage in America; and that an expanded steel industry in India might one day close the Asian market to American steel altogether. Newspapers of many political persuasions also came out against the Bokaro project. Some editorials took it as an ideological threat; for instance, the Chicago *Sun-Times* commented, "Broadly speaking, the opposite of private enterprise and individual capitalism is state ownership, state production, and state distribution. Or, if you will, Marxism. This is precisely the status of the proposed steel mill in India. . . . It would be far better to loan the necessary money to India so she could buy steel in the free world market than to endorse, with dollars, a philosophy dedicated to the overthrow of our own way of life." Other editorials regarded Bokaro as simply a bad investment; the *Wall Street Journal* commented, "Though that nation [India] has received more United States aid than any other country, its economic troubles and demands for outside assistance are not decreasing but increasing. A major reason is the bungling of India's government planners—their insistence on emphasizing industry at the expense of badly needed food output, their reliance on tangled networks of controls, their stress on socialistic projects designed more for political profit than for economic gain." And some news reports were colored by an outright hostile tone, like this one from the *U. S. News & World Report* for April 15, 1963:

> In Washington, a report on foreign aid has just been made by a special White House committee headed by Gen. Lucius Clay. This report opposed use of dollars of American aid to finance construction

LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored . Made and bottled by 80 Proof
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI - SOLARO (Italy)
EXCLUSIVELY FOR AND IMPORTED BY
McKesson Liquor Co., New York, N.Y.

Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano.

The *carabinieri:* in 16th century Italy, they were soldiers; in the 17th, bodyguard to the King; today, Italy's elite corps of police and presidential guard. A *carabiniere* stands as symbolic guardian of Galliano, legendary Italian liqueur said to be "distilled from the rays of the sun." Perhaps you *can* taste a touch of sunlight in every sip. Galliano has conquered America.
Let it win *you* over. Tonight?

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1969

What typifies Denmark? A smile. Grins just grow around anything Danish. See it by visiting the happy fur collection of Birger Christensen, at Bonwit Teller. And bring a gloomy friend. She'll smile too.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Collinsiana is . . .
a Flower Child
on a box bag,
resplendent
with iridescent
jewels. From
Enid Collins'
Spring Collection.
$14 at all
fine stores.

Collins of Texas
320 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

> for socialized industries that compete with private industry in a country....
>
> The first [Indian] Government mill to be completed was financed by the Russians.... American engineers describe the mill as extremely simple in design, but it does produce steel. Their description expresses the view that the mill is built by peasants for peasants.
>
> Russians have kept control of this whole operation, with the Indian general manager no more than a figurehead.
>
> The German experience, by comparison, had been a nightmare.... Trouble developed and a special commission of German technicians was appointed to find what was wrong.
>
> The commission found: Indian personnel with adequate training was extremely scarce.... Absenteeism had risen to 25 percent. Hindustan Steel, Ltd.... had 3,600 headquarters personnel, and a minor decision required from 24 to 36 months. About 30 percent of Indians trained in Germany were given jobs for which they were not trained....
>
> British experience at India's third Government steel mill is only a little better....
>
> Private steel companies have the trained personnel, experience and means to expand to meet India's steel needs. Government stands in their way. The question is whether American taxpayers now will build new steel facilities to take the place of those that could be financed privately.
>
> Indian officials already are wheeling out the whipsaw argument. They say that if Americans do not go ahead with the project, then the Russians will.

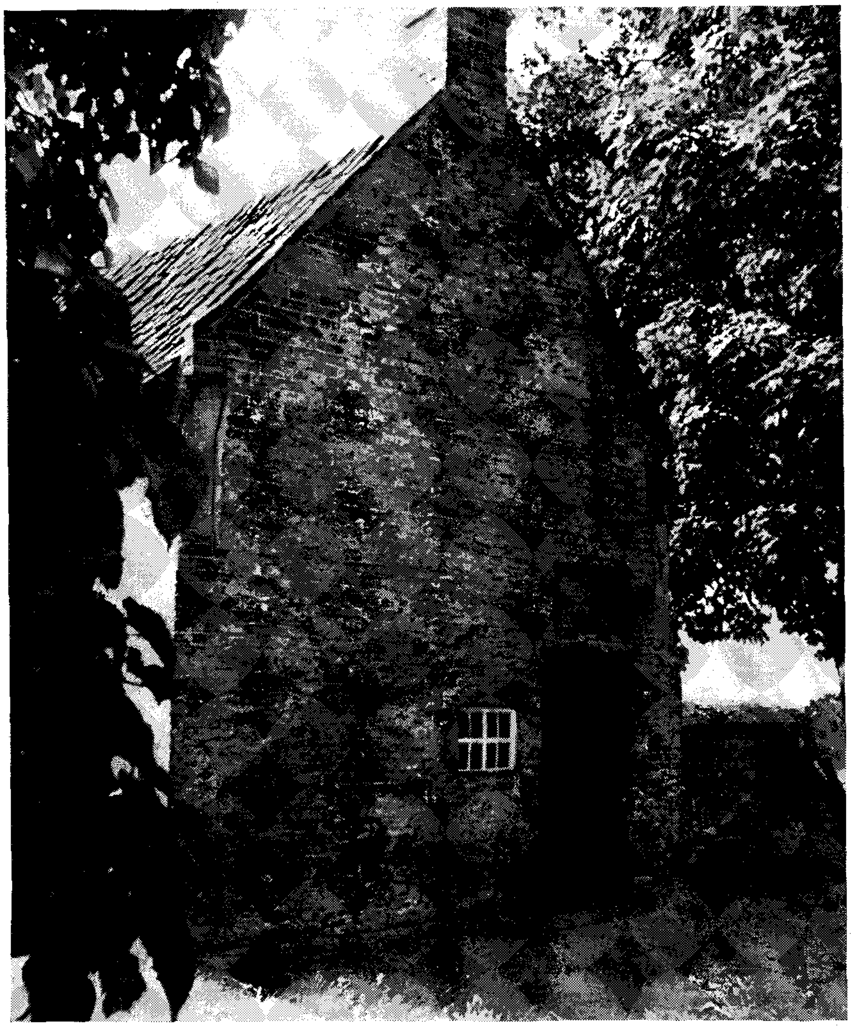
Many of the facts in the *U. S. News & World Report* article, like many printed elsewhere, were disputed by both Indians and Americans. For instance, the representatives of the private steel industry in India, whose economic freedom or lack of it was one of the main points of contention in the American attack on Bokaro, were firm in their support of the project. J. R. D. Tata, chairman of Tata Enterprises, which included the Tata Iron & Steel Co., stated that it was not within the means of Indian private industry to build a steel plant on anything like the scale of Bokaro, and Bharat Ram, president of the Indian Federation of Commerce and Industry, an organization akin to the American Chamber of Commerce, wrote, in a letter to the Washington *Post:*

> I want to correct an impression in some quarters in the United States that Indian private enterprise views with varying degrees of disagreeableness the Bokaro steel project. This is obviously based on an imperfect knowledge of Indian conditions and our requirements of steel.... Currently the per capita consumption of steel in India, taking into account domestic output and imports, is 11 kilograms; and this is one of the lowest in the world.... The Government of India's steel policy vis-a-vis public and private sectors of the industry is one of non-discrimination and equal treatment. This policy was recently reiterated by the India Minister for Steel and Heavy Industries. It has drawn favorable comment from the leaders of the Indian steel industry in private hands, and according to them competition between the two sectors of the Indian steel industry will not arise in view of the nationalized and controlled operation of the two sectors. So, to the Indian steel industry, Bokaro does not present any problem of disadvantageous competition.... I am also of the view that the lack of adequate quantities of steel is standing in the way of a more rapid development of private sector industries, including small industries where there is a marked tendency to take to metallurgical based operations, and of which steel-based are the most significant.

The American proponents of the Bokaro project also challenged the opinion that a mixed economy was identical with Socialism. They said that, even apart from the fact that in underdeveloped countries the power of rich private families was historically and emotionally associated with oppression, while state ownership was looked upon as a cornucopia of shared benefits, still, for the production of steel, many countries—including, surprisingly, Japan, the conservative business interests' favorite example of a capitalist, democratic industrial society—relied on a combination of private and public enterprise in the early stages of industrialization. Galbraith, drawing together some of the arguments in favor of the Bokaro project, wrote, also in the Washington *Post*, in August of 1963:

> The Bokaro plant has acquired a vast symbolic interest in the subcontinent. On no subject during my tour as Ambassador was I so intensively queried.... When the American Mount Everest team returned to New Delhi after its successful climb, it was said, jokingly, that the first question addressed to the leader at his press conference concerned his attitude on Bokaro.... There is agreement... on the favorable effect of this plant on the American economy. Our own steel industry is not expanding. As a result, firms engaged in this kind of construction and machine building have a good deal of excess capacity and idle labor force. Heavy engineering firms in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, northern Indiana, Illinois, and elsewhere would especially welcome the business and employment [from producing equipment for the Bokaro project].... The experience of countries such as India with private capitalism has been different from ours. It is identified in many minds with the foreign ownership of earlier times.
>
> The Communists offer public ownership or socialism, and excoriate private ownership. If we excoriate public ownership, and insist in an equally dogmatic way on private capitalism, we leave those who believe deeply in democratic socialism no choice but to align themselves with the Communists.... We know from experience in Scandinavia, Great Britain,

In this little house in England are the roots of America. In Mayflower Year, BOAC takes you back.



In this house William Brewster, William Bradford and the Pastor Richard Clyfton organized the Pilgrims and planned their departure. These historic meetings led to the Mayflower voyage and the landing in Plymouth, Massachusetts. That was 1620. In the year of the 350th anniversary of the crossing, BOAC turns things around and takes you back. Back to Plymouth, England to see where it all started.

And BOAC has put together a unique Mayflower '70 tour for $595 that takes you back, shows you around and includes air fare, first-class hotels, sightseeing and most meals. You'll fly from New York to London on BOAC's exclusive VC 10 or 707 and see Rotherithe, the place where the original Mayflower was actually built. After an on-the-town evening in London, it's on to Southampton where the Pilgrims first sailed out on the Speedwell, the ship that proved not seaworthy enough for the long haul to America. Then, after brief visits to Winchester, the old capital of England, ancient and puzzling Stonehenge, Salisbury, Exeter and Cornwall, you'll arrive in Plymouth.

Plymouth. Where 350 years ago a small group of courageous people set out to find a new life in America. And where their history and spirit is still alive today. Other historical ships will be on exhibit along with a 1620 model town. There'll be an ancestry tracing service which might uncover some interesting things about your past. Plus hundreds of local exhibits, contests and celebrations bringing the past and present together, giving you in 1970 a feeling for what Plymouth, its people and its countryside,was like in 1620.

All of BOAC's tours are making Mayflower Year the perfect time to see Britain. On our complete Mayflower Tour for $595. Or on your own with our new 29/45-day Economy Excursion fare from $250* round trip from New York. Or try our two-week Show Tour which includes hotels, air fare, theatre tickets and free rental car for three days. If you'd like to drive around Britain take BOAC's two-week Bonanza Tour which includes air fare, hotels and guest houses and a free rental car. And make your own excursions to Plymouth and its countryside. BOAC has 86 flights a week from the U.S. to Britain, more than any other airline. And we come from England ourselves. All of these reasons are probably why BOAC has been named official carrier for Mayflower '70.

For more information on how BOAC can help you make your own historic crossing, 1970-style, call your Travel Agent or BOAC. Or mail the coupon.

British Overseas Airways Corporation
Box VC 10, Dept. 153–402
New York, N.Y. 10011 MU 7-1600

I'd like to make an historic crossing in Mayflower Year.
Please send me more information on:
☐ Mayflower Tours ☐ Show Tours ☐ Bonanza Tours
☐ BOAC's New Round-trip Fare

Name
Address
City State Zip
My Travel Agent is

BOAC
Somebody up there cares.

Tours based on 14/21-day Group Inclusive fares. *Effective March 1. Subject to Government approval.

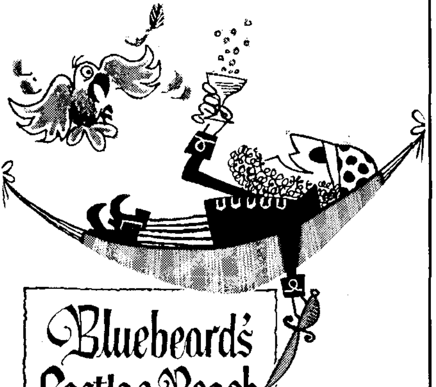
Canada, New Zealand, and even our own past that a pragmatic combination of public and private ownership is quite compatible with personal liberty....

The Clay Committee report... was greeted with unalloyed enthusiasm by the Indian left-wing press.... They took it as proof that the democratic socialists had no future on our side.

Although the Clay report could not be read as a clear-cut veto of projects like Bokaro (the Washington *Post* commented, "The antagonists have chosen to ignore that passage in the Clay report which declares that 'in aiding foreign countries, we cannot insist upon the establishment of our own economic system, despite its remarkable success and progress' "), one of the effects of the report's urging more congressional control of foreign-aid projects was to place the fate of the Bokaro project in the hands of Congress, and the proposal was debated there in the summer of 1963. Senators and representatives opposing the Bokaro project said, among other things, that it was "a direct repudiation of our economic principles," that Indian planners were "inoculated with the Marxist virus," that these planners were trying to "disguise their enthusiastic bias in favor of Socialism as logical necessity born of peculiar circumstances," and that Socialism was "merely a temporary sojourn" on the way to Communism. Frank J. Lausche, a Democratic senator from Ohio, spoke for many of them when, on the floor of the Senate, he said of growing rumors that India would, after all, ask the Soviet Union to help with the Bokaro project, "If India is saying to our government, 'Unless you give us the nine hundred million dollars promptly, we will go to Russia for aid to help establish this plant,' I would say to them, 'Go.' Red Russia will never give them the money, and if she does, it will be on terms under which India will have to sell its soul."

On August 22, 1963, the Bokaro project was debated in the House of Representatives in connection with an amendment to that year's foreign-aid bill which had been introduced by William S. Broomfield, a Republican from Michigan. The burden of the Broomfield amendment was that any single foreign-aid project in excess of a hundred million dollars must receive specific approval from Congress. Silvio O. Conte, a Republican representative from Massachusetts, said in a speech in support of the amendment:

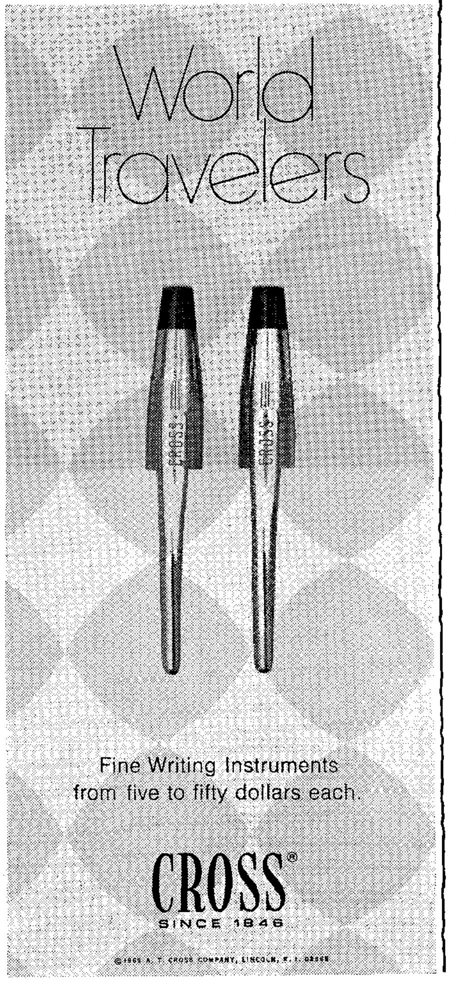
> I want to shatter the myth of those that say the Soviet-financed mill in India



where all the pampered pirates stay and play...

Bluebeard's Castle & Beach HOTELS
ST. THOMAS, U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbor. Drink in the Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300-year-old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Dine on the starlit Terrace or in the Rogues' Galley. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room. Treasure hunt the mile-long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL.
Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.
For folders, information see your Travel Agent.
Represented by
THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
1345 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, New York 10019 • (212) 765-5800



World Travelers

Fine Writing Instruments from five to fifty dollars each.

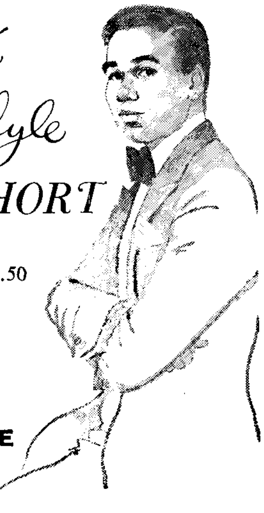
CROSS®
SINCE 1846

$1,500 to $6,000
Personal Loans to Executives
*
Strictly Confidential
*
A nation-wide Executive Loan Service designed for responsible executives as a convenient supplementary source of personal credit. No collateral, no endorsement, no embarrassing investigation. All details handled by mail from the privacy of your office. If you pre-pay we refund all unearned interest.

References:
First National Bank of St. Paul
Northwestern National Bank of St. Paul
First National Bank of Minneapolis
Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis

For full particulars write
Mr. A. J. Bruder, Vice President
Industrial Credit Plan, Inc.
653 Hamm Building
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
BOBBY VINTON
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
SANDY BARON
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SAT. 8, 11 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900



Café Carlyle
BOBBY SHORT
Complete Dinner $7.50 served to 9:30 p.m.
Entertainment from 9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Cover $3 p.p.
Minimum $3 p.p. after 9:30.
HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. at 76th ST.
TEL. 744-1600

is justification for our going in and building this one at this time. Their steel mill [Bhilai] was financed by a 12-year loan from the Soviets at a 2.5 percent interest, repayable in hard currency, at a total amount of $136 million. . . . Our loan, on the other hand, would amount to almost a billion dollars, a sizable chunk of the $1.8 billion expected cost of the mill. [The estimated cost of the Bokaro project rose along with the rhetoric.] This would be in the form of a 40-year development credit loan, with a 10-year grace period. Our interest will be three-fourths of 1 percent. Through long experience with these development credit loans we can be certain that we will not get too much of this money back.

In other words, we will give India about a billion dollars. The Indian government will then form a corporation to build the mill. India will lend money to the corporation at 5¾ percent interest, not overlooking the fact that for every ton of steel made in India there is a charge of $52 a ton. *In toto*, this means that the Indian government will realize over a 20-year period, out of our $1 billion alone, about $5.5 billion.

Furthermore, we will be lucky to even receive a million dollars out of the billion that we contribute. There will also be powerful competition to sell them [the reference is to India] steel at a cheaper rate than we can sell it to India.

There is no guarantee, either, that would prevent the Indians from buying cheaper steel from the other steel-producing countries who could sell to them at a cheaper rate. That is to say, if they still have need for steel even above and beyond what Bokaro would produce.

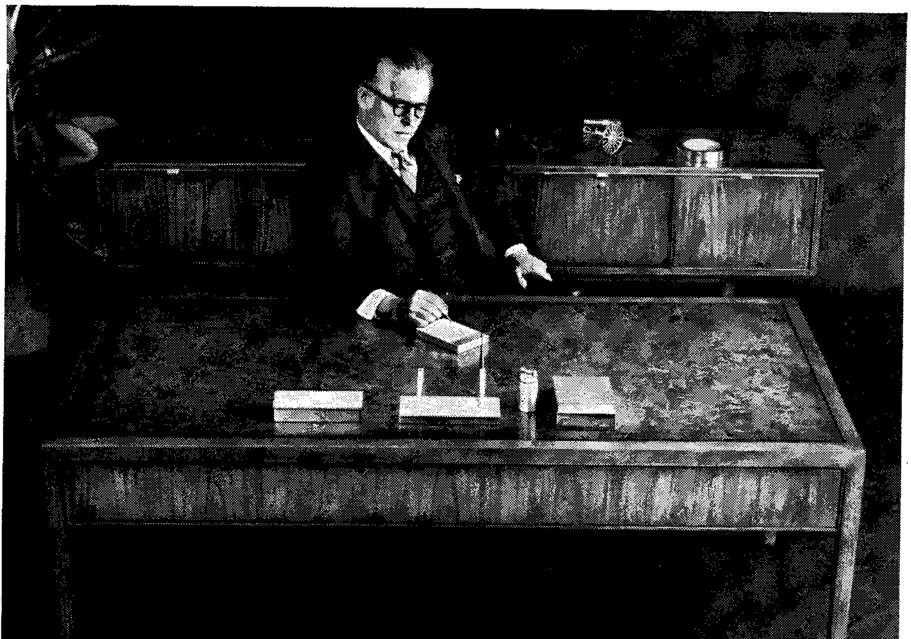
For example, Japan could sell India a ton of steel for $102 at dockside. It would cost India $174 for a ton of steel at dockside from the United States.

Representative Conte's facts and figures might have been open to question, but it was clear that his colleagues shared his views, for the Broomfield amendment was easily carried. A few weeks later, the Indian government, concluding that the Bokaro project would fare no better in another session of Congress, debating another year's foreign-aid bill, withdrew its request. Learning of this turn of events, John H. Kyl, a Republican representative from Iowa, saluted the author of the Broomfield amendment, saying, "It is my opinion that if the gentleman from Michigan had not proceeded so diligently with his work . . . this project would have remained in the foreign-aid authorization. Mr. Broomfield thus saved this Congress and the country from making a costly mistake."

In 1964, the Soviet Union formally offered, on terms similar to those providing for the construction of Bhilai, financial and technical assistance to India in building her biggest steel plant, and in due course Indian and Soviet administrators, engineers, and design-

PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
Triple Orange
PARIS FRANCE

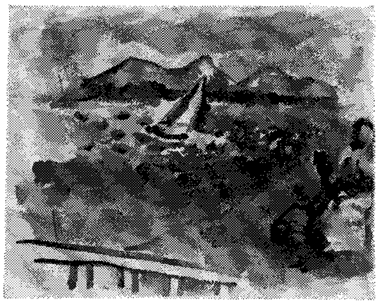
The Spirit of Grand Marnier . . . comes alive with every sip. Grand Marnier is made from fine Cognac Brandy and the peel of bitter oranges . . . a delightful drink in a snifter . . . or cocktails, and excels in gourmet recipes. Try the Grand Marnier Sour for a new exciting drink, or Grand Marnier coffee, an elegant dessert drink. For cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free booklet.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE / MADE FROM FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. NY-2, 745 5TH AVE., N.Y.C. 10022



SD
STOW/DAVIS

When you are in a position to make the choice.

Transition by Stow/Davis is a collection of office furniture created to maintain one corporate look in many executive levels. The look is keyed to a subtle line of gleaming chrome or bronze — the balance between modern and traditional that Stow/Davis calls Transition. Your architect, interior designer or dealer will assist you. STOW/DAVIS New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Grand Rapids. Write for a Transition Brochure: Stow/Davis, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49502, Dept. 333.



Seascape, 1930, Watercolor, 8¾ x 11½ inches

ABRAHAM
RATTNER

Watercolors & Drawings

Through March 7
Fully Illustrated Catalogue, $3.00

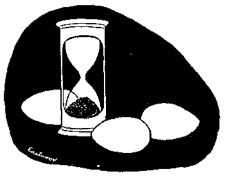
Kennedy Galleries
FOUNDED 1874 • BY H. WUNDERLICH
20 EAST 56TH STREET • NEW YORK 10022
Open Tuesday through Saturday

The Davis Cabinetmaker puts about twelve weeks of skill and patience and pride into making a solid walnut hutch that Adelaide will love one day, almost as much as her china doll,
DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY

For "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture" send $1.00 to Dept. NY10, Davis Cabinet Co., Nashville, Tenn.
"Craftsmen of Fine Solid Wood Furniture"

ers arrived in Bokaro to take up the work.

AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE VOLGA AND THE GANGA: At the time of the census of 1951, Bhilai had an area of 28 square miles and a population of 7,116, made up of fifteen agrarian hamlets, whose areas and populations varied from 482 to 2,676 acres and from 172 to 1,226 inhabitants. Ten years later, Bhilai, thanks to its new importance, had an area of 40.14 square miles and a population of 86,116. (Literate and educated persons numbered 43,179, and workers numbered 48,772, most of the latter now being engaged in such unpastoral activities as construction, mining, manufacturing, commerce, transport, and communications.) The 1961 census, in a section classifying towns with a population under five thousand as Class VI and those with over a hundred thousand as Class I, ranked Bhilai as a Class II town. In a section classifying districts according to their growth in respect to the number of new towns during this century, however, the census still ranked Durg forty-first among the forty-three districts of the state. (It contained five small towns in 1901 and eight in 1961.) Still, statistics do not add up to a community. And so to the perennial *Gazetteer*.



> From the earliest times man has sought to acquire knowledge of his immediate environment, partly in order to survive but also partly because of his innate curiosity [notes the introductory volume of the *Gazetteer of India*—"Imperial" has naturally been dropped from the title—revised, edited, and launched in 1965 under the direction of Humayun Kabir, then an education adviser to the central government]. In the course of time, this led him to undertake a study of his own country and record his impressions in various tangible forms. He did not rest there.... Travellers' accounts [written by natives or foreigners] ... became a recognized form of literature quite early in history. Soon, such accounts were organized in what may be called Gazetteers or Geographical Dictionaries. Today, their scope has been expanded further so as to cover the physical features and the history of a country as well as the social, political and economic life of the people inhabiting it.

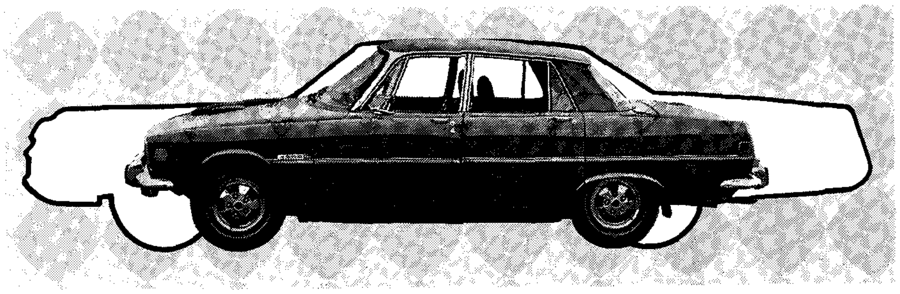
In discussing present-day Bhilai, the new *Gazetteer* points out that the concept of the town, as it is understood in the West, was actually introduced to village India by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century but remained almost unknown in the country as a whole until the nineteenth century, when the British transported their little bit of England to India. Even then, the town was a hybrid affair—a cantonment of spacious bungalows and broad, straight roads, of parks and playing fields, grafted onto a village of ramshackle dwellings and congested bazaars, of narrow, winding lanes with gullies leading off them. "Examples of such cultural schizophrenia are Bangalore, Poona, Ahmadabad, and Delhi," the new *Gazetteer* comments, and it goes on to say that the culturally homogeneous industrial town was nonexistent until this century, when a few industrial towns had "literally sprung up in jungles where previously tigers roamed." The account in the new *Gazetteer* continues:

> In Independent India, three new steel towns have emerged: Bhilai in Madhya Pradesh, Rourkela in Orissa, and Durgapur in West Bengal. These factories have not only brought prosperity but are altering the social landscape of the areas. Regions which were only recently backward, economically and culturally, are being pitchforked suddenly into prosperous, urban, and cosmopolitan social life....
>
> Social life in the new industrial towns is different from social life in cities which grew around or near extant and traditional towns. In the former, the civic hierarchy shows a tendency to follow the factory hierarchy. The town is nothing more than a place where the factory workers live when they are not working.... As in these towns, the factory employees live in houses built by the employers, they cannot choose their neighbours. Thus ... a Brahmin may have a Harijan ["untouchable"] or Muslim or Christian for a neighbour.... The lower income levels tend, however, to overlap somewhat with the lower castes, and to this extent even the new towns tend to perpetuate traditional distances between higher and lower castes.

Being a traveller in the tradition of the earliest times, and having my share of innate curiosity, I now, in 1966, set out from Delhi for Bhilai to compile my notes for a future gazetteer. I am making the trip by air, but, because of turbulent weather, my plane is grounded in Bhopal, the capital of Madhya Pradesh, and late in the evening I find myself at the Madhya Pradesh Government Tourist Office as a traveller in distress. The solitary occupant of the office, which is a small one, is a slender girl with an elfin face and with straight hair down to her shoulders. She is dressed in a plain purple sari and

In cars, bigness for bigness' sake may soon be a thing of the past, and it's about time. Have you driven in the city lately? No doubt the utility car of the future is the very small kind that we see so many of already. But the *luxury* car of the future is, we believe, the new Rover 3500S...

BABY V-8



Our V-8 with a comparably priced one of Theirs, outlined, in true proportion.

TRADITIONALLY, big cars with big engines are supposed to be desirable for three reasons:

1) Because they are impressive to look at, thus winning their owners prestige; which, if it ever did make any sense, is making less sense every day as the streets and highways get more crowded.

A car's primary function is to get you to your destination, meaning it must be maneuverable in traffic and into parking places, if there is any room to maneuver and park in at all.

Take a Rover 3500S out for a test drive in the city and you'll be amazed at its sheer manageability. Buy it and take it home and you'll be amazed at how much more easily you can get into, out of, and around it in your own garage. We think you'll agree that for this kind of convenience an impressive appearance might well be sacrificed. (But we also think you'll agree that we haven't.)

2) Big cars with big engines are more powerful, and the more power and acceleration you have, the better.

For drag-racing, perhaps. But that's not our game, and we doubt very much if it's yours. Consequently the kind of power today's automobile advertising makes so much of is really surplus power, good for nothing in real-life driving except to wear out tires and use up fuel at an appalling rate.

Ours is a Baby V-8 by those standards. By sensible ones, however, and in a sensible-sized car like ours, it has the extra power it takes to operate its automatic transmission and power steering, and to cruise for hours at freeway speeds with absolute ease. (The top speed, about 117 m.p.h.) It has the extra acceleration required in everyday emergencies such as getting *onto* a freeway. (Zero to sixty in 10.8 seconds.) And yet in high-speed transcontinental test-runs during three years of development in this country, test cars regularly averaged 17 m.p.g.

So, unless conspicuous consumption is really what you want in a car, our Baby V-8 is ideal.

3) Finally, big cars are supposed to ride better and be more comfortable than smaller cars, which may be true of limousines compared to dune buggies, but hardly of outsized sedans compared to the 3500S.

A smooth ride is a matter of suspension design, not of sheer size. And of course there is much more to a comfortable interior than mere elbow-room. Without going into the jargon of the Rover 3500S's suspension layout or trying to describe the ambiance of its interior via air-flow, seat-contours and the like, we simply defy anyone to get more comfortable in any other car, no matter how much bigger it is.

According to *Car Life* magazine's road test report, "The engineering editor said the Rover 3500S is the best handling boulevard-ride car he's driven, and that we could quote him."

To sum up: Bigness in cars is a thing to be avoided, short of inconveniencing the driver and passengers. The Rover 3500S is a splendid example of how, with ingenuity, this can be done without sacrificing any of the conveniences larger cars offer. (For instance its trunk can be enlarged, for those rare occasions when trunks *are* used to capacity, by mounting the spare tire on the lid.) Indeed, we've kept it down to a handy size without even sacrificing any of the *luxuries* larger cars offer. In addition to those already mentioned, the 3500S offers power-assisted disc brakes, electrically operated windows, integrated heating and ventilation, optional thermostatically controlled air-conditioning and heating system, and a long list of other standard equipment and options that a Rover dealer will be glad to run down with you. Then test drive it, and we believe you'll see all the bigger V-8s for what they really are. Gross.

Rover Division, Dept. NY
British Leyland Motors, Inc.
600 Willow Tree Road
Leonia, N. J. 07605

Gentlemen:

Please send me the four-color brochure on the Rover 3500S, and tell me the location of a dealer near me. Also, how much can I save on Overseas Delivery?

Name________________

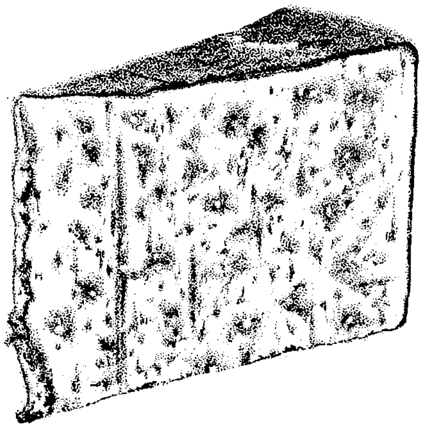
Address________________

City________________

State________ Zip________

What a difference the Danes make

You'll recognize the difference in its unique faraway flavor. In its extra-rich creaminess that will absolutely spoil you for anything else. Danish Blue is a 24-hour-a-day cheese, ripe and ready for everything from soup and crackers to steak and salad. So be choosy. Reject the commonplace. Insist on authentic Danish Blue. It's only pennies more.



IMPORTED
Danish Blue Cheese
ONE OF THE WONDERFUL CHEESES FROM THE FAIRYLAND DAIRYLAND OF DENMARK.

Robert Haviland & C. Parlon
Limoges Porcelain Dinnerware

MARJOLAINE
Let the elegant tradition of Limoges enhance your dining atmosphere. 5-piece place setting, $47.00. Write for brochure and name of nearest dealer.

Exclusive U. S. Distributor:
Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010

wears no makeup. She greets me with a little Muslim salaam, introduces herself as Miss Shukla, the regional tourist officer, hears me through, and immediately sets about telephoning to arrange overnight accommodations for me. There are circles under her eyes, but her manner is patient. Eventually, she locates a room, and then she sets about telephoning to arrange for a taxi.

While we wait for the taxi, she answers a few of my questions, sitting very straight on the edge of her chair. She tells me that she has made a career of state-government service, that a woman with a career is still an oddity in India, and that her future will probably consist of a series of transfers from one place in Madhya Pradesh to another. "If the modern age ever really arrives in India, Madhya Pradesh will probably be the last to know about it," she says.

I mention Bhilai.

"I've never been there," she says. "The only industry they know here in Bhopal is rolling cigarettes and folding *pans.* They say you can always tell a Bhopali by his betel-stained lips."

It is the end of April, in 1966, when I reach Bhilai, and very hot, but, by courtesy of the Indian government, I am lodged in a new flat complete with air-conditioners, a refrigerator, and a hot and cold shower—conveniences scarcely known in the rest of Madhya Pradesh. Almost immediately, I go on a tour of Bhilai in a car with an Indian engineer who was trained in the United States and who has been here from the beginning of the project, as a member of its Town Planning and Architectural Section. "Bhilai is a modern temple," he says to me as he starts the car. "You will find this a clean place. There are no madding crowds here. Everything is clearly set out in sectors. The town is as advanced as the plant. Everyone is provided with a house, medical care, and education. Each child gets free primary education, two free uniforms, and free lunch. The town and the plant are two halves of the same idea, like the hammer and the sickle."

On the outskirts of the town, far from the plant, the engineer drives me past the houses of the plant directors, pointing out the residences of the general manager, the general superintendent, the assistant general superintendent, the chief engineer, the financial adviser, and the accounts officer—all built on a grand British scale, with spacious compounds. He then drives me

TRIC-TRAC

Louis XVI Games Table From Our Collection of Unusual Furniture

For Your Leisure Hours

Elegant Tric-Trac table that warmly accents any room in your home . . . whether it's English, French or any decor. Meticulously crafted in mellow, antiqued brown mahogany (acajou), with the look of an inherited antique. Made with 2 candle slides and 4 drawers. Reversible top . . . inlaid with rosewood and satinwood for chess on one side . . . and green felt for cards or writing on the other. Table well contains inlaid backgammon surface. A perfect table for bridge. Measures 27" x 37". $450

Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $15 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

A visit to Lloyds is an exciting adventure in shopping. Here, in the best "first stop" in town, you'll find an extensive and unusual collection of antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and fine estate pieces. Browse to your heart's content with your own good taste to guide you. You'll be delighted.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

COUNTRY

CURTAINS
AT THE RED LION INN
STOCKBRIDGE
MASSACHUSETTS
01262
Write for brochure, Dept. 26

Peter's BACKYARD
OPEN 7 DAYS
64 W. 10th ST.
Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS
LOBSTER
Now open for lunch, Mon. - Fri.
Res. suggested: GR 3-2400

past two-room *pukka*, or permanent, dwellings with asbestos-sheet roofing, for workers earning a hundred and fifty rupees a month, and, later, past *kutcha*, or temporary, one-room huts, for workers earning a hundred rupees a month. Some dwellings have private bathrooms, some have semi-private bathrooms, and some have only taps with water available for between one and twelve hours a day—the comforts of the houses always corresponding to the pay of the workers. All the dwellings are carefully grouped, are numbered, and are categorized in respect to occupancy. Even those in the poorest category—shelters made out of bamboo mats—are all exactly the same size and are set out in neat rows. "This is a colony of sweepers," the engineer says when we drive past one such row. "It used to be near the houses of the State Bank employees, but they complained about its lowering the status of their sector, so the authorities made the sweepers roll up their mats and bring them over here. But you notice the orderly way we have relocated this crawling colony."

The engineer goes on to tell me in a sanguine manner that the town, which, unlike the steel plant, was designed entirely by Indians, was laid out to reproduce the social hierarchy of the plant. The idea had been to provide for each employee, at seven and a half per cent of his salary, housing that reflected his position; the better his job, the larger and the more distant from the plant his house was to be. The town that was eventually built made some compromises with the original idea, the engineer continues, but, even so, one could often tell the position of an employee by the size and construction of his dwelling, the sector in which the dwelling was situated, and, within that sector, its distance from the plant. As the engineer drives me from sector to sector along numbered roads that regularly intersect named avenues (Six Tree Avenue, Central Avenue, Forest Avenue), he points out how tidy everything is, and although I recognize that the people here, as a community, live better than people elsewhere in India, Bhilai, with its garden-city layout, recalls to my mind only architectural models and drawing boards. There are no twisting gullies and alleyways, no crowded, snarled lanes, no cows lounging in the streets, no stray dogs yelping at the heat, no litter, no stenches or acrid smells of any kind, no hawkers, no venders, no streetside stalls, no bystanders. No one seems to haggle or curse, to squat or sleep, to loaf about on

Lewin wishes a word with you.

Lewin is your bell-man.

"To tell it all, I will tell you what a guest once said to me only half in joke: 'Lewin,' he said, 'when the kippers and eggs and the hot biscuits and the enormous bowl of tree-ripened fruits and the pot of steaming Blue Mountain coffee are served to me each morning as I sit in my robe on my terrace, watching the hotel sloop come around on those unbelievable blue-green Caribbean waters, I am so totally overwhelmed by the sheer luxury and beauty of it all, that I feel like an insignificant millionaire.'

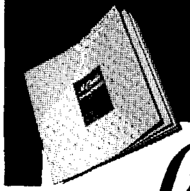
"Would that not be a lovely way to feel, mon?"

Montego Beach
One of the five very different hotels of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

See your travel agent or Ray Morrow, 51 East 42nd Street, New York City, OXford 7-2340.

When it comes to designing the finest of kitchens, we wrote the book.

It's yours for $1.



St. Charles® CUSTOM KITCHENS
555 Tyler Road, St. Charles, Illinois 60174

Please send 36-page, full-color folio showing wide panorama of distinctive St. Charles kitchen decors and finishes.
Enclosed is $1. We plan to ☐ Remodel ☐ Build

Name____________________
(Please Print)
Address____________________
City__________ County__________
State__________ Zip__________

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

You could file a dossier in our slim leather handbag, with three pockets in front and a zipper that opens up the back. By Bonnie Cashin in black, navy, camel, bone, white, 11x16x1½ inches, $48. Handbag Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

Le Pullover
Our French import—a lean, lank length of wide-track ribbed acetate knit with a lash of sash and a pair of low-down pockets. Putting it on will become a favorite pastime. Colored like the flag in red, white or navy. Sizes 34 to 40. $35.

Mail and phone orders carefully filled.

NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103

the streets. Bhilai has well-organized shopping centers and the hush of the perfect suburb. I have to tell myself repeatedly that I am still in India, and that not long ago Bhilai was a Hindu village, for the town seems futuristic, unreal, dead, a forlorn first settlement on another planet—the conception of some science-fiction fantasist.

I HAVE just been spending some time at the plant, and before I had been there very long I decided that if I were ever to give a speech about my impressions I would use for an epigraph some remarks that Nehru made in a speech he gave when he came here in 1960 to inaugurate the Rail and Structural Mill. "I have been asked to press the button or work the handle of this Rail and Structural Mill," he said. "I have followed a bit—not much, for unfortunately I have not studied engineering. I am now about to work the handle and I know not exactly what it will lead to. But of course something will happen. So should I work the handle. That is it; the goods train is to move out from the side." My own notes on the plant go, in part:

"Plant Area: 1.8 square miles, all walled in. Barbed wire on top of the wall. Observation rooms for Bhilai security guards. Clock tower. Inside wall are forty-one observation platforms for Bhilai security guards. Just beyond, huge arch, with big sign: 'Work Is Worship.' Clatter and crash of steelmaking. Hot as inferno.

"Batteries: Coke-wagon tipplers hurtling by, sounding like a dozen tramways loosed upon the world. Twenty-five to thirty tons of coal. Each battery has sixty-five cells, each cell is called an oven. Temperature in the ovens 950°. A man sweeps coal from the oven door. Coke under water shower. Crushers. Screen. Conveyor belt to blast furnace.

"Blast Furnace: Coke is used for heating iron ore, and mixed with limestone, etc., to give flow. Furnace lined with refractory bricks. One blast furnace turns out 200-220 tons of pig iron in one tapping. Molten metal collected in a ladle and kept in storage tank in hot, liquid form. Control room with diagram of blast furnace and with electric lights showing movement of material.

"Open-Hearth Furnace: Pig iron converted into steel. Chamber capacity of 250-500 tons. Process takes eight hours. Signs: 'Care Costs Nothing but Saves Rupees,' and 'More Tanks, More Trucks, More Trains, More Ships, More of Them Come Out If More Ingots Go Out.'

"Rolling Mills: Rail, merchant, billet, blooming mills. Wide central area, galleries crossing. Pulpit No. 3—a control room about eight feet from the ground, glass-enclosed. Sign: 'We Welcome Everyone Except Mr. and Mrs. Accident.'

"Workers: New-found dignity in labor in evidence everywhere. Am reminded of some other remarks by Nehru from the speech inaugurating the Rail and Structural Mill: 'A kind of atmosphere had developed in our country during the British regime, and many people used to feel that hands and feet must not be moved, only tongue should be used or pen should be used and [everyone] sit separately like a big *babu*. These times have changed or should change. Your project has many big and experienced engineers. If the big engineers only sit in the offices and act like *babus*, then they are not working properly, because I feel that every man's head and hands should move together.' A worker recites for me this pledge, taken at Nehru's death: 'We, the workers of the Bhilai steel plant, have lost in our beloved Prime Minister, late Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, the founding father of this plant, who took a keen interest in its affairs and paid several personal visits to it. He was a great statesman, a unique Indian leader of this century, and indeed a man in the traditions of peace and amity set up since Asoka. We pledge today to assume greater responsibility than before and work harder than hitherto, so that we may fulfill his dreams of economically self-sufficient India. We will consider no sacrifice great enough to achieve it. We will also follow in his footsteps in binding our people together in secular bonds rather than in dividing them, and shall not let smallness of minds crowd out our bigger responsibilities to the country.' "

AT the foot of the road leading to the plant, there is a tall obelisk commemorating the friendship of the Soviet and Indian peoples. To the right is the Bhilai Technical Institute, where about eleven thousand Indian trainees are enrolled, and to the left and across the way is Ispat Bhavan ("house of steel"). This is the administration building, where I go one morning to pay my respects to Indarjit Singh, a civil servant who joined Hindustan Steel as its finance director in 1961 and came to the Bhilai steel plant as its general manager in 1963. His office is on the second floor. It is large and, unlike most Indian offices, extremely neat and comfortable. Such papers as are about are stacked in even piles on shelves behind Singh's desk, the top of which is clear; a score of chairs are arranged around the room; there is a painting of the plant and a big photograph of the President of India; the walls are panelled with teak; the blinds are drawn against the glare of the hot sun outside; and three powerful air-conditioners are blowing cool air. Singh is a tall, stout Sikh in his early fifties. He is dressed in a well-cut suit, a crisp, clean shirt, and a crisp, clean turban, and has a self-possessed manner.

I ask Singh how the expansion of the plant is going.

"We hope to reach our goal of two and a half million tons of steel per year within the next few months," he says, and he goes on to tell me that the plant reached its expected capacity of one million tons of steel per year during the Second Five-Year Plan, and its expected capacity of a million eight hundred thousand tons during the Third Five-Year Plan. "We used to produce a million tons of steel by working in three eight-hour shifts. When we start producing two and a half million tons, we will have to produce in one shift almost as much as we were first producing in a twenty-four-hour day. For this, we are increasing the number of workers on each shift and training more people for managerial jobs. It's like adding to a family, and we have the same kind of organizational problems that an American housewife has."

I ask him if the Bhilai steel plant presents any unusual difficulties.

"About sixty per cent of our products are sold to the government," he says. "Our table of prices was fixed years ago by the Tariff Commission; they were protective prices and were fixed low, so that we could export steel and compete in foreign markets and earn badly needed foreign exchange. But our wages are always rising. Like an American housewife, we must absorb all increases in cost within our strict budget."

In a manner that swings continually between the formal and the informal, Singh talks some more about his budgetary problems. He boasts that the plant has the largest blast furnace in Asia, and that Bhilai will have an ul-

We have a fantastic overseas delivery plan.

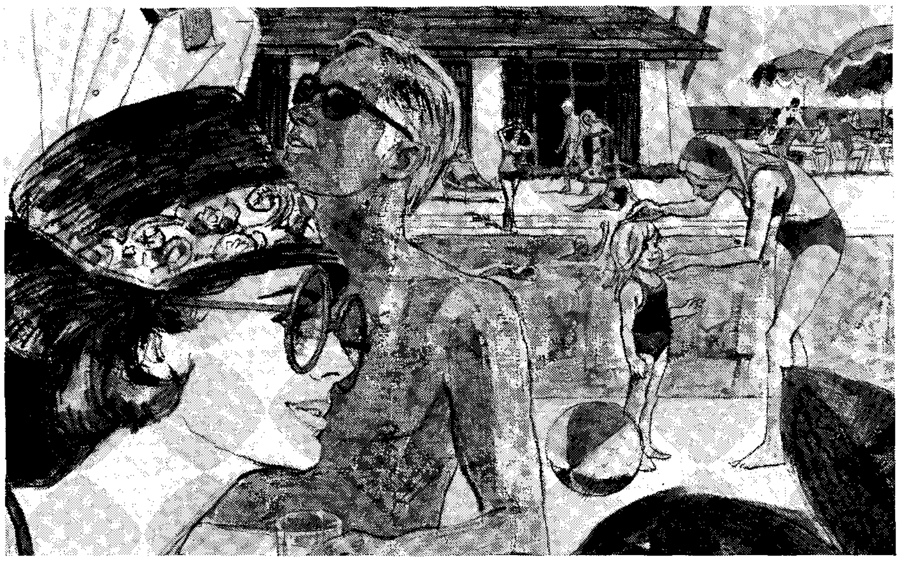
But that's not why you should buy one of our cars.

When you plan a trip abroad, pick out your new car at your Simca/Sunbeam Dealer's. He'll handle *all* the paperwork; you just pick up your new car. Simca Back-Door Runabout, with its huge back door, will accommodate innumerable exotic souvenirs. Sunbeam, with its rally-proven 1725 cc engine, delivers real sports-car spirit. *Both* machines excel in economy. For information write: Simca/Sunbeam Overseas Delivery, P.O. Box 1658, Detroit, Michigan 48231. Everyone offers an overseas delivery plan. But not everyone can deliver a fantastic car.

Simca Back-Door Runabout

Sunbeam Arrow Sedan

CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION



Break Away to The Breakers Beach Club, the newest, most luxurious sun-and-swim club in Palm Beach. Dip into a magnificent salt-water outdoor pool or fresh-water indoor pool surrounded by a dining and cocktail terrace. Relax in charming, completely-equipped cabanas, bask on our private beach. At The Breakers, you can golf on two championship courses, each with its own all new Clubhouse. Play tennis, lawn bowl, sail or fish for big game. Enjoy cocktails in the secluded and intimate atmosphere of The Alcazar, after-dinner dancing in the romantic Starlight Room, the comforts of new luxurious air-conditioned guest rooms. For color brochure phone (305) 655-6611, write The Breakers, zip 33480 or see your Travel Agent.

Join the Breakaway People in Palm Beach

THE Breakers PALM BEACH

FLAGLER SYSTEM

LESLIE UGGAMS
Staged by Martin Charnin
Musical Director: William F. Casilli
Also
JACKIE KAHANE
ROYAL BOX
Nightly at 9 & 12:15 (except Sunday).
Dinner & Supper. Dancing.
LEE EVANS & HIS ORCHESTRA.
Plus the music of Arturo Arturos.
Reservations: Peter/581-1000
americana
OF NEW YORK

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

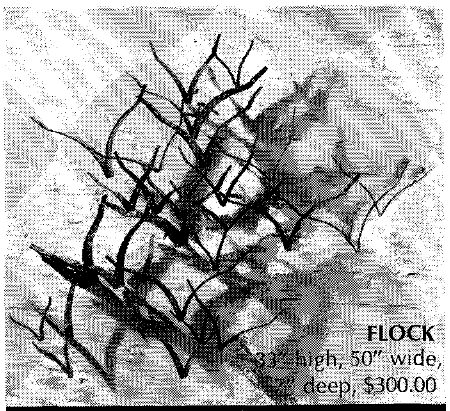
The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal towpath... and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661



FLOCK
33" high, 50" wide, 7" deep, $300.00

WILLIAM Bowie THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

timate capacity two and a half times that of Durgapur or Rourkela, and he guardedly mentions a current recession, which has led to a slackening in the demand for steel and a cutback in the steel production at Bhilai, in spite of the fact that foreign markets for steel have been found in Burma, Japan, and even England. "I have to confess that the plant faces one of its most frustrating periods," he says.

ONE of the criticisms often made of enterprises in the public sector is that they foster inefficient management. Indeed, an American economist at the Rand Corporation, William A. Johnson, in his book "The Steel Industry of India," specifically levels this charge at the new Indian plants. "The notions that a distinguished career as a civil servant qualifies a person to administer any organization and that, in any event, administrative talents necessary for managing a steel mill can be developed on the job appear to be widespread," he writes. "Both beliefs are mistaken. The successful management of a steel mill demands specialized skills derived from long experience in the industry and an administrative organization appropriate to the industry." Certainly one Indian in Bhilai who does measure up to Johnson's criterion is a fifty-five-year-old engineer named Purtej Singh. (Singh is a common name in India.) He was a member of the original engineering team, and therefore has the status of a founding father of Bhilai, where he has been, successively, engineer-in-charge of the water works, chief civil engineer, chief engineer, and general superintendent—the position he now holds. Unlike most Indians who were not trained in the Soviet Union (Purtej Singh qualified as a sanitary engineer at Harvard), he is fluent in Russian, having learned it in Bhilai, and, unlike most Indians here, he is genuinely at ease both with Russians and with Indians. In fact, when I meet him, in his office at Ispat Bhavan, after talking with Indarjit Singh, it seems to me that he even has the proverbial unfussy, workmanlike Russian manner. He is big and burly, with gray hair and glasses, and he is dressed in a white bush shirt and white cotton trousers.

As a first question, I ask him how Russians and Indians get on together in Bhilai.

"In India, there has always been a barrier between Indians and Westerners, and there is undoubtedly a similar barrier in Bhilai between Indians and Russians," he says. "In certain econom-

Buy
your wife a
gift shop
for
Valentine's
Day

She'll love it. And we'll provide the expert assistance in finding just the right location, setting up the store and fixtures, stock and books—attending to all the worrisome business details. We're serious. For brochure and complete information, call or write Louis H. Bolce, National Marketing Director, Dept. 104.

Beautiful Home Products Corp.
2429 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206
Phone (513) 961-2116

Your own private Eden on one of the world's great beaches . . . a secluded resort and Watersports Center on colorful, sunny St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands.

Color brochure and Watersports folder on request.
See your travel agent or call
HETLAND & STEVENS INC.
211 East 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone: (212) 867-1450

Sapphire Bay
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

A mug of ale, a mutton chop, and a churchwarden pipe. No, you're not in London...you're at

Keen's
English Chop House.
72 W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Free Dinner Parking

ic respects, Russians in Bhilai are much better off than Indians holding the same positions; the Russians are here with better contracts, and they can afford to live better. Also, some Indians still resent being helped by foreigners. I don't think that is a very enlightened approach, though, because what alternative is there? To sink crores of rupees in a plant and then learn by mistakes? Generally speaking, I should say that the Soviet Union has given us aid on better terms than some other countries have even offered. America, for instance, wouldn't build the plant in Bokaro for us because she did not wish to build a plant to help develop a Socialist state."

I ask him how he thinks the plants at Durgapur and Rourkela compare with Bhilai.

"Since the final product in the three plants is different, the equipment in the three plants is very different and can't really be compared, but one thing that is generally accepted about Bhilai is that this is the best-designed plant," he says. "The one disadvantage here is that we have to transport our coal four hundred and fifty miles, from Bihar. The coal in Madhya Pradesh turned out to be so bad that we can't use it even as a blend. But then the iron ore here is of very good quality, and it is difficult to find a place that has both iron and coal—one or the other usually has to be brought to any steel plant."

I mention my researches into the early days of the plant.

"Even two or three years after the foundation of the plant was laid, hunters were still shooting sand grouse and duck here," he says. "At that time, there were very few of us who knew engineering, and we did a little of everything. What do you think of our new Bhilai?"

I tell him of my impressions from the drive.

"Yes, the present town is too spread out," he says. "It would have been better to build all the houses close together, and multi-storied—more on the vertical principle than on the horizontal one—and to mix all classes of people in every sector. Then Bhilai would have been more of a community; then you wouldn't have had the class distinctions based on the distance one lives from the plant. If some of us had had the knowledge and experience we have now, we would have planned the town differently."

PURTEJ SINGH'S counterpart, the Russian general superintendent, B. N. Zherebin, has returned to the Soviet

The small war on Murray Hill is now over.

For years the battle lines were drawn between two perfectly matched opponents in this fashionable New York City area.

And you can imagine who won. Not the Doral Park Avenue.

Even though it is one of Manhattan's brightest, newest hotels. Old world elegance, but right in tempo with today.

And not the Tuscany.

Even though it is famed as "New York's biggest little hotel." Renowned for traditional courtesy and service.

But you.

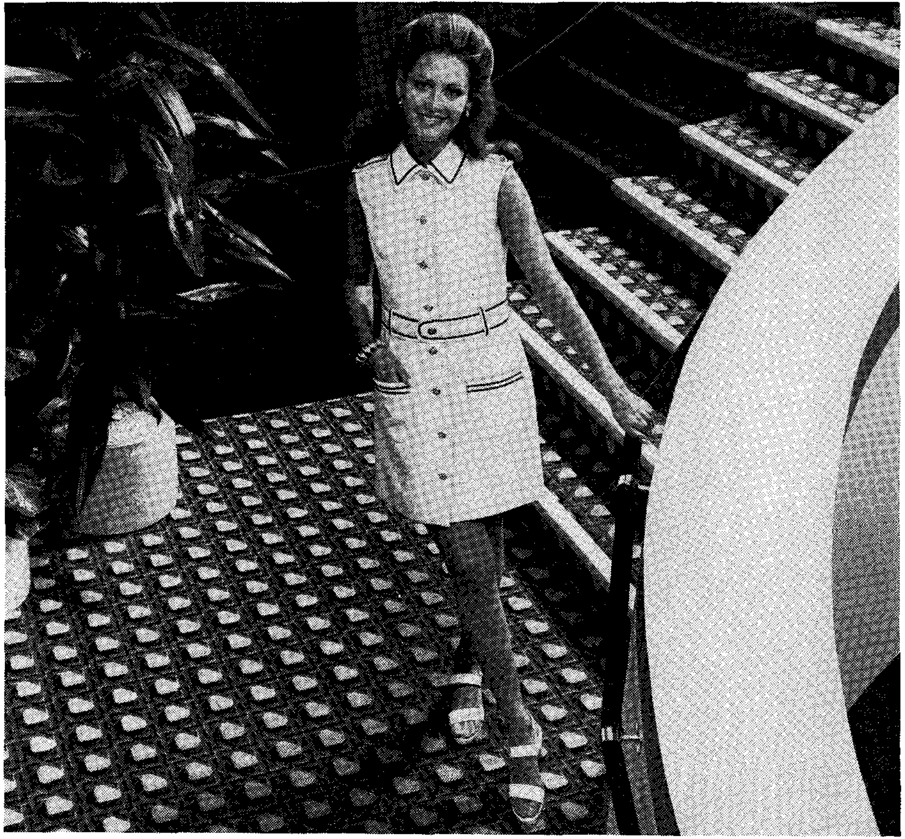
Now both are joined under the same fine management. So there's no doubt which hotel is best. You win at either hotel with the same high standards, in the best location for quiet and convenience.

THE Tuscany
39th St., Just East of Park Ave.
New York 10016 • (212) 686-1600

DORAL PARK AVENUE
Park Ave. at 38th St.
New York 10016 • (212) 687-7050

In Florida: Doral Beach Hotel, Miami Beach, Doral Country Club, Miami

Photographed at Cafe Galerie/Shoes by Herbert Levine/Jewelry by KJL



GINORI uses epaulets, piping and a parade of brass buttons to spark a military look in this belted coatdress. Made of 100% viscose Irish fabric by Erinore. Wrinkle-resistant, richly textured. In white/red piping; white/navy piping; navy/white piping, sizes 6 to 16. About $70. At Miss Bergdorf, New York; I. Magnin, all stores; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Charles A. Stevens, Chicago; Montaldo's, all stores; Jordan Marsh, Fla.
William Ewart & Son, New York, Ltd.

ERINORE®

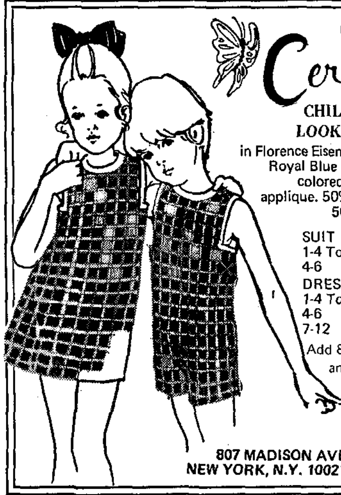
Toddler bare-midriff shortie p.j.'s and matching mini-peignoir. 65% Kodel® polyester/35% cotton with embroidered ruffle trim. Sizes T2-T3X. Pink, aqua or yellow, $3.50 each.
At B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue & branches; and other fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty®

Furniture for
Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



Cerutti

CHILDREN DO LOOK NICER...

in Florence Eiseman clothes. Royal Blue with multicolored stain-glass applique. 50% Polyester, 50% Cotton.

SUIT
1-4 Toddler $20
4-6 22
DRESS
1-4 Toddler $20
4-6 22
7-12 25

Add 85¢ for postage and handling.

807 MADISON AVE. at 68th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021—RE 7-7540

Union for a gall-bladder operation, but the acting general superintendent, I. P. Zhatenko, is in a nearby office in Ispat Bhavan, and after talking with Purtej Singh I call on him to find out how things look from the Russian side of the barrier. Zhatenko, who is one of four hundred Russians living in Bhilai at present, turns out to be a handsome man in his late fifties with clear-cut features, alert blue eyes, and absolutely white hair. He is trimly dressed in a dark-green bush shirt and white trousers. In the office with him is a pleasant Russian girl whose hair is unevenly dyed with henna. She introduces herself as Lena and then adeptly sets about her job, which is interpreting.

"Conditions here must seem to you very different from those in Russia," I say to Zhatenko.

"Do not say 'Russia,'" Zhatenko admonishes me, through Lena. "It reminds me of pre-Revolutionary times. We now have the Soviet Union. As for the point you raise, I cannot make general comparisons between India and the Soviet Union. You might say that it is very hot for us in Bhilai, but then in the Soviet Union we have all types of climates—in Central Asia, there are even some corners as hot as here. There is nothing peculiar about this place."

"What area of the Soviet Union do you come from?" I ask.

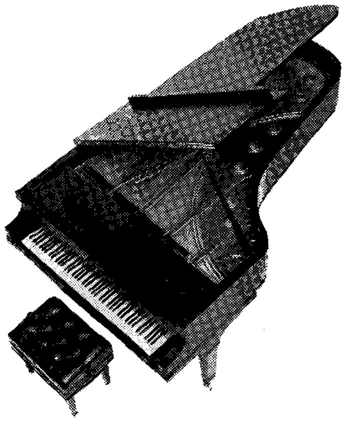
"I come to Bhilai from Novokuznetsk," he says.

"Is that the Novokuznetsk in Siberia?" I ask.

"Do not say 'Siberia,' because it reminds me of pre-Revolutionary times," he says. "Now there are simply the western, eastern, northern, and southern areas of the Soviet Union."

"Had you always lived in Novokuznetsk?" I ask.

"No, I was born near Dnepropetrovsk and stayed there until 1931," he says. "Then I moved to Novokuznetsk, and stayed there for thirty-five years. I was connected with the Novokuznetsk metallurgical plant. I started as a simple worker. Then I was foreman, shop superintendent, and so on—from the back benches to the front seat. When I left Novokuznetsk, I was assistant to the general superintendent, and I am assistant to the general superintendent here. I came here, according to Indian seasons, in the middle of spring. According to our seasons, it was the middle of winter. When I flew from Novokuznetsk, the temperature was forty degrees below zero Centigrade. In Bombay, where I landed, it was forty degrees above zero



Jeanne-Marie Darre's Accompanist

BALDWIN

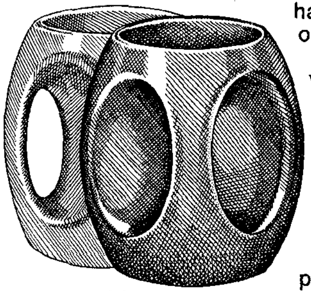
NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining... and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

OWL MUG



A clever little handle, that's a pleasure to hold, has turned the old-fashioned mug into a wise old owl. Great for coffee, beer, or your favorite drink. Set of four, $8. At Hoffritz. By mail add 50¢ pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards.

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
551 Fifth Ave., Dept. N-17, N.Y.C. 10017

Centigrade. That was just three months ago."

"How long do you expect to stay here?" I ask.

"No particular length of time," he says. "If I get used to the Indian heat, I will be here for some years, maybe. I cannot say exactly how long."

"On the whole, do you like being here?" I ask.

"I have left behind in the Soviet Union two children and two grandchildren," he says. "It is not against the rules for Soviet citizens to bring families, but the health of my wife is not very good, so she cannot leave the Soviet Union. But I like it here. We have plenty to occupy ourselves with when we are not working. We read; we study English. If we have free time, we go to the cinema and see Indian, Russian, or English-language films. We go to the swimming tank at the Bhilai Club. On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of our economic collaboration here, we started an Indo-Soviet Cultural Forum, which gives us an opportunity for social intercourse, for knowing each other better and understanding each other better. So, you know, we have some friendly connections with Indians, and some Indians even know Russian—especially those who have spent two or three years training in the Soviet Union."

"Still, you must miss lots of things," I say.

"Not vodka!" he says, with a smile. "Do not think that all Soviet citizens are drunkards. Do not think that, because, according to statistics, the consumption of vodka in the Soviet Union is not as high as it is in some other parts of the world."

I ask him what types of problems the Russians have faced in running the plant in Bhilai.

"In the light of production, there can be no problems," he replies, and, without clarifying, he goes on, "The only problem we have is the lack of qualification of the Indian workers. The engineers and technicians are O.K. to work with, but their experience and skill are much less than those of the Soviet experts. The Soviet experts' aim here is to train more Indian experts and then to give them our experience. We inspect their performance in the plant every week, and, in the case of some units, every day. Indian workers can be as good as any workers. Given opportunity, everyone will work. It is only through historical conditions that one nation is more backward than another."

As I get up to leave, Zhatenko invites me to a tea party at the Indo-Soviet Cultural Forum that afternoon and also to a Russian celebration the next day, which is the eve of May Day.

I thank him and accept both invitations.

ABOUT a furlong from Ispat Bhavan is the Expansion Building, a low-slung structure that houses the offices of some of the important Soviet experts, among them E. P. Gora, who, as the chief representative of Tiazpromexport—the state exporting agency—oversees all equipment coming into Bhilai. When I walk over that morning to meet him, by appointment, I discover that he has a group of compatriots with him. They are seated around a table, with Gora at the head, and they rise, one by one, as he introduces them to me. "Comrade Andreshenko, Comrade Roek, Comrade Vologinan, and Comrade Gormash," he says. I shake hands all around, and learn that Gormash is an interpreter, Roek and Vologinan are supply experts, and Andreshenko is a construction expert. Like Zhatenko, Gora and Andreshenko have blue eyes and pure-white hair, and they would stand out anywhere, but Roek and Vologinan might be figures in a Russian crowd. All the men except Gormash are wearing white bush shirts; he is wearing a bright plaid bush shirt. He is young, and has a crew cut and a nice smile.

When we are seated at the table, Gora invites me to address questions to him, and I ask how long he has been at the Bhilai steel plant.

"Since eight o'clock this morning," he says, with a big smile, and he adds, "Every day, I come from Bhilai House to the plant."

I remark lightly that his answer seems more philosophical than factual.

"Ah, but philosophers do not build steel plants, and we have built a first-rate steel plant here," he says. He leans back in his chair, lights a cigarette, and puffs at it energetically. His gestures, however ordinary, have a natural elegance and verve. "I first came to Bhilai in 1955, when we made decisions about the early stages of the project," he goes on. "Altogether I have spent about

How 5 simple steps can start a portfolio of as little as $5,000 working toward capital growth

Here are the five simple steps you take to benefit from the Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan:

1. Write us now for a 42-page booklet describing this tested plan. No obligation. No one will call you. We serve clients all over the world (in at least 55 countries) solely by correspondence.

2. Study our methods and goals. See how we will try to help your money grow by carefully selecting and supervising your investments in leading common stocks. Compare the 10-year "Performance Record" of all the funds we have managed.

3. Send us a "Request Form" telling the amount of cash or securities you want us to manage, how you want dividends and fees handled and, if you wish, a little data on your own financial plans.

4. Open your own account with a large NYSE Member Firm which has one office serving Danforth clients only. Deposit your cash and/or securities in this account and give them limited power to accept instructions from us – with all transactions to be made only in your name.

5. From here on, our analysts will make decisions to try to help your capital grow as fast as possible consistent with reasonable precautions. As in any selection of investments, losses do and will occur, but you will know their decisions promptly. You receive monthly accountings and quarterly evaluations. You can withdraw at any time.

The plan thus far has proved, we believe, especially efficient in providing capital growth supervision to portfolios starting with from $5,000 to $50,000. To take your first step now, simply write "send booklet" with your name and address and mail to Dept. K-64.

DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*

Your $10 gift to these hungry kids can bring them $240 worth of meat, milk and bread.

These kids go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry. They subsist day after day on a few greens around noon and some pinto beans in the evening. Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible because it's taking place right now...in the midst of the good life so many of us are living in America. But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers... and their children...with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have no income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund is conducting a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you.

*NAACP Emergency Relief Fund**
Dept. N4, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

five years in Bhilai, and I've been here continuously for the last three years, overseeing the expansion. By now, I'm a real Indian."

Gora is soon on the subject of the weather. "Every day hot! In the Soviet Union, it is different. There is a real winter, with skiing, ice skating, and sledding. There is a real spring, with nature awakening. And you cannot describe fishing in the autumn in the Soviet Union, it is so beautiful. The water is like a mirror, the leaves are all different colors, and you sit and fish. The last autumn I was in the Soviet Union, I caught a fish that was one and six-tenths metres long and weighed sixteen kilos, and then I swam across the Dnieper River. Now I wish to catch some crocodiles. But here every day is hot."

Andreshenko, who is sitting at Gora's elbow, whispers something to him.

"*Da, da,*" Gora says, and then he says to me, "In Bhilai, we have very good air-conditioners that are helping us to stay cool and happy."

Entering into the spirit of things, I say that air-conditioning can hardly make a Soviet autumn.

"Yes, everyone is missing his motherland," he says. "But you have in India cabbage, potatoes, tomatoes, onions, garlic, meat—and we have in the Soviet Union cabbage, potatoes, tomatoes, onions, garlic, meat. Everything is the same. We can cook good Russian dishes here. My wife and daughter are here—both of them can cook—but for Soviet experts who do not have families we also have the Bhilai House canteen."

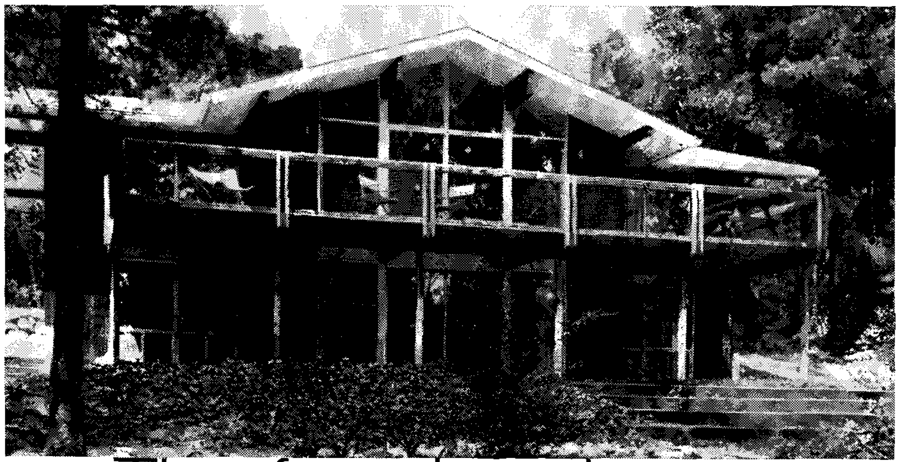
I ask Gora whether he has been to Durgapur or Rourkela.

"No, I haven't been to those plants, but Bhilai and Bokaro are the two most important of the forty technical projects in India to which the Soviet Union is rendering assistance, so we are giving our two steel plants the greatest attention. You know, the metallurgical industry here is still in its infancy, so expansion is very important. With a minimum investment, we can expand the Bhilai plant to produce three or three and a half million tons. The Bokaro steel plant will be even bigger than Bhilai. I am proud that I helped design the Bhilai steel plant." The men around the table become more attentive. Gora quickly adds, "Hundreds of Soviet experts participated in the project. It would not be correct to ascribe any special part to me. I was just in charge of the rolling mills, where we roll the steel and then cut it to definite

Just one nice thing after another! Knapp & Tubbs has so many wonderful things for you to see. American, English and European craftsmanship at its best. And documented antiques. We'll be delighted to show you around. Your interior designer or furniture dealer will provide the needed introduction.

Knapp & Tubbs

NEW YORK: 979 Third Ave. (Decoration & Design Bldg.) · CHICAGO: Merchandise Mart · CLEVELAND: 2900 Superior
GRAND RAPIDS: Exhibitors Building · LOS ANGELES: 8778 Beverly Boulevard · SAN FRANCISCO: 737 Sansome Street



The freedom house

Freedom from dull conventions. Techbuilt's unreserved design invites a wholly new approach to living. Freedom to express yourself. Techbuilt is the unique pre-built house with custom built flexibility. Exclusive post-and-beam construction and modular walls give you total freedom in planning room arrangements. Freedom from care. Handsome modern materials which require only a minimum of maintenance. Freedom from the squeeze. Generous rooms . . . open spaces . . . floor-to-ceiling glass walls . . . bedrooms plus . . . Techbuilt wins the space race. More than a score of contemporary Techbuilt designs.

Send for fascinating photo and fact-filled guide book of prize-winning vacation and year-'round homes. ONLY $1.00

TECHBUILT
585 State Road, Dept. N214
North Dartmouth, Mass. 02747

I enclose $1.00 for your guide book to vacation and year 'round homes.

I own a homesite ☐ Yes ☐ No

Location________

Name________

Street________

City________ State________ Zip________

TECHBUILT

Hand made
De Busschere

HABANERA
Black, brown
navy or red
Baby llama calf
$65

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF
Donald Davies
BEGINS IN DUBLIN . . .
where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.
DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

dimensions. It is like women making macaroni—but our ‘macaroni’ is used for rails. So, you see, I am only a macaronist, nothing more.”

I remark that transplanting the latest equipment made in the Soviet Union to a remote Indian village must have been no easy task.

“Cows,” he says. “They presented the only difficulty. We did not take into account the cows. The roads in India are full of cows, and nobody moves the cows away. There are a lot of cows here. In the beginning, there was nothing in Bhilai but cows, cows, cows. I had never seen so many cows in my life. Even when we had built the plant, we couldn't operate it properly, because of the cows. I took up the matter of shooing away the cows with the general manager, and he agreed that the cows had to be moved from the territory of the plant and kept out. We agreed that cows would be allowed to enter the territory of the plant only with a special-admittance pass. But even now, after the monsoon, when it gets a little cold, all the cows in India somehow arrive at the blast furnaces in Bhilai to keep warm.”

THE Bhilai House canteen, where Gora has invited me to lunch with him later that day, consists of four small, stark, numbered rooms with three or four small tables to a room. At each place at each table are a single fork and a single spoon, a chunk of bread, and the daily menu, written in Russian on a little slip of white paper. I am soon seated at a table with Gora and Gormash, and we are joined by P. M. Savchenko, the Soviet chief engineer, who is a dark-haired man with the muscular build of a Russian workman.

“You can start with either *okroshka* or *sup s klyotskami*,” Gora says to me, reading off the menu. “Then you can have *vareniki tvorogom*, and then either *zrazy myasnyies lukom* or *bef Stroganov*.”

I ask him to choose for me, and he gives everybody's order to a large, good-natured-looking Russian woman, whom he introduces as “the housekeeper, cook, and waitress” of the canteen. I discover that Savchenko speaks very good English, and I ask him where he learned it.

“I did not know English when I came here, but I learned it by talking with interpreters,” he says.

Gormash repeats Savchenko's remark in Russian to Gora, who listens carefully and then volunteers the information “Many Indians speak good Russian after they have visited the Soviet Union for their training.”

“Do you like Bhilai?” I ask Savchenko.

“Yes, very much,” he says.

Gormash repeats this to Gora, who listens carefully, as before, and observes, “We hope that in time all of India will become one great big Bhilai. That is not impossible.”

It appears that protocol demands that at the canteen as well as at the Expansion Building I converse only with Gora, and I give him my attention.

“Forty years ago, Czarist Russia was as poor as India,” he says. “With our social system, in a very short time we in the Soviet Union have reached the industrial level of the United States.”

“But couldn't the Soviet Union have perhaps done just as well with any reasonably stable social system?” I ask. “Anyway, didn't Russia have a much smaller population and greater resources forty years ago than India has today?”

“But India is a country rich in resources, too,” Gora says. “How long it will take India to become one great big Bhilai I cannot tell you, because we have no experience with the kind of social system that India is using.” To illustrate the benefits conferred by the Soviet social system, Gora tells me his own story—that although his father died when Gora was fourteen, leaving his mother and a family of eight children very poor, still, thanks to the Soviet system, the entire family (except for one brother, who died in the Second World War) are now well placed, many of them doctors and engineers. “When India is industrialized, such things will be possible here, too,” he says.

As Gora talks, the waitress serves us one course after another—soup, *bef Stroganov*, watermelon, cake with ice cream, coffee—but without ever removing any of the used crockery, which is just pushed aside or piled up on the table without much ceremony. No one seems to mind. When we leave, the tabletop has the look of a kitchen sink.

UDAYEN SEN, who is in charge of the Wire Rod Mill, now in the process of being built as part of the plant's expansion, is one of thousands of young Indians who have been trained for the Bhilai project in the Soviet Union and one of scores of Indians who have returned with Russian wives. I was introduced to him during my tour of the plant, and he has invited me to visit his home and meet his wife. I go there from my lunch at the canteen with Gora. When I arrive, they are in the living room of their house, which is medium-sized and is situated some distance from the plant. Mrs. Sen—or Larissa, as she soon asks me to call her—is a shy-looking girl with dark bobbed hair ending in a neat kiss curl on each of her round cheeks. She has on sandals and a short summer dress. In a sari, she could almost pass for an Indian, especially by the side of Udayen, who is a tall, quiet Bengali. Over coffee, I ask them how they met and if they encountered any obstacles in getting married.

"For my training, I went to the steel plant at Zhdanov, a steel town," Udayen says. "It is on the coast of the Sea of Azov, in the southern Ukraine. Larissa was a worker at the plant, and we met there."

"We fell in love right away," she says, speaking English with an Indian accent. "There were no restrictions on our marriage. We applied through the normal channels for permission to get married. After a week, the registration officer summoned us, and we got married. There was no trouble."

I ask Larissa how she likes living in India.

"I first came to Calcutta, to Udayen's family, and I found everything very different," Larissa says. "My mother-in-law was so Hindu in her habits. But I had the will to adjust. I had learned to respect my father-in-law from letters he wrote to me in Zhdanov, but he died two weeks after I reached Calcutta, so I was not able to get to know him."

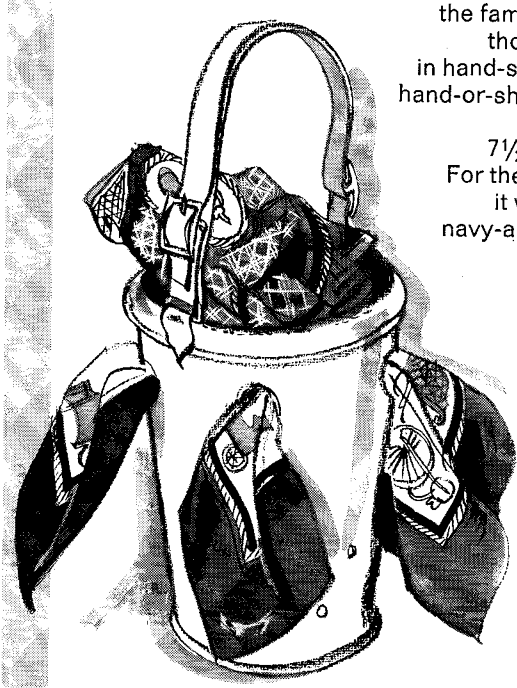
"Larissa has been home to the Soviet Union twice," Udayen says. "Her parents are there. We are now trying to get permission for her mother to visit us here this winter."

"My mother will find things very different here," Larissa says. "When I first came to India, I felt I had travelled back centuries. But, of course, you do not feel the backwardness in Bhilai so much—it's a modern steel town."

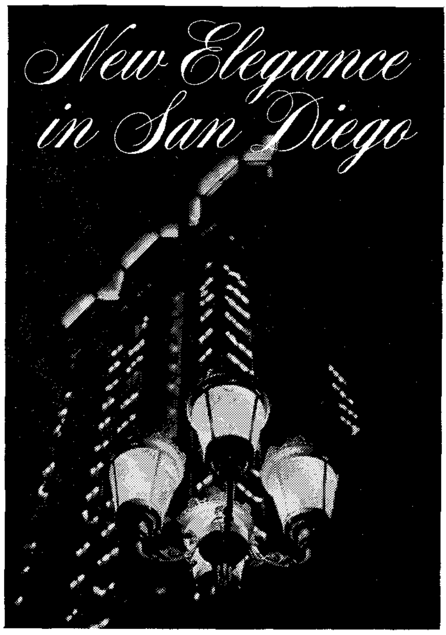
"Zhdanov was a small steel town, but it had a really urban atmosphere," Udayen says. "One other thing that struck me about Zhdanov was that the size of the family, not the size of the salary, was the main consideration in allotting accommodations. Then, in Russian steel towns, of all sizes, there is

SKI AMERICA SKI

Bonne Bell makes the official ski cosmetic that protects the U.S. Ski team. And if we can protect them, we can protect you. With things like *Weatherproofer*. The smooth pomade that's got emollients and sunscreen to protect your face. *High Altitude*™ *Cream* gives your face maximum protection at maximum altitudes, at coldest temperatures, in highest winds. Bonne Bell®
Lakewood, Ohio 44107



AT BONWIT'S ALONE:
THE HERMÈS MANGEOIRE BAG
From the legendary Paris house of Hermès... the famous feedbag, that absolute thoroughbred of casual bags, in hand-stitched calf with adjustable hand-or-shoulder strap. White, black, brown or burgundy, 7½" diameter, 10" high, 75.00
For the full measure of cachet, fill it with an Hermès scarf. This, navy-and-green or black on white silk, 36" square, 25.00
HERMÈS BOUTIQUE
Mail and phone orders.
Please add .75 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York Chicago
Troy Palm Beach
BONWIT TELLER

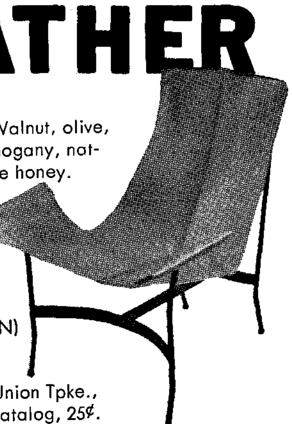


The Westgate Executive Hotel awaits the distinguished traveler who is accustomed to the fine appointments of truly grand hotels. One hundred and two magnificent guest rooms and suites are exquisitely furnished in period decor. The French cuisine in Le Continental Dining Room and the romantic roof-top Terrace Room both reflect the charm of this luxury hotel that adds new sparkle to one of America's favorite cities.

For those who appreciate the difference.

WESTGATE EXECUTIVE HOTEL
1055 FIRST AVENUE (714) 232-6141
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92101
Property of Westgate-California Corporation

HOTEL DU CAP
D'ANTIBES
Pavillion Eden Roc
Now open March 20th thru November
Air Conditioned
ANTIBES, FRANCE
For information:
Dept. R, New Yorker
25 W. 43rd St., New York 10036


LEATHER

THE SMOKER Walnut, olive, gold, black, mahogany, natural, rust, antique honey. Heavy saddle leather. Steel frame. $73. Packing chg. $1. Exp. Col. No COD's.
Leathercrafter (N)
303 E. 51st St.,
N.Y. 10022.
Branch: 177-05 Union Tpke.,
Flushing, N.Y. Catalog, 25¢.

CRAFTER

an excellent public-transport system—everywhere there are buses, trams, taxis. But in Bhilai there are fairly long distances to be covered within the town, only higher-ups can afford to have cars, and it wasn't until recently that we had any public transport at all."

I ask the Sens about their friends in Bhilai.

"We see as many Russians as Indians," Udayen says. "The Russians here are no different from those I knew in the Soviet Union."

BEFORE going on to the tea party of the Indo-Soviet Cultural Forum to which Zhatenko invited me, I stop at the Bhilai Club, which has both Indian and Russian members. The clubhouse, a low, rambling structure with a card room, a billiard room, and a ping-pong room, appears to be deserted, though a large old radio is blaring Indian film music between explosions of static. Eventually, as I wander through the club, I hear other sounds. Following them outdoors, I arrive at an L-shaped swimming pool, where, under the broiling sun, Indian and Russian bathers, mostly women, are gathered. The Indian women are small and delicate, wear one-piece bathing suits with high necks, and are sitting by the edge of the pool knitting and talking. The Russian women are large and chunky, wear bikinis, and are thrashing about in the water.

Later, in the nearby Maitri Bagh (Hindi for "friendship garden")—or, rather, in its Oval, which is a sunken grassy plot in the middle of the garden—I find many of the women bathers and many of the officers and engineers I have met at Bhilai. The Indian women, who wear their hair drawn back in thick chignons at the nape, are arrayed in rich, spangled saris, with long, jingling earrings and armloads of bangles, and the Russian women, who wear their hair short, are dressed in blouses and longish full skirts of shiny materials and bright colors and thick with frills, buttons, and bows. All the women are strolling about with their friends and their husbands, who, whether Indian or Russian, wear the usual bush shirts and trousers, while a band made up of a trumpet, a cornet, a clarinet, a tenor saxophone, an alto saxophone, a euphonium, and a bass drum plays a number called "Garden in India." As I enter, a couple of attractive Indian ladies greet me warmly. They are the organizers and co-hostesses of the party—Mrs. G. D. Singh, secretary of the Forum, and Mrs. S. S.

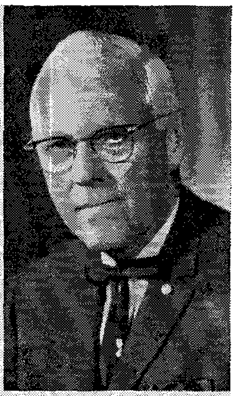
A Florida hideaway resort where the sun rises in the Atlantic. And sets in the Gulf of Mexico.

In the unbelievably beautiful Florida Keys, 75 miles south of Miami. Amid the elegant, informal accommodations of Indies Inn & Yacht Club. In the exclusive setting of Duck Key.
Duck Key. America's most unique hideaway.
Great golf. Beautiful beach. Large fresh water pool, and extra-large salt water pool. Fully equipped marina (rental and charter boats available). Finest tarpon, bone, permit and sailfishing in the world. Trap shooting. Championship tennis courts. And one of the country's finest hotels.

Indies Inn & Yacht Club
Write for our brochure.
Or see your travel agent.
Or our representatives,
Hetland & Stevens Inc.
Duck Key, Florida 33050
Executive Director/Jack C. Knight

The unhurried life and personal service found only at a hotel in the quiet European tradition; moments away from all that Boston can offer.

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON


A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50. Color from $150.

Fabian
Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

Gill, its chairman. "How do you like our band?" Mrs. Singh asks me, over the music. "It's the Bhilai Security Force Band."

"This is the first tea party we have been able to arrange all year," Mrs. Gill says. "Unfortunately, we've had only two weeks to plan the program. And many Russians had to go to some local meeting to prepare for May Day, so the attendance on the Russian side is not as good as it might be."

"The Russians are very keen to learn how to cook a curry," Mrs. Singh says. "Also how to tie a sari and how to speak Hindi. They are very keen to play us Russian music and to hear some of our music."

The band switches to "Happy Go Lucky," and, under the cajoling of Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Singh, all the Indian and Russian men move to one side of the Oval, all the women move to the other, and the two groups form two lines facing one another; in each line Indians and Russians are mixed. Mrs. Gill, with an orange in her hand, stations herself at one end of the men's line, beside an elderly Sikh with a long, scraggly beard, and Mrs. Singh, with another orange in her hand, stations herself at one end of the women's line, beside a large-eyed young girl in a green sari. Explaining that everyone is to play Pass the Orange, Mrs. Gill calls out "Rea-dy . . . stea-dy . . . *go!*" and starts the game off by placing her orange under the Sikh's chin, while, on the women's side, Mrs. Singh simultaneously installs her orange under the chin of her charge. With much cheering from both Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Singh ("Come on! No hands, please! Hurry up!"), and some nervous laughter from the contestants, the Sikh manfully sets about the difficult task of disengaging the orange from under his chin and fitting it under the chin of his neighbor, who is a Russian. A similar struggle is under way in the women's line, where the first two players are Indian; this, as it happens, creates an added complication, because both contestants have trouble keeping their shoulders covered with the ends of their saris. The object of the game is to see which side finishes passing the orange first, and though the progress of the oranges is slow, the main thing, as Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Singh say repeatedly, is that the oranges are moving down the lines. The men's side wins.

No sooner is Pass the Orange over than a rubber doll—a likeness of an Indian woman dressed in yellow and gold—materializes in Mrs. Gill's hand. The band strikes up "Over the

New at The Plaza

Oyster Bar at The Plaza
is great before.

Dinner, that is. For your favorite drinks.
It's also great after, for late-night suppers.
It's even great during. We also serve lunch.
With mollusk toward none.

Oyster Bar
AT THE PLAZA
Entrance on 58th St. West of Fifth
PLaza 9-3000

Into your
world comes
Nature's
Heritage

Deep Woods

An exclusive collection of floral and bird designs faithfully reproduced in exquisite detail on screen-printed fabrics. Visual delights to stir the memory of forgotten places . . . feathery ferns, mysterious mushrooms, stately flowering trees. These are among the vanishing wonders of America interpreted by Greeff to aid the cause of conservation. Your purchase of these fine fabrics will help support the National Wildlife Federation's Youth in Conservation Program through royalties paid to it by Greeff. For 24-page "Nature's Heritage" booklet showing 19 fabric designs and scientific documentation about each species, send 50 cents to:

Greeff
A Growing Source for Interior Designers

155 E. 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
A growing source for coordinated fabrics, wallcoverings, custom upholstered furniture, carpets, handcrafted rugs and E. C. Carter fabrics for fine curtains. Available through interior designers and decorating departments of fine stores.

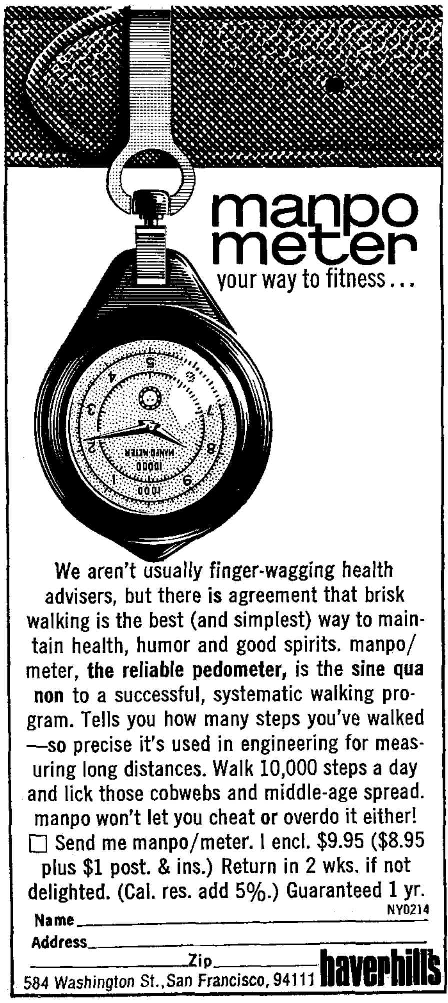
la maisonette
presents

Patachou
Feb. 12-Mar. 4
HAL TURNER & his Orchestra
QUINTERO & his Latin Band
Dancing 7:30 'til 2

Mar. 5-18
GINO TONETTI

LA BOITE
Dinner at 6:30, Music 'til 1:30
Ernest Schoen and Julius Kuti
Nightly except Sunday
PLaza 3-4500

St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
5TH AVE. AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 10022
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



We aren't usually finger-wagging health advisers, but there is agreement that brisk walking is the best (and simplest) way to maintain health, humor and good spirits. manpo/meter, the reliable pedometer, is the sine qua non to a successful, systematic walking program. Tells you how many steps you've walked—so precise it's used in engineering for measuring long distances. Walk 10,000 steps a day and lick those cobwebs and middle-age spread. manpo won't let you cheat or overdo it either!

☐ Send me manpo/meter. I encl. $9.95 ($8.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) Return in 2 wks. if not delighted. (Cal. res. add 5%.) Guaranteed 1 yr.
NY0214
Name
Address
Zip
584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111 **haverhills**

"Waves," and Mrs. Singh rushes about the Oval joining the lines to make a circle. Now the band subsides to let Mrs. Gill speak. "The game we will now play is Pass the Parcel, and it has real punishments. Whoever is caught holding the doll when the music stops will have to take the punishment," she says. There are pained cries from the guests, but as the band swells again the doll starts on her quick, bumpy course around the circle, passing from hand to hand. The music stops. A dishevelled, athletic-looking Russian woman is holding the doll. Mrs. Gill asks her to come to the center of the circle. The Russian woman comes forward with little giggles. Mrs. Gill lays a finger sandwich wrapped in waxed paper on the grass, and, following her instructions, the Russian woman kneels down, picks up the package with her teeth, unwraps it after a struggle, and somehow manages to eat the sandwich, all without once using her hands. Everyone applauds, and the band strikes up "Teri Pyari, Pyari Surat" ("Your Lovely, Lovely Face"). With giggles, shouts, and blushes, the game continues, and such additional punishments are imposed as Walk Around the Circle Backward with a Partner (a Russian woman chooses her husband and they do a retrograde turn around the circle as the band plays "Russian Waltz"), Bow to the Prettiest and Smile at the Wittiest (an Indian man bows to and smiles at his wife as the band plays "Ay Duniya Wallo," or "O People of the World"), Act like a Hollywood Actor (an Indian man sings in a rasping voice, "Thumbelina, Thumbelina, tiny little thing . . ."), Give an Interesting Incident to Make Someone Laugh, Hop Around on Three Legs, and Fight with Your Husband in Russian.

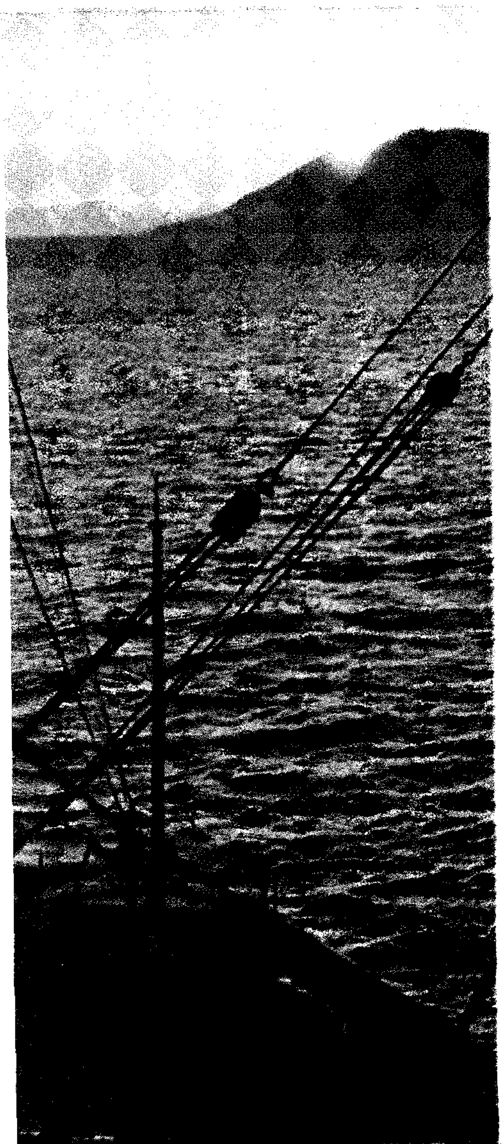
Other games follow. In one, every man is matched with a partner who is not his wife and is made to remove one of her shoes, toss the shoe into a pile with the other shoes, scramble for the shoe, and fit it back on his partner's foot.

Later on, the guests surround a table that has been set with pots of tea, bottles of soft drinks, plates of sandwiches and biscuits, and bowls of ice cream.

The tea party concludes with Mrs. Gill standing in the center of the Oval and dispensing a number of gaily wrapped packages. "Mrs. Vera! . . . Mr. Gormash!" she calls out. "Mrs. Bhatia! . . . Mr. Vologinan!" She stops suddenly. "Oh dear. We've run out of prizes. I told you everything was organized in too much of a hurry. Never mind. All of you have been very good sports."

IT is the eve of May Day. The heads of the group of Soviet experts have asked all the Russian and Indian administrators, engineers, and designers in Bhilai to the grounds of Bhilai House to join in the festivities, which, according to the invitation, are to consist of speeches, a Russian variety show, refreshments, and dancing. I am sitting beside Andreshenko, facing a platform, and with us in the audience is practically everyone I have met in Bhilai, each person wearing a red rosette, which was presented and fastened on by a couple of Russian ladies stationed at the entrance. Gora is on the stage; he is the first speaker.

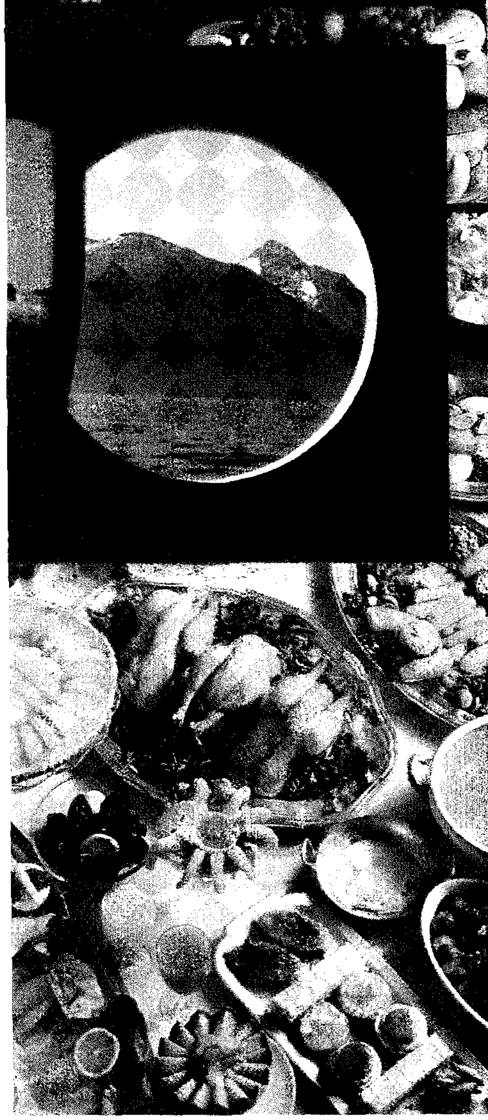
"Dear Comrades, esteemed Indian guests, permit me on behalf of the chiefs of our team to welcome you and to congratulate you on the coming May Day—the day of international solidarity of the working people," Gora begins, in Russian, speaking in a clear, powerful voice, which is amplified by loudspeakers. Gormash interprets. "May Day is a manifestation of militant forces of workers of all the countries marching under the slogan of struggle against imperialism, for peace, democracy, national independence, Socialism, and Communism. As far back as 1922, V. I. Lenin wrote, 'The tomorrow in the history of the world will be precisely the day when the peoples oppressed by imperialism will be completely roused from their sleep.' Now we are witnesses of how these prophetic words of our great leader and teacher are becoming real. People from many countries, having unyoked themselves from foreign enslavement, are taking their place among free and independent countries." He talks—enlivening his delivery with forceful gestures and dramatic modulations of voice—as if he were in the Soviet Union, addressing Party members. The Indian guests listen with polite attention. "The celebration of May Day in our country this year," he goes on, "is inseparably linked with the Twenty-third Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. An important result of the Congress is that it has determined the foreign-policy line of our Party and the State, aimed at creating the most favorable conditions



2000 spectacular miles.
30 fabulous meals.
8 unforgettable days.
1 ship has it all.

S.S. PRINCE GEORGE TO ALASKA.

Imagine a sheltered waterway winding 2000 miles past mountains, waterfalls, glaciers and fiords. Picture a cruise ship on the order of a fine vacation resort. Every cabin has an outside view. There are 7 decks for strolling and sunning, warm cocktail lounges, friendly clubrooms.



Safety Information: The S.S. Prince George, registered in Canada, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.

Imagine a menu of gourmet calibre. Offering such specialities as freshly-caught B.C. salmon. Or prime western beef. With a wine list to tempt a connoisseur.

This is the S.S. Prince George, Canadian National's famous cruise ship. Bound from Vancouver, B.C. through the sheltered Inside Passage to the intriguing ports of Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, Juneau and Wrangell with their unique shopping opportunities. Bound for Skagway and an unforgettable optional side trip on the old "Trail of '98" to Lake Bennett. Shouldn't you book now?

21 sailings from Vancouver from April 26 through October 3. Cost: as low as $290. per person, Canadian funds (includes accommodation and meals). Ask about special discount rates for early and late season cruises. See your travel agent or Canadian National Passenger Sales Office.

NY-2

CN

Canadian National Railways

Passenger Sales and Services,
Canadian National Railways,
P.O. Box 8100, Montreal 101,
Quebec, Canada.

Please send me color brochure on the S.S. Prince George Alaska Cruises.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

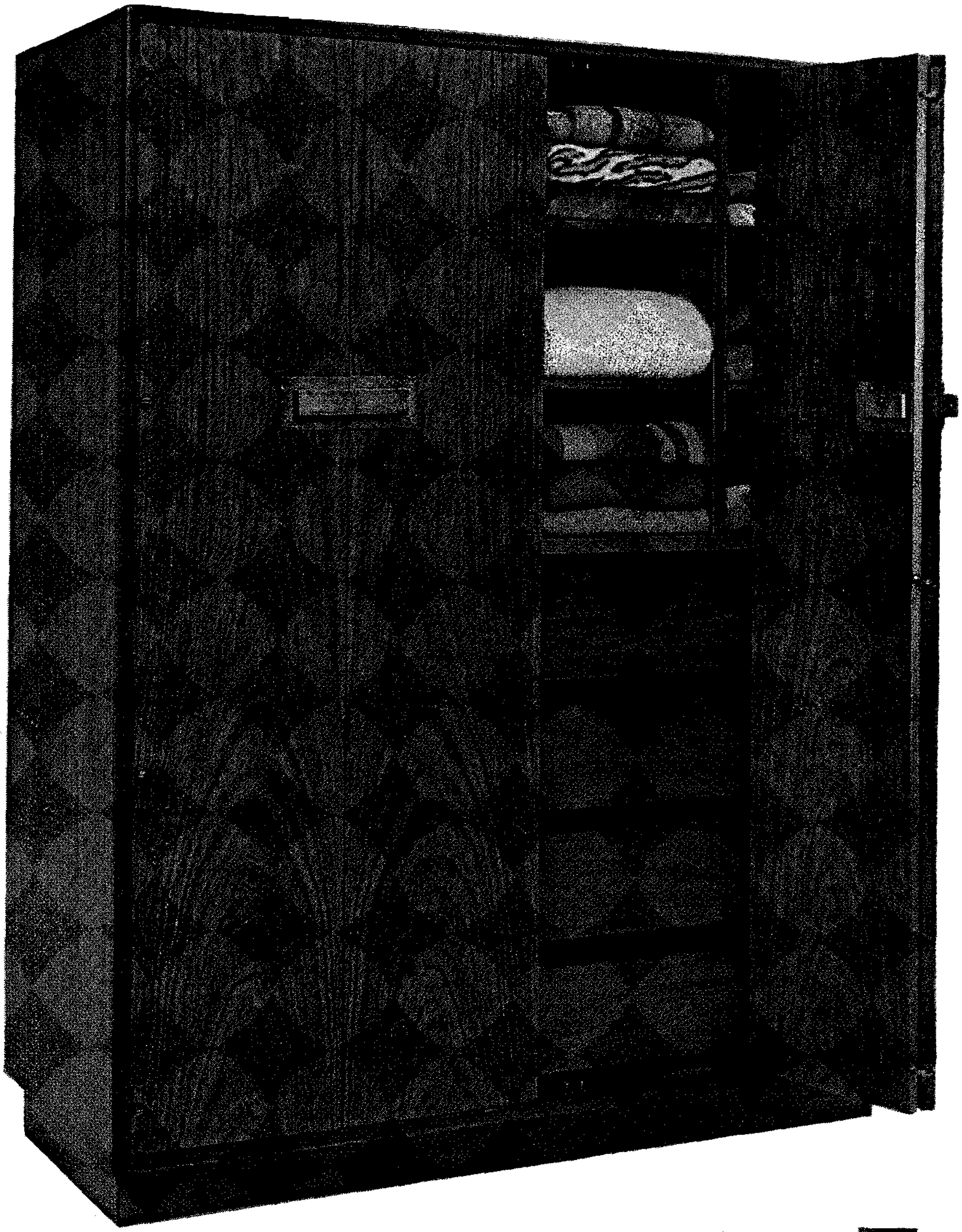
State .... Zip ....

Founders has a chest of Mozambique wood with enough drawers and shelves to house everything from your last safari to Mozambique. A chest to talk about after everyone's talked about your trophies. In all the world, only Founders makes fantastic chests and desks and tables and beds of exotic Mozambique veneers.

Sophisticated people like the simplest things.

Founders Furniture, Inc., Pleasant Garden, North Carolina 27313

FOUNDERS
FURNITURE



FOUNDERS FURNITURE FROM Armstrong CREATORS OF THE INDOOR WORLD

for building up Communism, strengthening the Socialist system, and giving all-out support to the struggle of the peoples for national and social liberation, for the consolidation of peace, for the assertion of Leninist principles of peaceful coexistence of states with different social systems. The Twenty-third Congress has demonstrated once more the monolithic unity of the Party—the unity which has made true a brilliant prediction by Lenin, who wrote in 1918, in the article 'The Main Task of Our Day,' that 'this is exactly what the Russian Soviet Socialist Republic needs: to stop being wretched and helpless, to become irreversibly powerful and abundant.' The Party Congress has coincided with the completion of the Seven-Year Plan, which turned out to be a paramount stage in the struggle for creating the material and technical basis of Communism. During the past Seven-Year Plan, the volume of industrial production increased by eighty-four per cent, capital construction by forty-nine per cent, and freight turnover for all kinds of transport facilities by seventy-two per cent. The gross national income increased by fifty-three per cent. The fixed capital of the people's economy increased nineteen times." Gora pauses over each statistic as if it had a bearing on the growth of India. "Our Party has gained many outstanding achievements, especially in the exploration of outer space. Still greater aims have been set forth in the present Five-Year Plan. The volume of the total social product will increase one point four times, capital-production funds more than one point five times, national income by thirty-eight to forty-one per cent, real income of the working people one point three times. In the report delivered at the Congress by Comrade A. N. Kosygin, the prospects for metallurgy were outlined as well." He turns to the subject of steel with the evident pleasure of a speaker who has enjoyed keeping his audience in suspense. "The construction of still more mighty units is being envisaged. In 1970, over one-fifth of all the steel will be produced by means of the oxygen-converter method. By the end of the Five-Year Plan, sixty million tons of hot metal and ninety million tons of steel will be produced with oxygen lancing. While strengthening the power of their motherland, the Soviet people have been honorably discharging their international commitments to the working class of other countries, and first of all to those of Socialist countries."

Gora seems now about to touch on

LEAVE CARES
AT HOME ON YOUR
'70 HOLIDAY!
Maupintour's British Isles

SCOTLAND/WALES/ENGLAND, 15 days. Features *four nights* in Edinburgh and four nights in London plus the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, English Lakes, Yorkshire, Llangollen, Stratford, Blenheim Palace, Windsor, and Sulgrave Manor. From $698. Via *TWA.* **IRELAND/SCOTLAND/ENGLAND,** 16 days. See Shannon, Limerick, Killarney, Ring of Kerry, Dublin, plus the best of Scotland and England. *Four nights in Edinburgh! Four nights in London!* From $778. Via *TWA. (All rates shown from NYC.)* **GRAND TOUR OF SCOTLAND/WALES/ENGLAND,** 22 days. Lots of time in the best places! Visit *Rolls Royce* at Crewes and *Wedgwood* at Barlaston. Stonehenge, too! From $898. Via *TWA.* **GRAND TOUR OF IRELAND/SCOTLAND/ENGLAND,** 22 days. Leisurely! Features the highlights of all! *Two nights in the Highlands at Gleneagles!* Four nights in London! $938. Via *TWA.* **ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT** for folders or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Telephone 212 687-7773.

Maupintour
world-wide standard of travel excellence

OTHER MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS FOR 1970:
☐ *Oberammergau Passion Play,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,*
☐ *Italy/Sicily,* ☐ *France,* ☐ *Greece/Aegean,*
☐ *Morocco,* ☐ *Spain/Mallorca/Portugal,*
☐ *Spain/Portugal By Motorcoach,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific, and* ☐ *South America.*

WE OFFER ONE OF THE MORE EXPENSIVE INVESTMENT SERVICES IN AMERICA

We accept accounts of no less than $100,000.
We charge a minimum advisory fee of $3,000.
We require full discretionary authority.
We strive for inordinate capital growth, along with commensurate risk.

L. M. Rosenthal & Company, Inc.
Members New York Stock Exchange
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019 (212) 582-5900
1901 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles, Calif. (213) 553-3000

Siambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

SHIP MODELS
NAUTICAL
ANTIQUES
BIBELOTS
Detailed and Rare Models,
Quadrants, Scrimshaw,
Nautical Miscellany.
Hours:
10:30 - 4 Tues., Thurs., Fri.
10 - 12 Sat., or by appointment.
New Address
BERN C. RITCHIE & CO.
950 Linden Avenue
Winnetka (Hubbard Woods)
Illinois 60093
312/446-2741

YOUR MARK OF GOOD TASTE HUNTING WORLD

ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEPHANT CLIMBERS...
Handcrafted in Italy exclusively for us. Our famous Genuine Black Elephant leather, with padded, insulated glove leather linings and cushioned insoles for year-round comfort. Elasticized glove leather top bindings provide snug fit. Genuine Vibram lugged soles for matchless traction. Already Expedition-Proved on 3 continents!

HI-CLIMBERS About 9" high. Wear trousers in or out. Av. wt. 3 lbs. 8 oz. per pair. $90

LO-CLIMBERS — Greatest Après Ski Boots Ever! Ankle height for general hiking, climbing. Av. wt. 3 lbs. per pair $70

Add $2 Post on Mail Orders / State Shoe Size
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6, Mon. & Thurs. Till 9

Satisfaction Guaranteed • N.Y. Residents Add Tax
VISIT OUR SAFARILAND™ SHOP OR
WRITE FOR FREE 84-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022 ©

Steaks renowned 'round the world ... the choice of discerning gourmets

Bruno's Pen and Pencil Restaurant
John C. Bruno
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

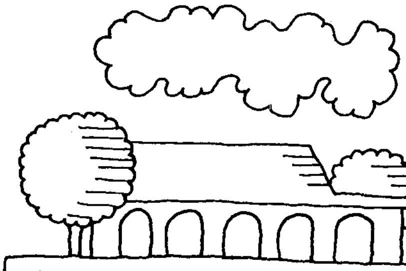
Try this Island
Paradise Island, Nassau in the Bahamas...and the newest resort hotel, the 250 room Flagler Inn. Luxurious accommodations. Gourmet dining. Music. Dancing. Entertainment. Cocktails. Swim and tan in Sip 'n' Dip pool or nearby Paradise Beach. Shop Bay Street. Golf. Try the Casino. All the action or relaxation you want. See your Travel Agent, our representative Leonard Hicks or write: Reservation Office, Box 910, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480.
Flagler Inn
PARADISE ISLAND, NASSAU

the fortunes of India and Bhilai, but instead, in something of a non sequitur, he declares, "Our government firmly states that the further unfolding of the shameful war against the Vietnamese people will meet with mounting support to Vietnam on the part of the Soviet people, despite the deterioration of our relations with the U.S.A. on this account. The Soviet Union will also not agree to West German militarists' obtaining nuclear weapons. As Comrade L. I. Brezhnev put it in his speech at the Twenty-third Congress of the Communist Party, nearly six hundred *industrial, agricultural, and other projects*, and over one hundred educational and medical institutions, as well as research centers, have been or are being built in countries of Asia and Africa with Soviet assistance. This economic coöperation of the Soviet Union with *young national states aims at creating* important branches of national industry, strengthening their position in the world, and training their technical and scientific cadres. You and we, being in the forefront of this coöperation, may record with satisfaction that our joint work with our friends, Indian steelmakers, reached achievements of no small importance."

At last, Gora mentions Bhilai, this time availing himself of the words of a well-known Indian Communist: "The Bhilai steel plant, as Shri Shripad Amrith Dange, Chairman of the Communist Party of India, said in his speech at the Twenty-third Congress of the Communist Party, has become known to the whole of India as a symbol of Indo-Soviet friendship. Now we are to set for ourselves a new joint task, to make 1967 the year of mastering two point five million tons of steel. Dear friends, all the achievements of the Soviet Union and the fact that it can help its friends to develop their economies have become possible only owing to the victory of the Socialist system."

Gora closes by looking ahead to other occasions for celebration: "Next year, our motherland will mark the great date—the fiftieth anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution. In 1970, we shall celebrate the one-hundredth birthday anniversary of Lenin. May we on the occasion of these important dates wish still a greater success to our motherland! Long live the great Soviet people—builders of a new radiant future! Thank you."

Gora finishes to moderate applause, and now Indarjit Singh takes the stage. Speaking in Russian, with frequent recourse to Hindi and English words, and

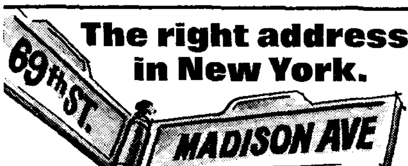


If you plan a stay in the Shannon area-plan a stay at Clare Inn.

Clare Inn Situated on an Irish hilltop 9 miles from Shannon International Airport with a splendid view of the patchwork green country surrounding. Modern in every respect, yet with service that's a pampering echo of the past. Golf, sailing, riding, picnicking, shooting and tennis available. Rates are moderate.

Ireland

For more information write Clare Inn, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare, Ireland, or contact Robert F. Warner, Dept. NYC, 630 5th Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or your travel agent.



The right address in New York.

A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.
THE WESTBURY
KNOTT HOTELS
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000

SAVE YOUR HEART WITH... STAIR-GLIDE
Rental-Purchase Plan Available
Installs quickly • Will not mar stairway • Tax deductible when recommended by physician • Costs about 8c a wk. to operate • Guaranteed.
Used by thousands: Cardiac Patients, Sr. Citizens, Post Operatives, Arthritics, and as a Wife-Saver.
Write For Free Brochure
AMERICAN STAIR-GLIDE CORP.
201 W. 80th Terr. Dept. NY214
Kansas City, Mo. 64114

sounding a bit like a language student going for his first oral examination, he gives a rhetorical salute to May Day and the Soviet Union. Purtej Singh, who follows Indarjit Singh, and concludes the first part of the program, offers his thanks and felicitations in extremely polished Russian.

The variety show begins. A troupe of Russian children ranging in age from six to eleven and dressed in summer clothes crumpled by the heat file onto the stage. They are led by a lady with platinum-blond hair who is decked out in very high heels and a green satin dress glinting with metallic threads. As she conducts, the children sing, in bell-like voices, a Russian folk tune called "Young Nature Lovers," and then they sally into a new Russian song, which goes:

> "We all want to reach the moon.
> We've been there,
> But only in our dreams."

The younger members of the troupe file off and take their seats in the audience, and the older children, at a sign from the conductor, sing out in English, almost at a shout:

> "*Dashing* through the snow
> In a one-horse open *sleigh* . . ."

Next, another troupe, now of adults, comes onto the stage. They are led by a lady with a flushed face who continually dabs at her forehead as she explains, in precise, formal Hindi, that the words of the number they are going to sing were written by a Russian engineer at the plant. The group sings, in chorus, "Bhilai steel plant is famous for its steel, but this is not the only thing the plant is famous for. It is famous for the friendship between the Indian people and the Soviet people." For some reason, the words have been set to the tune of "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

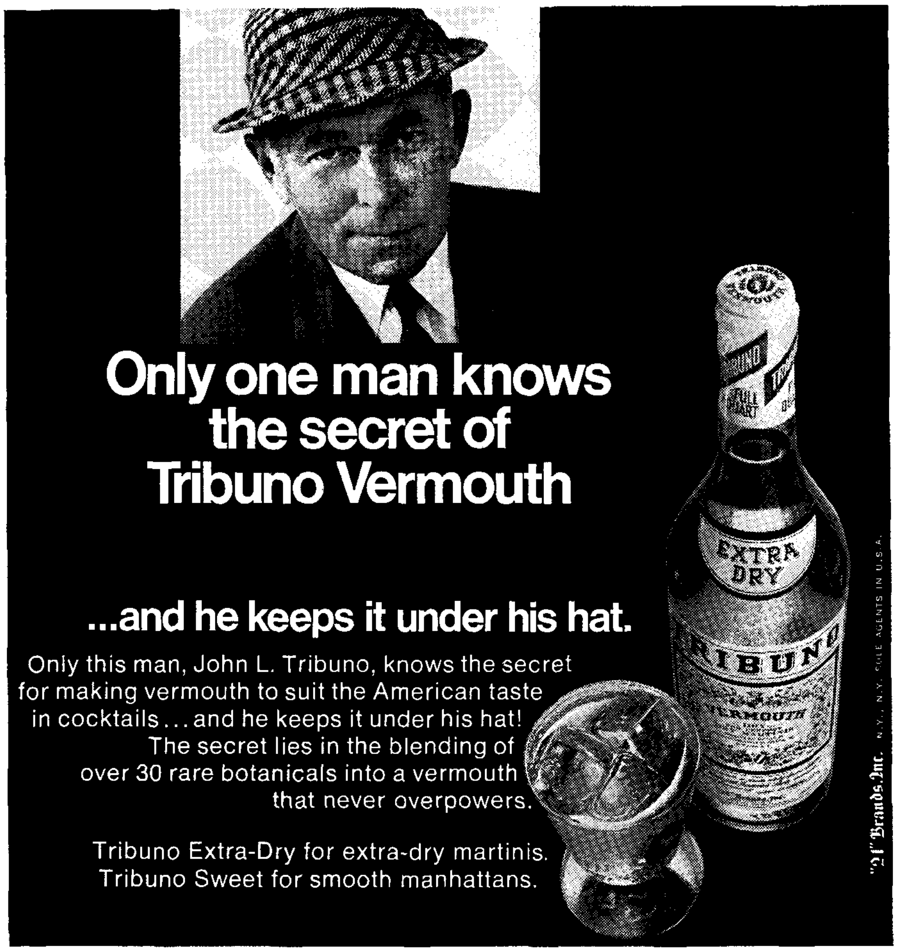
—VED MEHTA

•

EDITOR

We need an editor with a knack and a conscience. One who can take a story and make it worthy of the subject—by rewriting, trimming, adding—anything short of violence. One who can make it worthy too of the author who wrote it—to his pleased surprise. One who can integrate text with pictures, find both the humor and the facts, bring out the drama and throw out the solipsisms. One who's interested in people and places of the present and past, and who isn't afraid of science. One who's good enough for a big job at a distinguished publishing house on the eastern seaboard.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Where authors are pleasantly surprised every day.



Only one man knows the secret of Tribuno Vermouth

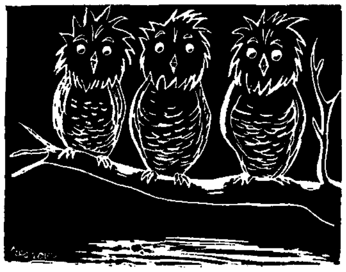
...and he keeps it under his hat.

Only this man, John L. Tribuno, knows the secret for making vermouth to suit the American taste in cocktails...and he keeps it under his hat! The secret lies in the blending of over 30 rare botanicals into a vermouth that never overpowers.

Tribuno Extra-Dry for extra-dry martinis.
Tribuno Sweet for smooth manhattans.

"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y., N.Y. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form



Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.
One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

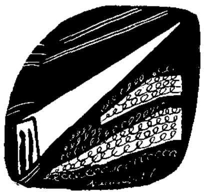
(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America, and Spain—
$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

name
address
(Please include zip code.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Trends and Paroxysms



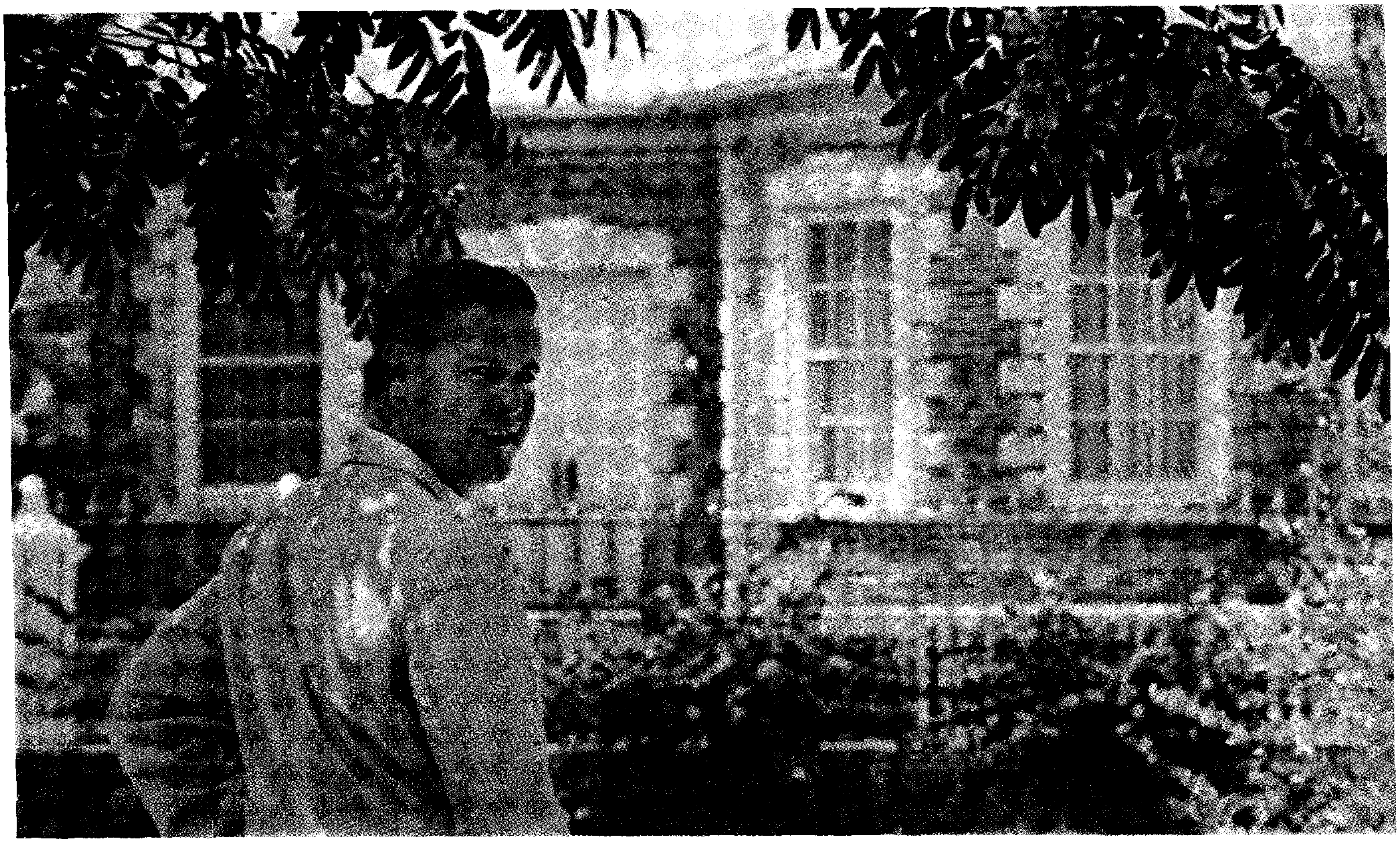
ALLAN KING's "actuality drama," "A Married Couple," was made by a camera crew that moved in on a Canadian advertising man and his wife for ten weeks and photographed their marital conflicts. Recording the antagonisms in an actual marriage yields much less decisive revelations than conventional dramatic techniques do, and to the question of whether the quality of these revelations is such as to outweigh the tediousness and the unresolved complications the answer in this case, I think, is no. However, I've discovered that "A Married Couple" is the kind of movie that you can't say you dislike without having people jump to the conclusion that you're "fighting" it. People who like it tend to talk in terms of how much good it did them, and they assume that you disliked it because it was "too much" for you—that you rejected the experience because it was too disturbing, too tough, too close. Observing the bickering of Billy and Antoinette Edwards may help the people who say they're helped, but I think that's a rather specialized reaction. "Cactus Flower" is said to have done wonders in improving the self-image of dentists and dental assistants, but I wouldn't recommend it to others because of that. "A Married Couple" is not too much, it's too little. Like certain forms of modern theatre, it has been praised for its supposed liberating or therapeutic effect on the participants as well as on the audience. Are the Edwardses trying to "cure" themselves by performing for us? Allan King shot seventy hours of film and then edited it to the ninety-seven minutes we see, and it is said that the Edwardses, who saw all seventy hours, benefitted greatly from the experience and that possibly it was making the film that saved their marriage. But even if we presume to judge the film as therapy, we don't know whether group therapy, or perhaps joining a little-theatre company, might not have done them as much good.

For the Edwardses, "A Married Couple" must be a fantasy made actual: having one's life recorded as one lives it, and then being able to see what one did and what the other people did—not, as in Freudian therapy, by recalling it but by having it brought back through mechanical techniques. The catch is that it is lived for the camera, and living for, and with, the camera overcomplicates the relationships. The Edwardses make a transference to us, the audience (or to the filmmakers with the camera and tape recorder, who stand in for us), and so we're involved in a knotty new kind of transference situation, with elaborate games of role-playing, and we don't have the training (or the interest, necessarily) to sort it out. Our attempts to do so, if they were caught by a tape recorder, would probably sound as feeble as Billy's and Antoinette's efforts at self-analysis. It could be said that actors always project onto the audience their need for love and approval, but when they are acting roles, they ask for approval of their acting, which we can easily grant or withhold. Our relationship to them is relatively simple compared to our relationship to the Edwardses as they act "themselves" being "natural" and try to get approval for this concocted version of themselves. The role of amateur psychiatrist that is forced on us is messy, and it leads us into a morass. For example, when Antoinette doesn't want sex with Billy, are we to assume that she doesn't like him sexually, or that she's cold, or that she's reacting to the presence of the camera crew, or that she's trying to make a more dramatic scene, or that she's trying to humiliate Billy on camera, or what? Or, for another example, we try to figure out why their three-year-old son seems to have tuned out, but we can't be sure that he isn't just upset by the filmmaking process. All we can do is guess, and our guesses set us up for more guesswork, about why we thought what we did, which can go on and on, in an infinite regression. And, really, the emotions and maneuvers are not that interesting; they're the raw material that has already been refined not only in drama but even in soap opera, and certainly in the skits of satiric revue.

We assume that the couple here want to bring us into their act. (And their new, improved relationship may be the result of their success in bringing the public into their act.) The Edwardses are the kind of hip couple who, although they live in an attractive house, with flowers on the dining-room table, and although they modulate their voices with love when they talk to their son, are deliberately crude with each other. Their coarse language may have helped to bring them together; it was probably a unifying rejection of social "hypocrisies," as the long hair of a younger generation is, but they no longer use it just against the world. They use it against each other, and the lack of civility becomes exhausting, because their language limits their expressiveness. We're awkwardly aware that their gracelessness to each other is a theatrical routine—that they're trying to shock us in order to make their scenes more "honest" and explosive. They act for us, and then, of course, Allan King selects the most "dramatic" moments—when they celebrate or when they quarrel and then reconcile—so the material resembles fictional drama. But the "dramatic" moments don't serve the function they do in drama; they don't heighten or resolve anything. As in "The Dance of Death," one cannot tell if the marriage was made in Heaven or in Hell, but whereas in Strindberg that is the brutal, comic point, here it seems to be because we don't know enough about the Edwardses' forms of faking or about King's methods of selection.

People improvising seriously seem to turn themselves into a parody of Method acting. The Edwardses' behavior does not have the spontaneity that is sometimes claimed for "found" drama; rather, it has the pattern of self-conscious improvisation, full of pauses, that is already the familiar sound of *cinéma-vérité* films. Professional actors can, by a gesture or a look, involve us from the start, and can spare us all this embarrassment of speculating on whether they would have done this or that if the camera weren't there. The Edwardses have both had previous connections with acting (Mrs. Edwards was a disc jockey, acted in summer stock, and was Shelley Winters' private secretary; Edwards was an actor in Montreal and a stage manager Off Broadway), and the picture would probably be much duller if they hadn't. Clearly, they want to give us a good show, but they don't have the personalities for it. A major reason *cinéma-vérité* films have thus far been commercially successful only when they featured stars or other major personalities is that those personalities brought some vitality to the films. Even "Lonely Boy," a documentary on the pop singer Paul Anka that satirizes his success story, succeeds largely because Paul Anka, ridiculously untalented as the movie makes him out to be, is enough of a star to dominate it and hold it together. "The Most," on the other hand, though it has good footage, never quite takes off, partly, I think, because its subject (and target), the editor Hugh Hefner, doesn't project like a performer; what the movie reveals is that Hefner is hard-edged and

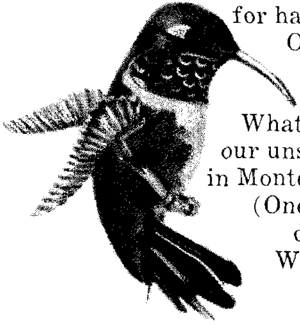
Douglas Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler, becomes Douglas Cooper, the unselfish Philadelphia jeweler for three months each winter.



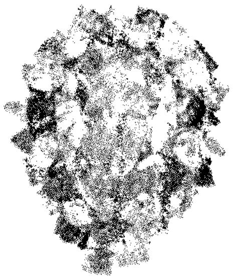
Every year, from early January until late March (except for side trips to our other locations), Mr. Cooper runs our Montego Bay shop.

It's a sacrifice, of course, but he's doing it for you. That's the kind of man he is.

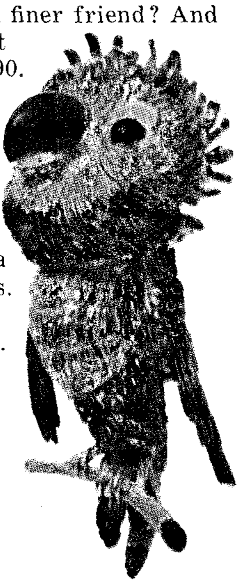
He knows you're coming back to Jamaica this year. Or should be. And he knows you're depending on him. You'll need that birthday present. Or that anniversary idea. Or that "thanks for having us" thought. Or could it be that "nice to have you along" goodie. Whatever it is, look up our unselfish Mr. Cooper in Montego Bay this year. (One good turn surely deserves another.) When you do, you'll find we have a new humming bird brooch. He's a most pleasant fellow of 18 karat gold and enamel, $110. We assure you he won't pick fights with your other Cooper Dr. birds: you know, the 18 karat gold $85 one, or the enameled $145 one, or the jeweled $650 one.



The natural flawless champagne diamond (with multi-colored diamonds around it) has caught your eye, eh? Congratulations. This superb creation is as colorful and as splendid as Jamaica herself. You'll probably never see another like it. Ring, converting into large floral brooch or discreet (?) pendant, $44,500.



To tell the truth, we've had some parrots before who were loud cry babies who screeched nothing but polly, polly all the time. What a drag. This one won't. He knows all. But tells nothing. Could you ask for a finer friend? And find one? In 18 karat gold and enamel, $290. Mail address: 1406 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19110. Add 6% for Penna. delivery. Jewelry actual size. P.S. We've done up a book about ourselves. You may send for it at the above address.



F·J·COOPER INC.

jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
F. J. Cooper International Company.
2 Orange Street at Union, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.
251 Cristo Street at Fortaleza, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico
Herengracht 402, Amsterdam, The Netherlands
F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

12
CHIVAS BROTHERS
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED
SCOTC

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

If it seems a little bit harder to open
than your other scotches,
it's because you probably closed it a little bit tighter
than your other scotches.

tight and colorless, and this is ironic and fascinating, but centering on a constricted personality keeps the movie flat. A film like "A Married Couple" might have some spark if the people in it were the rare sort of people who open up to the camera, but the Edwardses don't hold us the way star personalities in a documentary can, or the way good actors with written scripts can. There is a lot of talk about how movie stars don't count anymore, but when they're not there you certainly feel their absence. To conclude that the public has lost interest in stars merely because an occasional film with Steve McQueen or Paul Newman may fail is to misunderstand what stars are. Clark Gable appeared in numerous flops; just about every big star has had flops. The point is that in a role that's right a star can contribute something more to a movie than an ordinary actor can. The appeal of stars isn't part of some outworn studio system; it's as basic to movies as it is to theatre or opera or pop music. Whether through talent or through training (usually both), some people are more exciting to see on the screen than others. Yet even the greatest star-actors may fall into the "actuality" trap. On television talk shows, stars, trying to be serious and natural, are often embarrassingly banal, just like the non-actors in *cinéma vérité;* even their famous faces are boring, and they appear to be far less spontaneous than they do in a well-rehearsed role. When they're "themselves," they usually bring us not more but less.

"A Married Couple" is based on an approach that, even though it has little public appeal (unless the subject is sensational), is bound to be attractive to filmmakers. It must appear to them to be a way of finding art in the midst of life, and young filmmakers, who are rarely writers but are hooked on technology, love an approach in which the thinking out in advance is minimal—an approach in which you shoot a lot of footage and then try to find your film in it. Young filmmakers generally know almost nothing about how to handle actors, but probably *all* filmmakers have unhappy or "unfulfilled" friends eager to have a movie made of their lives; fame is probably the cure they seek. We're going to get some awfully dreary pictures out of this, because non-actors don't know how to exhibit the best in themselves—only the worst, which they tend to equate with "truth." What is abandoned in this kind of filmmaking is imagination. The filmmaker looks for the drama in life, and may occasionally find some, but he has to pan a lot of earth for a little bit of gold. Imaginative writers and moviemakers and actors intuitively know what a marriage in crisis is like, and bring the "truth" out of themselves.

LIFE's nine-page spread began, "More than a movie, 'End of the Road' is a two-hour paroxysm—the intensely personal plea of Aram Avakian against pervasive violence in America." A paroxysm, according to the Random House Dictionary, is "1. any sudden, violent outburst; a fit of violent action or emotion: *paroxysms of rage.* 2. *Pathol.* a severe attack or an increase in violence of a disease, usually recurring periodically." Though I don't think its status as a paroxysm makes "End of the Road" more than a movie, I do think the movie it is fulfills both the first definition and the pathological one. It is not a plea against "pervasive violence in America," and it's as intensely personal as wearing a maxicoat is for a teen-age girl, but it *is* an increase in the violence of a disease among filmmakers—a fever to pound us with significance and shatter us with truths. "End of the Road" is an apocalyptic message movie, and perhaps I can convey its tone best by another quotation from *Life*—this one from the director's wife, Dorothy Tristan, who also plays the heroine: "A lot of people will hate the film. They'll think it's a desecration of the American flag—and it's just the opposite. It's a cry to the American people—a cry in the dark. I don't think it will do any good." The film was made by people who don't seem to know that a picture like this doesn't get seen by many people likely to think it's a desecration of the flag, and maybe they don't even know that the country is crawling with filmmakers crying, "Repent of your violence, America!" When I saw the movie, I was handed this synopsis:

> "End of the Road" is a baroque and pointedly absurd adaptation by Dennis McGuire, Terry Southern and Aram Avakian of the classic novel by John Barth, in which a young man, in an attempt to escape his own violence, falls into the violence of others in a plot that plays like an animated collage of a bizarre madhouse, a weird doctor, an absurd college campus, a gun fetishist professor and his rebelling wife, adultery, abortion and death.
>
> It is an experience, not a movie, a cinematic assault on the audience, the individual and the senses, a trip without drugs. With many aspects of comedy, it is about as funny as history.

I don't know what can be done about this kind of self-inflation and hysteria; it is becoming a standard kind of filmmakers' smugness, and it re-

Jan van der Zee is the world's best tobacco blender.

We give him the world's best tobaccos to blend.

DOUWE EGBERTS

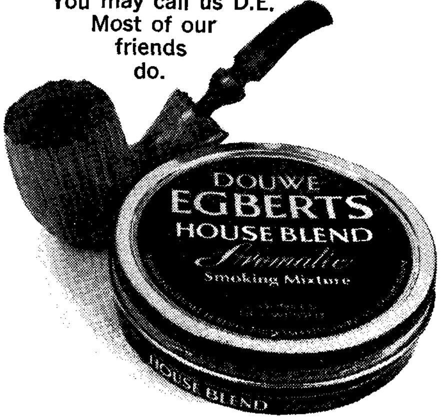
HOUSE BLEND

We've been producing the world's great tobacco mixtures since 1753. Now we have a new blend. A masterful blend of truly superb tobaccos. Because it is the best in the house, we call it our D.E.* HOUSE BLEND. You may enjoy the D.E. HOUSE BLEND in two versions — Regular and Aromatic. Both are in handsome tins. If you have been seeking an outstanding pipe tobacco, we suggest you try our HOUSE BLEND. It is sensibly priced at 70¢ a tin.

For the name of the store nearest you that purveys our HOUSE BLEND, write to Douwe Egberts, Inc., P.O. Box 472, Chatsworth, California 91311.

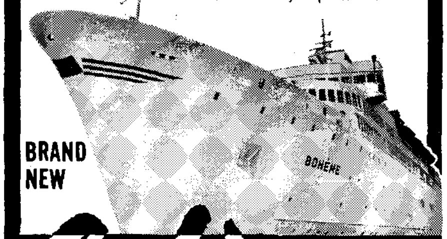
*Our full name is Douwe Egberts Tabaksmaatschappij. Quite a mouthful to pronounce, isn't it? That's all right.

You may call us D.E.
Most of our
friends
do.



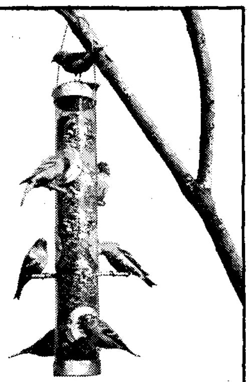
Hand Blended in Holland

3 ISLAND
7 DAY CRUISES
Every Saturday 3:30 P.M. to FREEPORT, ST. THOMAS and SAN JUAN. Luxury ship with first class staterooms, two lower beds, fully air conditioned. Duty-free shops, pool, sauna, gym, superb cuisine, star entertainment. See your Travel Agent or call Commodore Cruise Lines: (305) 373-5502.
Fares from $195 per person.
Sails from Port of Miami.
SAFETY INFORMATION: m/s Bohème, registered in West Germany, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.



BRAND NEW
Bohème
COMMISSIONED NOV. 1968 • 11,000 GROSS TONS

DROLL
YANKEE
BIRD
FEEDER



Heavy duty plastic, 16" feeder that will last for years. Die-cast caps and guards, stainless hanging wire and aluminum perches defy all weather.
Birds love it and you will too. It's easy to fill and will keep your yard alive with birds all year long.
$12 plus 95c postage. New York State residents add applicable tax.
Send for illustrated catalog.
Adirondack Store
108 Lake Placid Road
Saranac Lake, N.Y. 12983

POETS OF THE NEW YORK SCHOOL
New *important* Anthology
of nine poets and nine artists
$12.50, 25¢ post/N.Y. 75¢ tax
Gotham Book Mart & Gallery, Inc.
41 West 47th St., N.Y.C. 10036

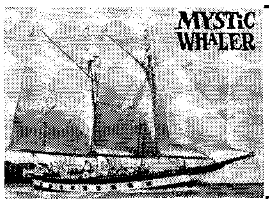
sults in excruciatingly bad attempts at art. The filmmakers throw in every fancy trick they can steal or dream up and every shock effect they think they can get away with, and then they tell us the whole damp bag of fireworks and hysteria is an attack on the American psychosis of violence. And they're so self-righteous they believe it. If in "End of the Road" the mushroom clouds and the moon shot and the atrocities and the mixed-media effects and the overlay of voices of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King and everybody else you'd expect don't all tell you less than you want to know, there are the special shticks. Guns and American flags are the running jokes of the movie. The hero (Stacy Keach) wears a flag, his colleague (Harris Yulin) sucks gun barrels as if they were lollipops, and so on. It's Camp paranoia.

The John Barth story, about a triangle in an academic setting in the early fifties, was published in 1958. The conceit of the movie is that the hero is catatonic because he's stoned by Hiroshima, L.B.J., napalm, etc., but Avakian destroys this conceit by the connections he tries to make, such as cutting from the heroine's choking on her own vomit during an abortion to the flag to the astronauts to Nixon moving forward and backward via reversed film. The movie is full of asserted connections so opportunistic that if their equivalent were tried by a reactionary—say, cutting from flower children littering Central Park to fish dying in polluted waters to Mick Jagger on a platform laughing to Stalin, and so on—the movie would be howled out of theatres. The few relatively good scenes are the quiet ones that are closest to the spirit of the novel (the hero's job interview, his put-on defense of prescriptive grammar). Avakian was formerly a film editor, and though the movie is encrusted with effects that are meant to be "relevant," the key relationships aren't clear, and the actors are badly served. Harris Yulin has a few good moments, and Keach isn't bad when he's funny, but there are too many closeups of him with his eyes bugging out and his mouth open, and we never quite relate to him. The funny-farm stuff, with James Earl Jones as the doctor, is painfully misdirected, so that it isn't clear what the doctor represents, and Jones is photographed as if he were a leftover pig from "Futz." The camerawork, by Gordon Willis, is often beautiful, the optical effects are sometimes quite elegant, and the sets and details are often remarkably fine. It's intelligence that's missing, as it is in paroxysms. —PAULINE KAEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.
A Renaissance of Graciousness
A luxury hotel in the great European tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.
THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Telephone (202) 483-6400
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, President

The Talbots

Classic wrap. A country classic, our button-front wrap skirt is made with wide back panels and handy patch pockets in a Scotchgarded poplin blend of polyester/cotton. Also available in a short length. Sky blue, parfait pink, emerald, daffodil, or skipper blue. Please specify regular or short length. Sizes S, M, L. $15.00. Add 50¢ for postage.
Send for free catalog.
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. DU • HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

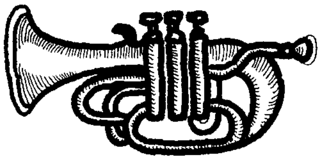


MYSTIC WHALER
SET SAIL
smack against the tide of travel conformity! Virgin Islands Dec.-May. New England coast June-Oct.
Free Folder
MYSTIC WHALER
Mystic, Conn.
06355

MUSICAL EVENTS

X

THERE is a quality about the response to great music—and to some music that is not so great—that can only be described as mystical. I use this word with a certain amount of reserve, because it is so often applied to bogus religious ideas, spiritualism, trances induced by drugs, and so on. But it is a valuable word, which refers to states of mind that cannot be attributed to logical causes or explained by scientific means. A person who is thoroughly under the sway of a masterpiece of music is experiencing a transcendental phenomenon. This phenomenon has little or nothing to do with the way the composer has put the notes together, with his technique, or with the vibration frequencies that (with their relationships) constitute the work on a physical plane. It is something added—a vision of the composer's that has been mysteriously transferred to his listener, who "feels" the result without necessarily analyzing and admiring the workmanship. I have recently come across a paper called "Remarks on Mystic States"—published in the psychoanalytical review *American Imago*, and written by Dr. Richard Sterba, the coauthor of that psychoanalytical study of Beethoven "Beethoven and his Nephew"—which confirms this idea. In fact, Dr. Sterba writes, "I consider aesthetic feelings in general the first and mildest form of mystic experience; there is no aesthetic feeling without transcendence of the self into outside objects through extended Ego boundaries."



Now, unfortunately, mysticism, along with religion and belief in myths, has fallen out of fashion in our society, and though people still allow themselves to be seduced by the mystical elements in, say, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, there is a widespread pretense that these elements are merely an illusion, and that the real power of the symphony lies in the mastery with which Beethoven constructed the notes, chords, themes, climaxes, and other logical and analyzable factors that can be found in the work. So prevalent has this notion become in our materialistic world that the contemporary composer of symphonies and operas is inclined to think of his compositions as the product not of feeling but of calculation. And this is precisely where most of the serious music of the twentieth century has gone off the track. Today, one is supposed to admire the composer's virtuosity in some system or other—twelve-tone, aleatoric, free atonal, polytonal, etc., etc. The vision, the feeling, the mystical experience that he might be expressing—and that the great composers of the past *would* have expressed—have been lost sight of and become irrelevancies. And to this extent contemporary music itself has become irrelevant, and will, I think, soon be lost sight of. Not much great music has been written since the time of Bartók, the early Stravinsky, Debussy, and Gustav Mahler, and the predominant reason that most music since that time has not been great is simply its lack of a mystical dimension. Now, I am not blaming contemporary composers for not being mystics. It may be that the whole *Zeitgeist* of our particular time is so anti-mystical that the production of music with mystical overtones has become an impossibility. But I submit that music without a mystical dimension communicates nothing, that it has no power over its audience, that it is hardly worth composing at all, and that, in short, it is worthless.

I was reminded of all this as I listened to Elliott Carter's Concerto for Orchestra, which was given its première by the New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein's baton, in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night. It is a curiously fragmented, incoherent composition, which expressed nothing much to me but a nervous feeling that I might have had if I were being pursued by a horde of angry mosquitoes. Yet it has all the elements that are supposed to be characteristic of a fine late-twentieth-century work. Mr. Carter is one of our most respected contemporary composers. He is a master of symphonic sound; he has a technique of writing for the orchestra that is original in the true sense of the word; he knows, from a technical standpoint, exactly what he is doing. What, then, is missing? What makes this work different in kind from a Beethoven symphony? In my opinion, it is the total absence of a mystical dimension.

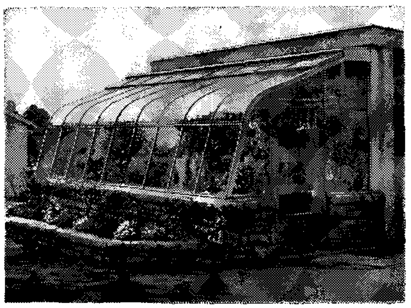
YEHUDI MENUHIN appeared last Monday night in Carnegie Hall at the head of the American Symphony Orchestra, with his sister, Hephzibah,

ASTROLABE, Wrought Iron
20" Diameter.
$200 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

PIPER OF THE GARDEN,
Fountain complete with recirculating pump. Lead statue, heavy cast aluminum pool. 47" high – 47" diameter pool. Pompeian green or other finish. $950.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

Send 25¢ – stamps – coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926



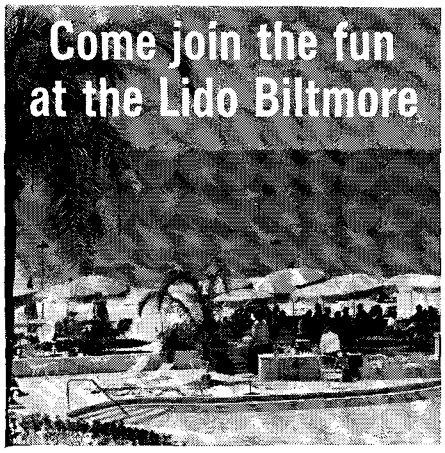
Make this your garden year-round

Year-round gardening is the greatest of hobbies . . . for pleasure, leisure, whole-family fun. And L & B makes a **greenhouse garden** practical for any budget, any homesite with dozens of even span and lean-to greenhouse models from $400 to $2000 – window greenhouses from $130. All are prefab for easy assembly – all aluminum for lifetime enjoyment without upkeep. Send for **free** Greenhouse Gardens Catalog #191.

LORD & BURNHAM
div. Burnham Corp., Dept. 191, Irvington, N.Y. 10533

Prefab home greenhouses from $400! Send free 32 pg. full color catalog that tells how to choose a greenhouse, how much to spend, where to place it on average homesites, how to heat, cool, equip economically.

Mr. Mrs...
Street..
City.................................State.................Zip..............



Smart, sophisticated, swinging... Lido Biltmore is where you can join with the "fun people" for a memorable time. Swim in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, loll on private white sand beach, sunbathe and socialize by sparkling pool. Enjoy all water sports, plus great golf on 18-hole course. Exciting entertainment. The very best in cuisine, service, hospitality and accommodations.
So come, join in the fun.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
For rates, reservations, color folder, see travel agent or call our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, (212) LT 1-3462.

ANIMAL WOODCUTS

6 RARE WOODCUTS
By
Jonathan
Fisher
(1768 - 1847)

A rare discovery! Woodcuts done by Jonathan Fisher, Parson of Blue Hill, Maine. A versatile man of great energy and talents. Parson Fisher engraved 142 woodcuts to illustrate his book Scripture Animals, published in 1834. Through special permission of the Jonathan Fisher Memorial, Inc. we have reproduced six of his original wood engravings. These delightful, primitive animals are printed on antique finish, colored book cover paper. Size 11 x 14 inches (standard frame size). The woodcuts make handsome decorative groupings in home or office.
(Historical pamphlet included)

Set of Six Woodcuts $3.00; 2 Sets $5.50
Please add 20¢ post. per set. Collection consists of:

Fallow Deer—Olive Grn.
Field Hare—Earth Tan
Giant Whale—Col. Blue
Rooster—Mustard Yell.
Amer. Eagle—Brnt. Orange
Great Owl—Brnt. Orange

Perfect Easter Gift.

NUMBERED DELUXE EDITION
We have issued a limited number of prints on double weight parchment paper. Each Deluxe set includes a Numbered Limited Edition Certificate.
Deluxe Set of Six Woodcuts $5.00 *add 20¢ post.*

ART FORUM Dept. 704G, 80 4th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003

YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT . . . the first time you see
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 3:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

as piano soloist in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. I thought her performance was a bit weak and incompletely worked out. Certainly, it was not a brilliant interpretation in comparison with those of most of today's leading pianists. But there was a surprise in store for me. I had never heard Mr. Menuhin conduct before, and he presided over Schubert's long C-Major Symphony in a masterly manner, giving an interpretation that was memorable for beautiful tone, coherence, rightness of tempo, and (unless you are tired of the word) mystical insight. Mr. Menuhin's violin playing has always, to my mind, been variable. Sometimes he has played like an angel, sometimes as if he hated the violin. But as a conductor he has the equipment and the charisma to do great things. I look forward to hearing him again in this capacity. At the beginning of the concert, he paid his respects to contemporary music by giving the New York première of something called "Postludium I," by the Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski. This was a noise composition, completely inorganic, dealing in sound for its own sake. Fortunately, it was very short.

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER and David Oistrakh, whose recital in Carnegie Hall I went to last Wednesday evening, make up about the most sensitive and otherwise accomplished piano-violin team one is likely to hear anywhere. Both play with a cultivated chamber-music style; neither takes advantage of the other, and yet each, on his own, is one of the most enthralling of present-day virtuosos. The modesty and control with which Mr. Oistrakh fitted his playing to the piano part in Beethoven's Sonata in A Major, Opus 30, No. 1, could serve as a model to many of today's lesser violinists. This is a composition in which a loud or insensitive violinist always sounds like a fifth wheel—like an embarrassment that is likely to obscure rather than enhance the total effect. This time, the fusion of violin and piano was complete. The same might be said of the performance of Brahms' Sonata No. 3 in D Minor, Opus 108, with which the program ended, except that this is a much easier work to project—Brahms' romantic fervor and thickness of harmonic structure make the two instruments blend almost in spite of themselves. Between these two items, Mr. Richter and Mr. Oistrakh played Shostakovich's Sonata Opus 134, a work that was dedicated to Mr. Oistrakh. It

YOUR HEART FUND FIGHTS
HEART ATTACK
STROKE
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
INBORN HEART DEFECTS

LAINIE KAZAN
is the towering eyeful
from February 18 to March 17
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL

STRAPARAMA®
has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

VIKING FOR BOYS
Estab. 1929
A great summer's experience on Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod, for boys from eight to fifteen. Expert instruction in every art of Sailing. Extensive programs in Swimming, Canoeing, Survival Training and Land Sports. Eight weeks season—Fee: $800.00. Write for Booklet.
VIKING—Orleans, Mass. 02653 (617) 255-2739
Director: Cedric Hagenbuckle

You're cruising the rugged edge of Alaska's Glacier Bay. Arcadia's whistle booms. And freight car-sized chunks of ice crash into the sea . . . while a steward serves you tea with sweets fresh from the Confectioner's Shop.

P&O's Alaska Cruise *is different.* It's our British life at sea: A nanny to mind the children. British officers to mind the ship. A crew who takes the same kind of pride in service that their fathers and grandfathers did.

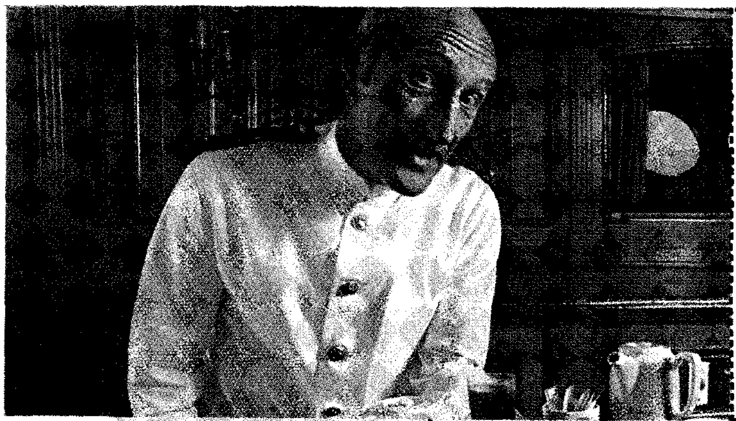
On board you'll find two pools to swim in. Five open decks to play on. A pub where you can relax over a gin and tonic. Or a friendly pint of English ale that only costs 19 cents.

You can have Indian lamb curry for lunch. Scottish smoked salmon for dinner. And coffee brought to your cabin every morning by a steward who makes you feel as though you're traveling with your own British butler.

This summer leave your way of life. Cruise with us to a world where the sun shines 17 hours a day.

CRUISING: THE GREAT BRITISH PASTIME.

The avalanche will start at 4:00. Tea will be served as usual.



Free! P&O's Alaska Cruise Book—May, June, and July cruises to Vancouver, Victoria, and Ketchikan, Juneau, Sitka, Glacier Bay—via the sheltered Inside Passage. 14 days from California on the biggest, fastest ship cruising north. From $275.

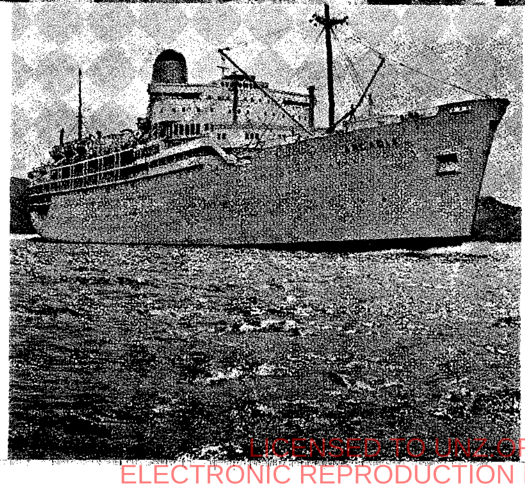
Write: P&O, The British Cruise Line,
155 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94105.

Name

Address

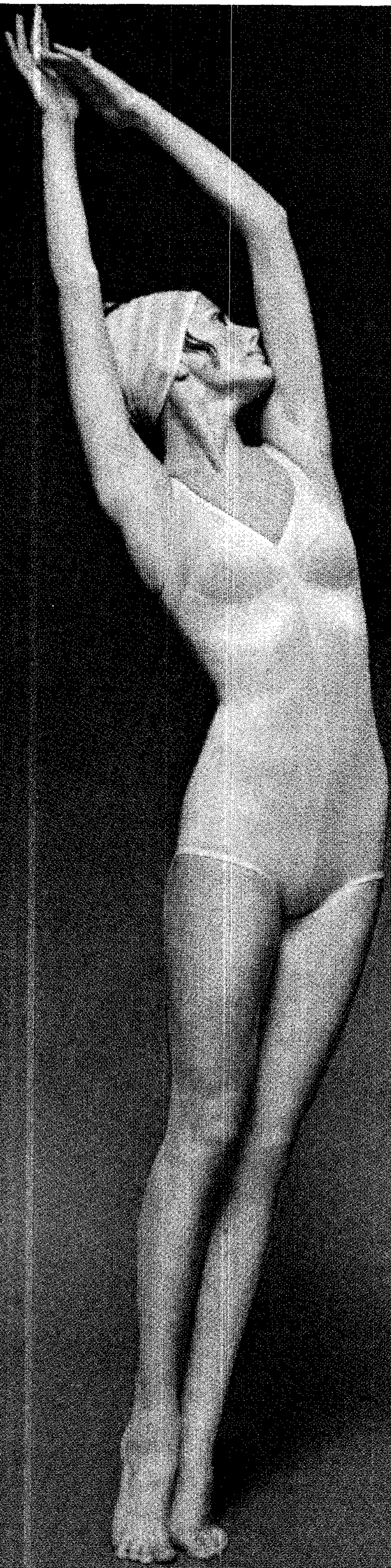
City/State/Zip

My travel agent is Dept. S-6



P&O

Cruising the seven seas under the British flag since 1837.



Beauty And The Least. Here's underdressing so fluid it feels poured on. Free. Flexible. Stripped of hardware, fetters, frills. Like this Loafer Suit, a lithe little body-sleeker created to curve, not carve. Among the other great natural beauties in our new collection of Un-Foundations: the step-in Un-Bra, the all-stretch Un-Hip pantie brief. Loafer in Pink Organdy, White Grape, Star White, Honey Beige. 32 to 36. A B C cups, about $10. Vanity Fair Mills, 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y. VANITY FAIR

is a thoroughly professional composition, well constructed, ambiguous in tonality, for the most part, and, to my ears, a bit drab.

George Balanchine is a master of show business. Give him a backdrop of New York skyscrapers, a bunch of tunes by George Gershwin, some boy-girl stuff, and a lot of nostalgia, and he will produce a smash hit. Such was “Who Cares?,” a new ballet, which was presented last Thursday night at the New York State Theatre by the New York City Ballet, and which some lucky timing permitted me to see immediately after hearing the Carter work, across the plaza. The Gershwin tunes, which included many of his most famous Broadway songs (most of them played, ably, on the piano by Gordon Boelzner), were evocative of their period and full of rather profane mystical feeling. Two of them, though, had been orchestrated by Hershy Kay, and these served as the opening and closing numbers. Everybody who is anybody was present. Mayor Lindsay made a speech; Balanchine made a speech. Thunderous applause interspersed and followed the various numbers, in which Karin von Aroldingen, Patricia McBride, Marnee Morris, and Jacques d'Amboise were the principal dancers. The whole thing was designed to bring Broadway bumps and grinds and soft-shoe routines into a stylized relation with the steps of classical ballet.

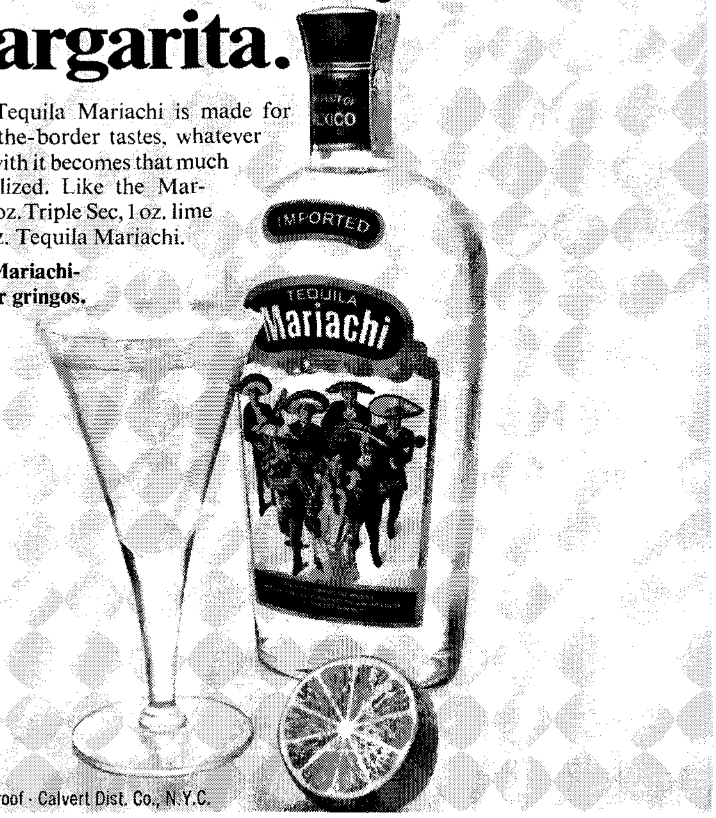
Perhaps I am alone in my reaction, but the fact is that I didn't like “Who Cares?” much. As a piece of creative choreography, I thought it dull, routine, trivial, and full of Balanchine clichés. I have seen this sort of thing done with far more imagination and originality by the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. Balanchine's Broadway mannerisms don't really mesh with his classical ballet techniques. Subtract the sentimentality and the tunes and you have Balanchine merely going through a succession of his old tricks. For me, this was not enough. But I daresay, to judge by the reaction of the audience, that “Who Cares?” will be popular.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

The Pulitzer prize winner [Mark Van Doren] read from two of his volumes, $100 Selected Poems” and “That Shining Place” during the dinner ceremony.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

That second one is all about the Chase Manhattan.

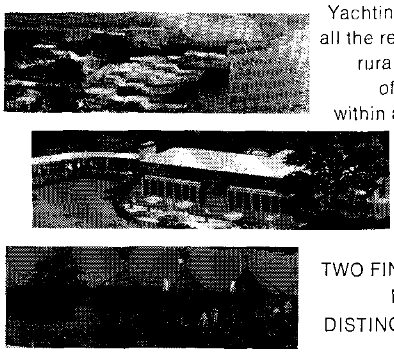


**Tequila Mariachi.
It makes a lady out of Margarita.**

Because Tequila Mariachi is made for north-of-the-border tastes, whatever you mix with it becomes that much more civilized. Like the Margarita: ½ oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. lime juice, 2 oz. Tequila Mariachi.

**Tequila Mariachi-
tequila for gringos.**

Imported Tequila · 80 Proof · Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.



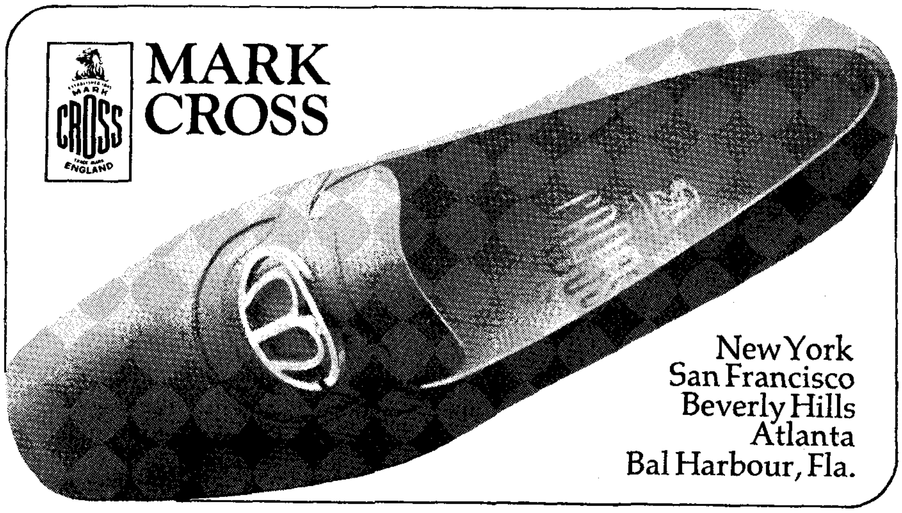
THE TIDES INN

Yachting, golfing, tennis and all the rest in an unsurpassed rural Virginia atmosphere of luxurious informality within a day's drive of much of the South & East.

Box 400,
Irvington, Va.
(703) 438-2611

TWO FINE SMALL RESORTS, EACH WITH A DISTINCTIVE PERSONALITY

& The Tides Golf Lodge



MARK CROSS

New York
San Francisco
Beverly Hills
Atlanta
Bal Harbour, Fla.

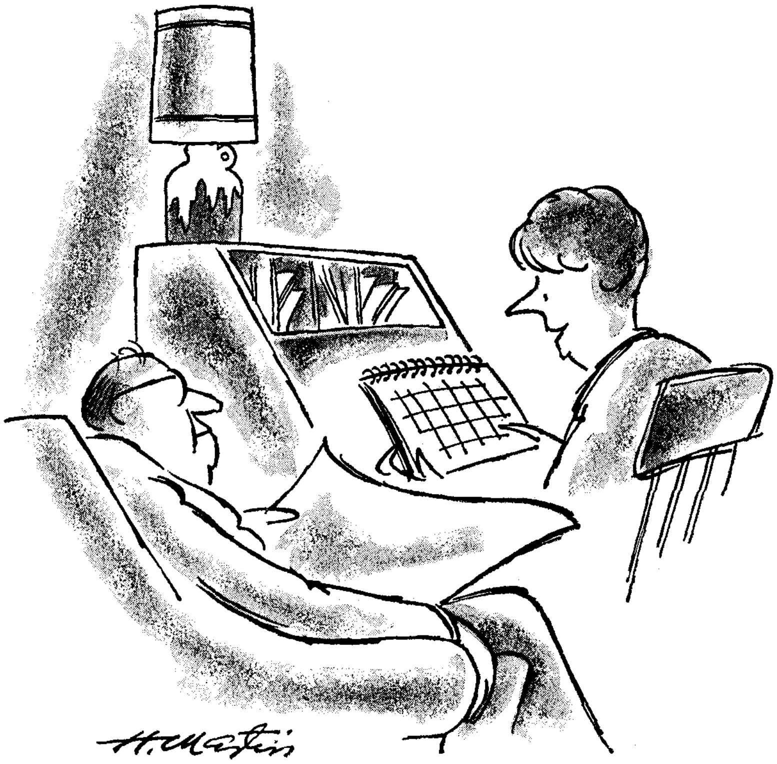
U.S. JOURNAL: SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

HOUSE OF STUDIES

THE rights of students to engage in political activities at the University of Puerto Rico were suspended in 1948 and fully restored last August. During those twenty-one years, the causes that might be expected to attract politically active students changed in most countries but not in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. In 1948, students at U.P.R. were interested in Puerto Rican independence; they are still interested in Puerto Rican independence. The disturbance that brought the suspension of rights in 1948 was provoked by the refusal of the university to permit a campus speech by Pedro Albizu Campos, the nationalist leader whose followers believed in attempting to seize independence by violence—or, at least, in demonstrating its absence by violent gestures. Lately, the protest has been directed at the R.O.T.C., but the underlying cause is the same, the feeling of *independentista* students being that the R.O.T.C. represents not merely the military but the foreign military. Now that students are permitted to form political organizations and distribute political newspapers, the most active organization on campus is the Federación Universitaria Pro Independencia (FUPI) and most of the newspapers distributed have names like *Liberación*. Now that peaceful demonstrations are permitted, the demonstrators usually include among their chants "Yanqui Go Home." Now that student councils are again active, the students elected to run them are mostly *independentistas*. The walls at the entrance to the university's predominant campus, in a suburb of San Juan called Río Piedras, are plastered with a poster furnished by the student council of the College of Humanities. "Welcome," it says, in Spanish. "The fight for independence continues." The drawing is of a hand holding a torch, and the torch is a Molotov cocktail.

In the years after 1948, the university, of course, described its policy of prohibiting political activity not as a matter of suspending student rights but as a matter of protecting the university from politics—making the university what the chancellor, Jaime Benítez, called a House of Studies. It was a concept with wide appeal. As the university expanded under Benítez' direction, it came to represent to Puerto Ricans a passport to participation in the island's postwar economic growth, and they were often reminded that political disturbance could mean, as it had for a while in 1948, that the university might cease to function. The number of Puerto Ricans who would be outraged by restrictions on the rights of speech and assembly has always been limited; according to a recent study by Luis Nieves Falcón, a U.P.R. social scientist, seven out of ten Puerto Rican public-school teachers would favor firing any teacher shown to be a Communist or an opponent of all religion. The decade following the introduction of the House of Studies concept was relatively quiet in Puerto Rico politically—meaning that arguments about whether the island should be a republic or a state or something in between were only constant rather than obsessive. The Popular Democratic Party, which was in power from 1940 until 1968, had always included people who believed in eventual independence as well as those who believed in permanent ties with the United States. But in the early fifties the Party blunted the issue of Puerto Rico's political status by advocating that the island remain in the ambiguous and theoretically temporary status of a commonwealth while concentrating on its appalling economic problems. In the fifties, the independence movement seemed to shrink to its traditional base in the San Juan intellectual community, where independence sympathy has always been so strong that a writer or an artist is almost presumed to be an *independentista* until proved otherwise. Uncommitted as to what kind of politics and economics an independent Puerto Rico would practice, the *independentista* intellectuals, some of them relatively conservative people, emphasized the necessity of protecting the Spanish language and preserving a Puerto Rican cultural identity. "When I got to the university in 1956, there were few *independentistas*," a U.P.R. alumnus said recently. "The center of the movement was the College of Humanities. We would read the stories and poems of writers known to be for independence. That was our political activity."

In 1968, the election of an advocate of statehood to the governorship activated *independentistas* and everyone else in Puerto Rican politics who considers himself an opponent of "assimilation." At Río Piedras, the independence movement had been gaining strength for several years, and its center had moved from the College of Humanities to the College of Social Science. Language had become less a cause than a symbol—a way to identify the enemy. At Río Piedras, an occasional poster announcing an American film or a lecture by a visiting American is in English, and two or three lunch stands just outside the campus seem to favor English signs like "China Quick-Lunch—The King of Fried Chicken." Otherwise, anything that's identified by a



"Today is Grandmother's birthday. If she were alive, she'd be one hundred and ten years young and rarin' to go."

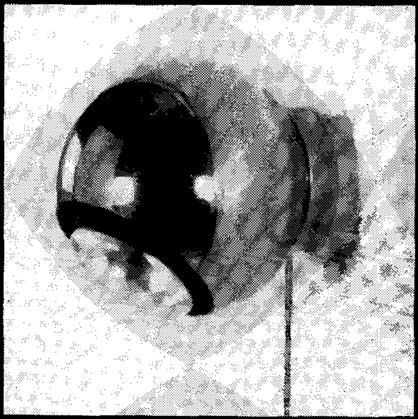
sign in English is U.S. property. In the student center, all signs suddenly turn to English inside the door of the post office; all the signs on the R.O.T.C. building are in English, including a sticker on its Spanish balcony that says "YOUR FUTURE, YOUR DECISION—CHOOSE ARMY." Students are now interested not only in when the republic will come but in who will own it. The students allied with the independence party that believes in working within the electoral process talk about the democratic socialism of Scandinavia. FUPI distinguishes between "formal political independence," Albizu Campos's goal, and liberation from American economic domination. Its leaders feel the effects of politics outside Puerto Rico—the Cuban revolution, the Third World, the wars of national liberation, the Students for a Democratic Society. After years of warnings that the House of Studies concept was all that stood between the University of Puerto Rico and Latin-American politicalization, the fact that student *independentistas* have been influenced by radical student movements of the United States strikes some *independentistas* as an indication that in a colonial society the influence of the colonialist power pervades not only politics and economics and culture but even the agencies intent on destroying it.

IN the forties and fifties, Puerto Ricans thought of the university as an institutional extension of Jaime Benítez, the way they thought of the Popular Democratic Party as an institutional extension of Luis Muñoz Marín. Even after the university had quadrupled in size, incoming students were still greeted by Jaime Benítez in the fall and graduates were still handed their diplomas by Jaime Benítez in the spring—after listening to a commencement address by Jaime Benítez. But by the early sixties there was pressure for a change in the university from a number of sources—including some professors who believed that a few decisions in the university should be left to the faculty, or even to the students, or at least to someone other than Jaime Benítez. The criticism of Benítez was similar to that heard eventually about Muñoz Marín—that a progressive man had gradually become interested mainly in maintaining power, that years of connection with American rule had drawn him closer and closer to the United States and further and further from Puerto Rico. The University Reform Law of 1966 provided for separate chancellors at each campus and a

Are you ready for "End Of The Road"?

Emanuel L. Wolf presents AN ALLIED ARTISTS FILM
END OF THE ROAD
Starring
STACY KEACH, HARRIS YULIN, DOROTHY TRISTAN and JAMES EARL JONES with GRAYSON HALL and The Real RAY BROCK
Directed by ARAM AVAKIAN · Executive Producer MAX L. RAAB · Produced by TERRY SOUTHERN and STEPHEN F. KESTEN
Screenplay by DENNIS McGUIRE, TERRY SOUTHERN, ARAM AVAKIAN
From the Novel "The End of the Road" by JOHN BARTH · IN COLOR
X Persons under 17 not admitted
NEW EMBASSY/ CINEMA II
Broadway at 46th St. PL 7-2408 / 3rd Ave. at 60th St. PL 3-6022

THE WALL TO WALL, WALL LAMP.
We give you not one, but two magnetic back plates for this wall lamp. Tired of lighting one location? Pluck! Off comes the 4½" diameter polished chrome head. Zonk! It's on its other back plate in another wall location. This versatile 3 piece unit is $19.90. It takes a 50-watt reflector bulb. If you want to add more walls to this lamp's repertoire, buy additional back plates. They're only $3.50 each.



SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.
On mail orders add $1.50 postage.
GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-129, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

KNIFE & FORK INN . . .
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

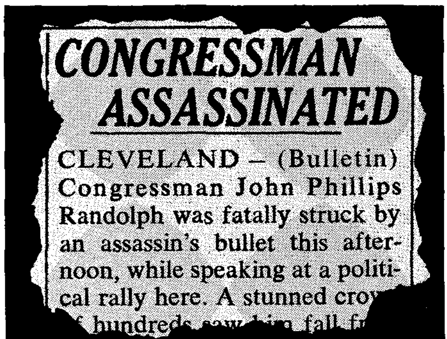
We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.

120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco



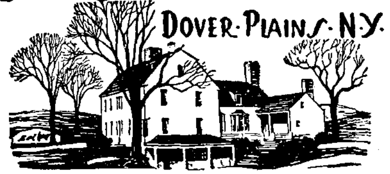
CONGRESSMAN ASSASSINATED

CLEVELAND – (Bulletin) Congressman John Phillips Randolph was fatally struck by an assassin's bullet this afternoon, while speaking at a political rally here. A stunned cro
f hundreds saw him fall fr

Big news for mystery fans. Milo March is on the prowl again. Dashing off to Paris, San Francisco, Capetown, and intermediate points in search of the Congressman's killer. Along the way, he encounters a hostile FBI, a much-less-hostile beautiful "old friend" in Hong Kong, and enough plot twists to delight his old fans — and make lots of new ones. $4.50

GREEN GROW THE GRAVES
by M. E. Chaber
A Rinehart Suspense Novel
HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.

OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.



LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

president to coördinate their activities. The members of the Council on Higher Education, which the reform bill created as the university's board of regents, approached two or three men about the presidency and were turned down. Then they named Jaime Benítez.

The new chancellor of the Río Piedras campus was Abrahán Díaz Gonzáles, a wealthy attorney widely known for his willingness in the fifties to defend people accused under the Smith Act. In San Juan, people often describe Díaz Gonzáles as a liberal, and then pause and add, "A *real* liberal." The reform legislation had begun a liberalization of the rules on student political activity, and Díaz Gonzáles carried the liberalization further. As political activity increased at Río Piedras in the late sixties, the San Juan newspapers, dominated by the conservative *El Mundo*, began to accuse Díaz Gonzáles of permitting the university to become a center for subversives and Communists and *independentistas*—three words that the San Juan papers sometimes seem to use interchangeably. Although Díaz Gonzáles was considered none of the three, he was known to be friendly with a lot of intellectuals, and he even named some of them to administrative posts at Río Piedras—causing the press to talk about the threat of an *independentista* takeover. Díaz Gonzáles had increasingly acrimonious relations with the Council members, most of whom he considered more interested in discipline and graduation statistics than in his efforts at academic reform. "They know nothing of a university," he said not long ago. "And they don't care. No, that's not fair. They care. But if you care without knowledge, you're just worried—and you might even be afraid."

The issue at the center of the recent Río Piedras demonstrations—whether R.O.T.C. should continue to be offered at the university—was considered important even among those students, still the majority, who are not ordinarily concerned with the issue of independence or with any other political issue. Although the Puerto Rico legislature once took the trouble to pass a resolution supporting United States policies in Vietnam, many people in Puerto Rico believe that Puerto Ricans should not be obligated to serve in the war. The Puerto Rico bar association has called the application of the Selective Service law to Puerto Rico unconstitutional. On September 26th, in the first of a number of draft-evasion cases pending in the federal court, an *independentista* named Edwin Feliciano Grafals was sentenced to one year in prison for refusing induction—a sentence that was later reduced to one hour. Marching on the R.O.T.C. building at Río Piedras in retaliation, students smashed windows, wrecked equipment, and burned down the door. Critics of Díaz Gonzáles were enraged that he declined to call the police, and were further enraged a few days later when, after some pitched battles on the campus between *independentistas* and R.O.T.C. cadets, he suspended R.O.T.C. drills and parades. A group of pro-R.O.T.C. "parents" marched to the campus and attacked the nearby office of one of the pro-independence parties. Advertisements warning that the independence movement "has been deceitfully used as an instrument of the International Communist Conspiracy" were placed in newspapers by an ad hoc movement that independence sympathizers tend to blame on the Cuban refugees who now form a prosperous and militantly anti-Communist community in San Juan. ("Every one of them escaped in a small boat, leaving all of his belongings behind," a Puerto Rican liberal said recently. "And every one of them had a close relative murdered personally, with his own hands, by Fidel Castro.") There were charges of appeasement when the Academic Senate began to consider the role of R.O.T.C. on campus—a consideration carried on while *independentistas* on a hunger strike camped out in a hallway leading to the administration building. On a motion by Díaz Gonzáles himself, the Academic Senate proposed that the R.O.T.C. program be gradually withdrawn from Río Piedras. The Council on Higher Education rejected the proposal and, a month later, fired Díaz Gonzáles. Jaime Benítez became acting chancellor of the campus as well as president. "In Puerto Rico, everything comes late," Díaz Gonzáles later said. "Even McCarthyism."

PEOPLE in San Juan often say that the *independentistas* can be spotted easily on the Río Piedras campus by their disreputable appearance, but to a visitor accustomed to American universities the *independentistas* are not easily distinguished from the fraternity boys. At FUPI demonstrations, the girls who carry a huge Puerto Rican flag dress with a sense of coed fashion that

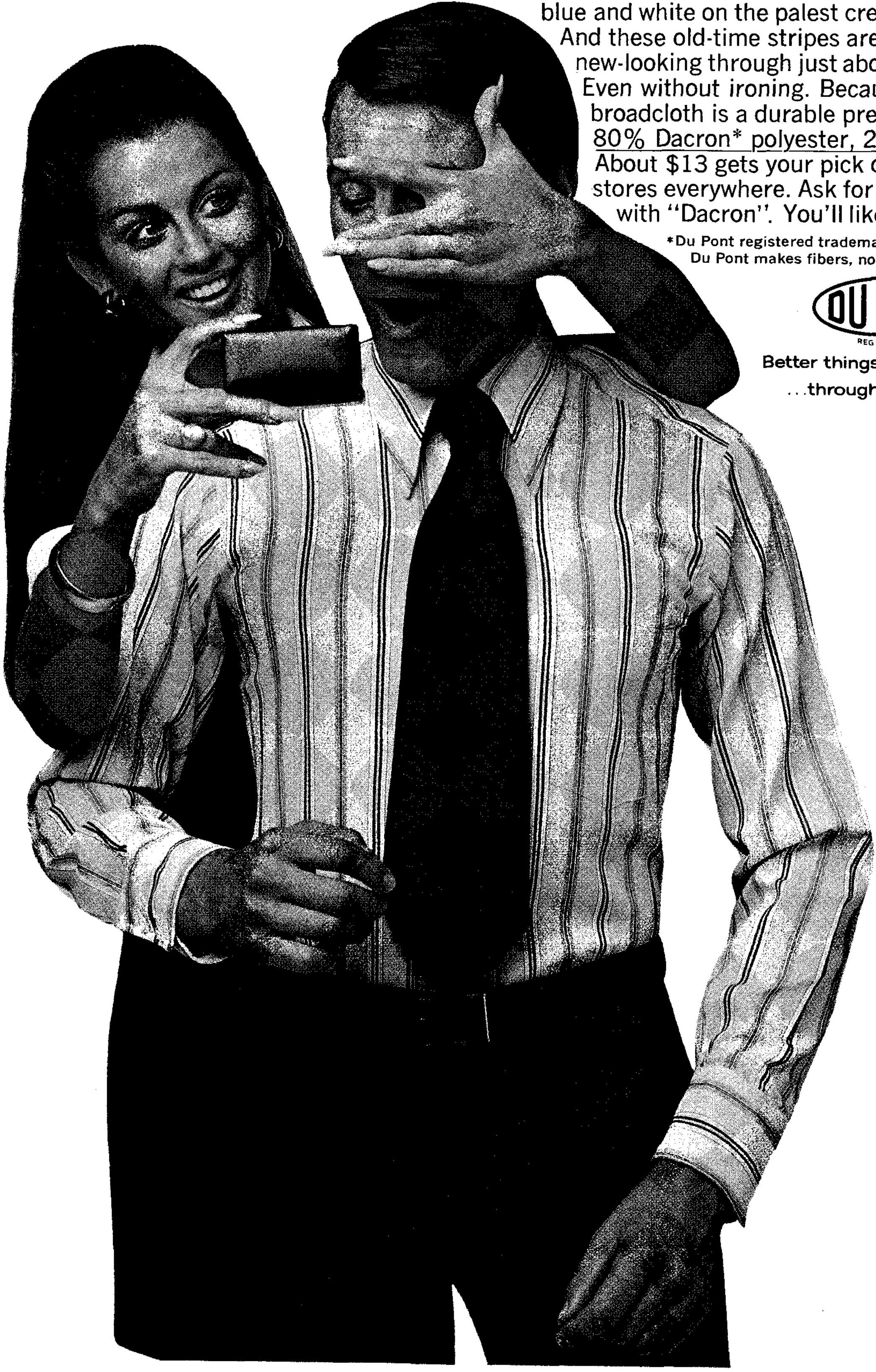
Dacron.®
Another kind of stripe.

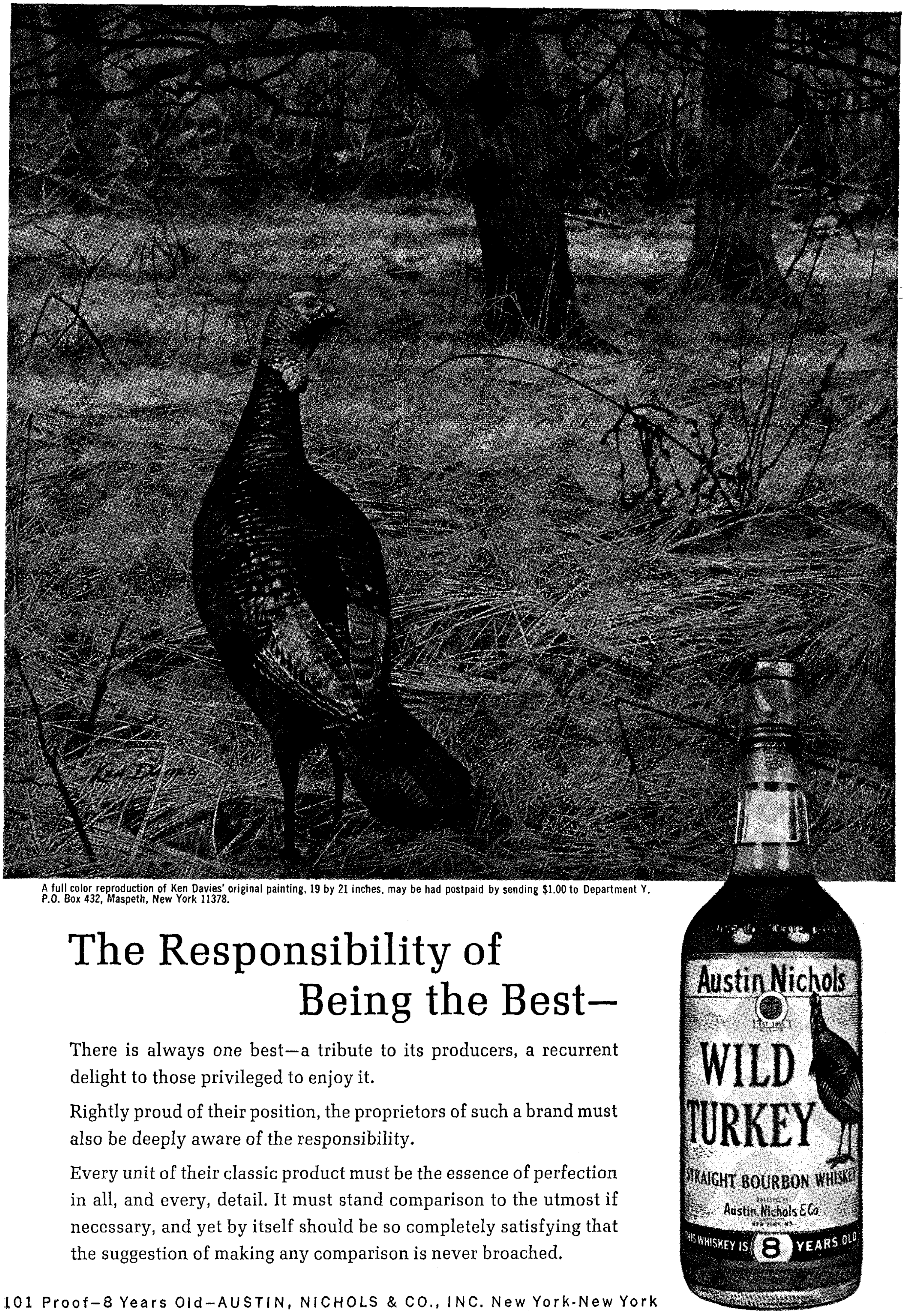
EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS have a knack for coming up with the unexpected. Like these raised satin stripes in sharp blue and white on the palest cream background. And these old-time stripes are going to stay new-looking through just about anything. Even without ironing. Because the luxury broadcloth is a durable press blend of 80% Dacron* polyester, 20% cotton. About $13 gets your pick of colors at fine stores everywhere. Ask for an Eagle shirt with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT OFF

Better things for better living
...through chemistry




Ken Davies
Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin Nichols & Co
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

would appall the members of Women's Liberation. The word often used to describe the University of Puerto Rico is "middle-class." Although there are more lower-class students in the university now than there were in the forties, their percentage of the enrollment has actually decreased. "If the university is the door to opportunity," Luis Nieves Falcón says, "it is the door to opportunity fundamentally for the middle sectors of the population." (As admission to U.P.R., by far the best university on the island, becomes more competitive, more and more middle-class parents increase their children's chances by sending them to private high schools—meaning that the poorer public-school graduates who do manage to get to college often have to settle for one of the island's private colleges, where they get an inferior education for more money.) Although Puerto Rican color-consciousness does not have the rigidity found in the United States, there is a rough correlation between whiteness and economic success, and blacks are not numerous on the Río Piedras campus. FUPI has allied itself with Stokely Carmichael, but a lot of black Puerto Ricans belong to the statehood party, which is dominated by rich white businessmen—an alliance that some people trace to the party's founder having been a black man and some people trace to the fact that black Puerto Ricans learn in school about everyone being equal in the United States and have never been there to find out it isn't true.

FUPI leaders talk about increasing their efforts to organize people in the western mountains, where American corporations are scheduled to begin mining copper, but their movement is still mainly within the university. At a table just outside the student center, students sell books by C. Wright Mills and Frantz Fanon, and sell busts of Albizu Campos. For twenty-five cents, a student can buy a pin in the form of a Puerto Rican flag—the campus identification badge of *independentistas*. Since the suspension of drills and parades has been maintained by Benítez, the R.O.T.C. issue seems to be dormant, and students are talking about their right to participate in the governing of the university—even in the matter of selecting a new chancellor. (Although getting himself fired gained Díaz Gonzáles more popularity with the students than anything else he did, there is no movement to have him reinstated. The students were irritated at his insistence on punishing those who violated the more liberal rules he had campaigned for, and at his delay in taking a stand on R.O.T.C. Florencio Merced, the leader of FUPI, is able to describe Díaz Gonzáles as "a liberal" with the tone of dismissal an S.D.S. leader might have used to refer to Eugene McCarthy.) Twenty-one years after students laid siege to the chancellor's office and demanded Benítez' resignation over the ban on Albizu Campos, FUPI leads students through the campus chanting, "There will be no peace until Benítez leaves."

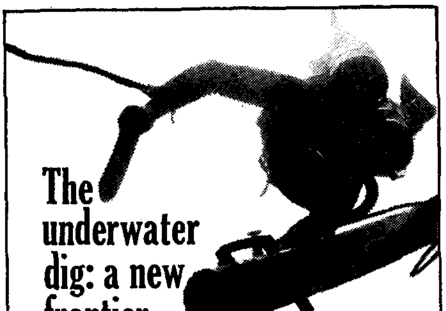
Most people believe the university has changed beyond any possibility of ever again becoming a House of Studies. But Benítez says that the concept remains valid, and reminds visitors that, the House of Studies being more an aspiration than a set of rules, he never actually punished those who demonstrated illegally. "This talk of me as an ogre and a reactionary is a myth," he said recently. "Everybody knows that it is a myth." Benítez has made no attempt to reëstablish rules against political activity, and even hints that he might have changed them himself if he had remained chancellor, the times being what they are. In Puerto Rico, Benítez is known for his ability to adjust to the realities of a situation, and his adjustment has been reflected in the legislature. Both major political parties have offered proposals for increased student participation in university affairs—a sudden concern that students believe to be caused partly by an effort to undercut the *independentistas* and partly by the realization that a forthcoming referendum on lowering the voting age to eighteen is likely to pass. *Independentistas* observe that these days even conservative politicians wear pins in the shape of Puerto Rican flags. In fact, the pins are for sale at one of the shops on Ashford Avenue, the tourist section of San Juan that *independentistas* consider enemy territory—an area where, in the effort by American investors to build as many "beachfront" rooms per square foot as possible, gaudy tourist hotels are so high that they block the sun from their own beaches. On Ashford Avenue, the flags cost a dollar instead of a quarter. There are also American flags available, at a dollar twenty-five.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Willis Richardson is building a $15,000 single family unit at 439 Ainsworth, Ypsilanti, for $15,000.—*Ann Arbor News*.

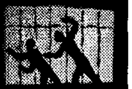
He's one in a million.



The underwater dig: a new frontier for the archaeologist.

PETER THROCKMORTON, author of *The Lost Ships*, is one of the new breed of "scuba scientists" exploring the remains of ancient shipwrecks for the artifacts of long-dead civilizations. His fascinating account of expeditions he has led and adventures he has had is certain to delight scholar and layman alike. Illustrated with photographs and diagrams. $6.95

Shipwrecks AND Archaeology
The Unharvested Sea
Atlantic-Little, Brown



New Red Badge Novel of Suspense
by MICHAEL INNES
Author of Picture of Guilt
DEATH AT THE CHASE
Michael Innes has a half dozen surprises up his sleeve in this new Sir John Appleby mystery.
$4.50 DODD, MEAD

This Winter Visit 56 Country Inns - $2.00

COUNTRY INNS and BACK ROADS

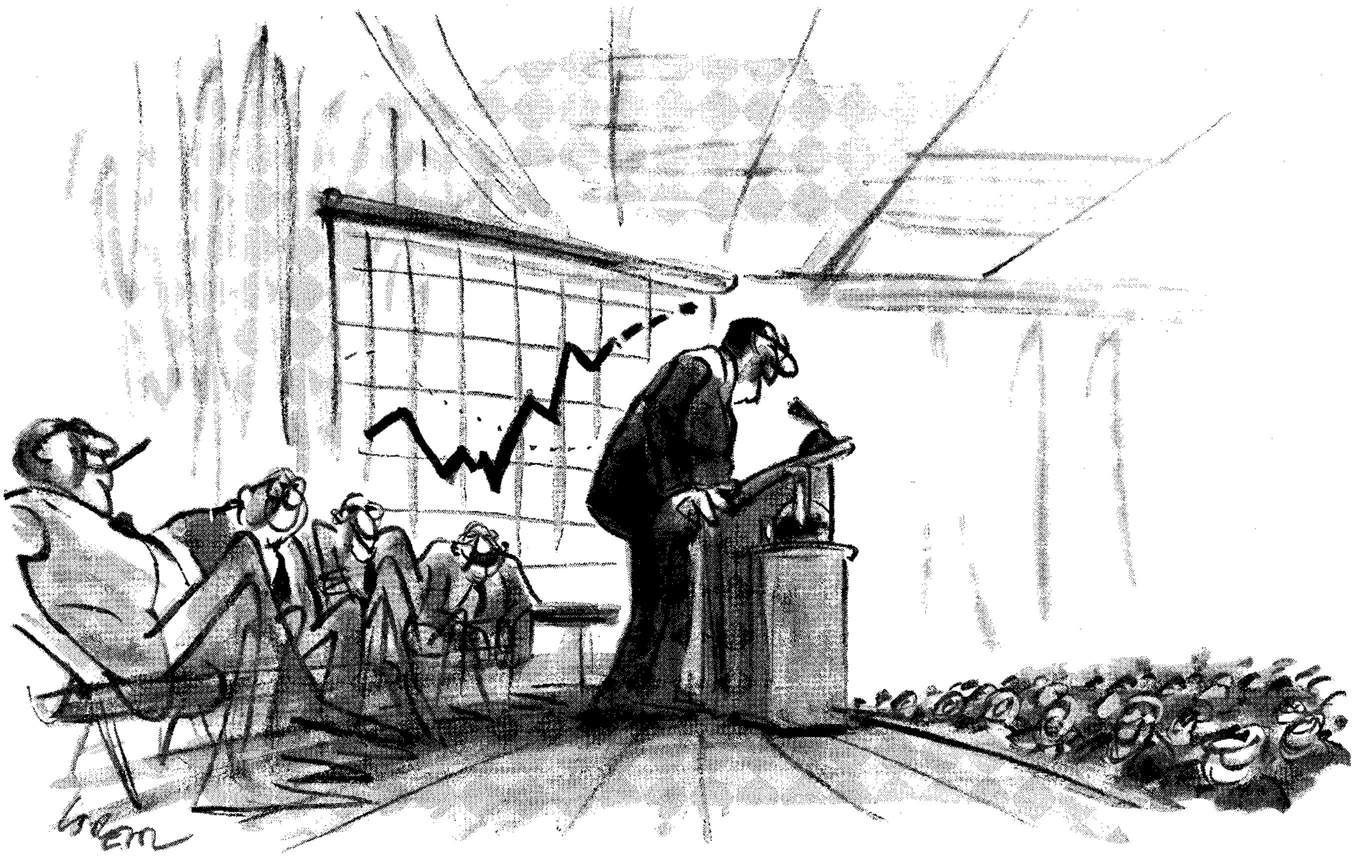
The only guidebook to American country inns. Near ski areas as well as warm beaches.	1.25
COUNTRY INN COOKBOOK Treasured regional recipes from these same inns.	1.50
ORDERED TOGETHER	2.00

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
Box 164

BOOKS

Through a Lace Curtain, Darkly

ELIZABETH CULLINAN, a contemplative writer of great natural power, gives us, in "House of Gold" (Houghton Mifflin), a satanic rendering of a family portrait so commonplace that it seems sacred, like a religious picture. The complacency of the Devlin family is so innocent, and the protective shell it forms around the family is so necessary to the family, that one is inclined to be superstitious about touching it. Miss Cullinan does not touch it. She looks through it, and we look with her to see them there, in all their home-made glory: the Irish-American Roman Catholic Devlins—children of Julia, an immigrant from the Liverpool Irish, and Francis, a city fireman who rose to be a fire captain. Julia and Francis had nine children. Of the nine, three are dead. The dead are Francis, a lawyer's clerk; Michael, a sailor in the merchant marine; and Vincent, a missionary priest. As the book opens, Julia Devlin lies dying, and her surviving children and grandchildren are gathered to witness what they know will be an edifying experience for them as well as for her. The survivors include Julia, now Mother Mary James of the Immaculate Heart nuns; Catherine, now Mother Helen Marie of the same order of nuns; Philip, now a Jesuit priest; Elizabeth, now Mrs. Edwin Carroll, mother of two grown daughters; Justin, a bachelor, who works nights as a bartender near Times Square; and Thomas, the baby of the family, forty-four years old. Thomas is a major in the Regular Army and the father of two small boys. Julia is dying at home, in the suburban house where her children grew up, their days and nights punctuated by the clatter of the railroad train that goes by the back yard. The house is pitiful: a shanty-Irish dream of lace-curtain grandeur come true and gilded—gold portières, a gold tea service—where a lithograph of the flaming, engorged Sacred Heart of Jesus is more real than any words Christ ever uttered. What the house actually is is a tabernacle for the rabidly devout motherhood of Julia Devlin. Julia, an ignorant, genteel woman, has always seen herself as Our Lord's intermediary, and as His intermediary she has been able to enjoy eating her children and having them, too. It has been a ceremonious life, festooned with holy objects and holy rites and holy recitations and, of course, holy children. Now the gray, bewildered children tiptoe about the familiar, beloved rooms, each of them intent on the ceremony of their mother's death and concerned about the social ceremony of her funeral. That funeral is the last thing any of them will ever be sure of in this world. Miss Cullinan's merciless dissection of this sad family causes one to wonder, uneasily, if she has not perhaps done her work too thoroughly, but her sudden introduction of the posturing doctor and his awful wife cracks the long, sustained mood of the novel to produce a scene worthy of Sheridan. The bitter eighteenth-century farce of the proceedings in the funeral parlor redeems



"And though in 1969, as in previous years, your company had to contend with spiralling labor costs, exorbitant interest rates, and unconscionable government interference, management was able once more, through a combination of deceptive marketing practices, false advertising, and price fixing, to show a profit which, in all modesty, can only be called excessive."

the Devlins—they have pride; we see it flicker up. Miss Cullinan's first novel proves that she is a big writer.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

CULTURE AND COMMITMENT: A STUDY OF THE GENERATION GAP, by Margaret Mead (Natural History Press/Doubleday). In this short book, the author applies her brisk common sense and her formidable learning to the problem that every person born since the Second World War faces (or so Dr. Mead believes): a future society quite unlike any past one. Dr. Mead compares migrations, immigrations, the development of some primitive societies, and other jumps across cultural chasms to the recent breakneck movement within modern Western culture, and concludes that the last is by far the greatest leap forward. The heart of the matter—today's most acute difficulty—is teaching. However culture changes, the young of the human species are dependent, and must be taught and prepared for independence. The generation gap—which, as Dr. Mead sees it, is inescapable—requires that the older generation maintain enough authority to protect the younger, and admit to enough uncertainty to encourage it.

SEARCHERS AT THE GULF, by Franklin Russell (Norton). A companion piece to the author's excellent "Watchers at the Pond" of almost a decade ago, and one worth waiting for. The scene of that ecological narrative was a wilderness pond; the setting here is a far larger but similarly self-contained and almost self-sufficient universe, presumably the St. Lawrence River estuary. The subject, as before, is biological struggle. Mr. Russell shows us in the comings and goings, the helpless urges and powerful inertias, of a hundred multitudinous species the natural gastronomic pecking order that constitutes the violent chain of life. The result is drama—genuine drama—and, since Mr. Russell is a man of mind and feeling, a kind of poetry.

BEING BUSTED, by Leslie A. Fiedler (Stein & Day). The author is an English professor at the State University at Buffalo and a well-known critic. Three years ago, his house was raided by local police and he, several members of his family, and

Remember when you could tell a novel from a sex manual?

Ellin Berlin remembers. She remembers New York after the turn of the century and before Portnoy, a setting for the Four Hundred rather than the jet set. She remembers families like the Camerons—James, who believed in Wall Street, the Episcopal Church, and laughter; and his four daughters: Esther, whose love brought her little happiness and life-long scandal; Julia, who married almost too well; Maud, who defied convention and lived to enjoy it; and Nell, the youngest, perhaps the most sentimental, certainly the happiest.

In a novel spun out of recollection, Mrs. Berlin tells the story of the four Cameron sisters—growing up, marrying, and living out their very different lives. *Publishers' Weekly* describes it as "warm and human, absorbing... delightful." It is also a triumphant affirmation that sex doesn't have to be a four letter word, and that the least expected, most wonderful things can happen at any time, and in THE BEST OF FAMILIES.

Ellin Berlin

The Best of Families

$5.95 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

their friends were charged with a variety of narcotics offenses; the case was appealed to the higher courts. This book is Professor Fiedler's more ambitious appeal "from the courts to the world," and he has consequently broadened his subject into "the endless war, sometimes cold, sometimes hot, between the dissenter and his imperfect society" by including chapters on his radical youth in Newark and his career as a maverick at Montana State University. The case has its bizarre features, not the least of them the hippie girl, admittedly a police spy, who, with a two-way radio concealed in her jeans, attended a family Passover Seder run by Professor Fiedler, and there is no reason to doubt the author's contention that he has been harassed for his libertarian opinions rather than for any acts. Nevertheless, the book is so shapeless, so mawkishly self-pitying, and so ill-written (from clichés like "knowing full well" to misuse of the adverb "hopefully") that the reader feels a sort of embarrassment.

BANDITS, by Eric Hobsbawm (Delacorte). A volume in the new Pageant of History series, which has, or will have, volumes devoted to gladiators, nihilists, saints, and Hitler's S.S. Some of these sound as though they might be a shade sensational, but Mr. Hobsbawm's volume is the least sensational work one could imagine. It is a Marxist sociology of varieties of bandits around the world: the conditions that produce them, the market relations that sustain them, and the factors that may turn them into revolutionary expropriators. An utterly fascinating book, extensively illustrated.

LOUISE BOGAN (1898–1970)

THE first poetry review that Louise Bogan did for *The New Yorker* appeared in the issue of March 21, 1931, and the last in the issue of December 28, 1968. In this magazine, between those two dates—that is to say, for thirty-eight years—poets good, bad, and indifferent came under a perceptive and just scrutiny. Out of what they did or didn't do with language she often constructed a kind of portrait of them of lasting value. Their work was also, when this was relevant, placed in a line of descent or a tradition. Aesthetic experiments were viewed with an open mind, inflation was punctured, and entrepreneurism was put in its place. At times, the exactness and lucidity of her criticism suggested that she was attempting to create a new kind of lyric poetry out of statements *about* poetry.

Louise Bogan was born in Livermore Falls, Maine. Both her parents were of Irish descent. Her father's father was a sea captain who sailed out of Portland. Though she returned to New England periodically, when she was tired and wanted to refresh her spirit, her home for most of her adult life was New York City. She lived quietly, almost anonymously, in Washington Heights, in an apartment full of books, with a photograph of Mozart's birthplace on one wall and, from a living-room window, a narrow view, between apartment buildings, of the Hudson River. She published six volumes of poetry and two volumes of literary criticism. A third is now in the process of being printed. She also did a number of distinguished collaborative translations, which include Goethe's "Elective Affinities" and a selection from the "Journal" of Jules Renard.

All the literary honors that *are* an honor to receive she received. To say that she was one of the finest lyric poets of our time is hardly to do her justice; her best poems have an emotional depth and force and a perfection of form that owe very little to the age she lived in and are not likely to go out of style, being a matter of nobody's style but her own. She was a handsome, direct, impressive, vulnerable woman. In whatever she wrote, the line of truth was exactly superimposed on the line of feeling. One look at her work—or sometimes one look at her—made any number of disheartened artists take heart and go on being the kind of dedicated creature they were intended to be. In defense of the true artist, she wrote:

Come, drunks and drug-takers; come,
perverts unnerved!
Receive the laurel, given, though late,
on merit; to whom
and wherever deserved.

Parochial punks, trimmers, nice people,
joiners true blue,
Get the hell out of the way of the
laurel. It is deathless
And it isn't for you.

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:
CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960

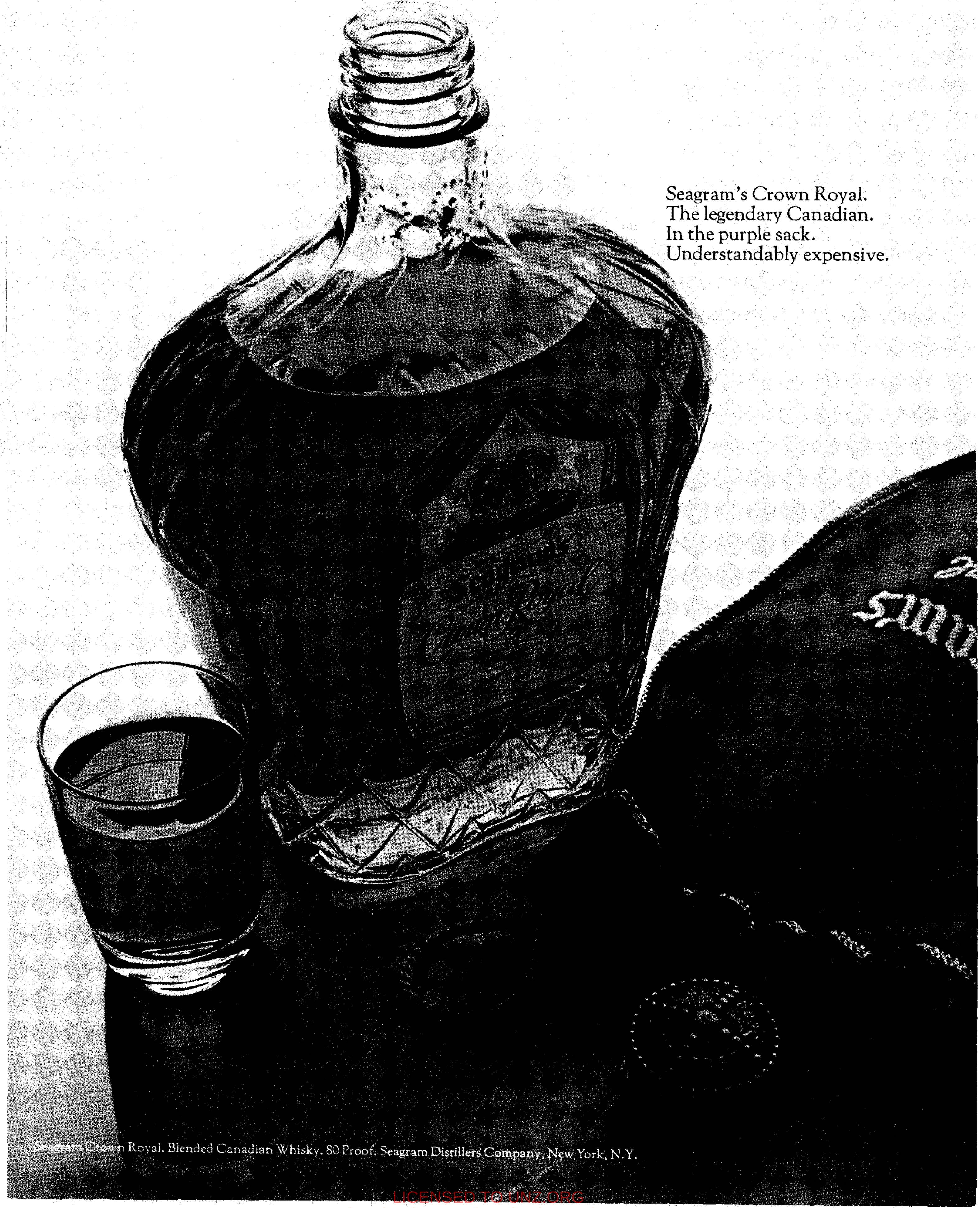
Oaks
Naples, Fla.
TURN hard port after clearing Doctors Pass from the Gulf, run up Moorings Bay 300 yards to your covered berth — you are home at Oaks. Forty eight properties, each amenable to your personal expression. Unique features in the Condominium concept — features that are different for the sake of the residents — *not* for the sake of the differences.
Brochure on request
W. Roy Smith & Company
797 Fifth Ave. South Naples Fla.

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

Unfortunately, the best things in life are not free.



Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.

Seagram Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.

GENUINE
CHINDIA

If 6 to 8 colors make up the usual
India hand-made carpet, what do 26 colors make?
The most unusual, most luxurious of them all—
a Chindia, of course

. . . THAT'S JUST ONE REASON WHY A GENUINE **CHINDIA** CAN'T BE IMITATED

No imitation could ever capture Chindia's subtle play of color (see how one tone blends into another) . . . that's because Chindia's 26 colors are the truest chrome dyes. Beyond imitation, too, are the magnificent special woolen yarns — that are exclusively Chindia's. Everything about Chindia*shows it's the *finest* — the quiet coloring, the exclusive woolen yarns, the painstaking hand-weaving and hand-carving. If you want the *look* of a Chindia, then get a Chindia . . . the only carpet with the *label* that says "Genuine Chindia." See the inimitable Chindia (Khalabar and Bengali too) at a fine store near you. And send for the illustrated story of these magnificent carpets . . . just 50c to **Pande, Cameron and Company of New York, 295 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016** *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.